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by Nathan Smithe

(c) 33 A.D.

***Thee Yee
Oldenee
Thymee
Bookee Of
Thee God 'n
Shitee
Testamentorium
Emporium
and Pickle
Fairee.***

Chapter Uno

1. In the beginning there was nothing, and then God was all like, "Wassup beyotch! Booyeah! Wiggity wiggity wooooooooooooo!" And made a gesture that one would expect with such a statement.

2. And there was great gnashing of teeth even though they hadn't been invented yet. They were very gnashy.

3. So God was like, "Fuck this shit, this is hella boring! I'm out! For real!"

And God took off for a little bit to chill in his crib. Time hadn't been invented either at this point but we're willing to fudge the facts a lot.

4. Then God came back! *Woosh*. He made a little wooshing noise as he returned. It was all like, wooshy and junk.

5. God was all like, "Badda

boom badda bing, yo yo yo! Lets get this shit started mother fuckers!" Then he grabbed his crotch and stuck his finger in the air like Michul Jacksun and yelled, "HOOOOOooooOooo!" And he did a little kick.

43. Through this gesture God created the Heavens and the Earths and Kuntucky Fried Chickun all while totally moonwalking, even though the moon hadn't been created yet.

6. Then God created the Moon and was all like, "The Moonwalk, duh!" while gesturing to his head for the duh part and his feet for the moonwalk part.

7. And the Earth was as barren as that one chick from the Gulden Gurls who isn't dead yet. You know the one I'm talking about. Don't pretend like you don't know. You know. Menopause.

8. Then the weasels showed up and Lo! For it had been known to many for some time that the weasels were intrinsically linked to the brine shrimp.

9. The brine shrimp had begotten the cheese doodles. And they were freaking mm-mm good and shit.

10. And the Lord God in Heaven whos name was God and such and so forth said unto those who were listening, "Blessed are those who lick upon the everlasting

glory of the stone and the rock and drink RuckStar and etcetera ad nauseum blah blah blah yackitey smackitey do do do."

11. Giant frozen chickens erupted from the crust and thrust upon themselves the righteous and herculean task of putting the things together and junk.

12. And the bugs were forged in their likeness 420 q*burts by 420 q*burts. And they were good. One was bad, but they kicked his bad ass to the curb on recycling day and he was recycled into a thong. And it was good, like dayamn good.

13. On the second day God ordered take out. And it was late to arrive as take out hadn't been invented yet. And that wasn't totally all that good.

14. God was pretty pissed. "WTF DOODZ!!1! ZOMG1!!!. SUXXORZzzZzzZZZZzzzz!!1!" Said God.

14³/₄. There was a great storm. It winded and and blew. It blew and blew. It blew really hard. It blew until it smote. And then it blew some more. The smiting and blowing were all the rage until it seemed like it was the flavor of the week. People became jaded at the amount of smite and blowing and protests were planned. It continued to escalate until an incident occurred when someone

trampled some fruit. It was very sad.

15. On the eleventy seventh day God invented Richurd Linkluter. Richurd Linkluter begot Kevun Smuth. Kevun Smuth begot Seth Rogun.

16. God was all, "My Name Is Url? Comedic gold! NBCD has a winner, they're bringing back Thursday nights to the 'hood. Fo' real real! Word."

17. And the word was the word. The word of course, being word.

17 1/2. And birds were tragically not invented yet, so they couldn't be the word. Well, everybody's heard.

18. Then God invented methamphetamine. And it was like fucking seeing Jesus and shit! God cleaned his bathroom and played online poker for three days straight.

19. Then God grew bored. He was just so sick of the scene.

20. "A pox on thee, from hell's bells I stabeth ye olde and junk." Proclaimed God. And it was good.

21. On the 7th day God rested on his stoop with a phatty boom batty blunt and two 40's of Ul'e.

22. On the 8th and a half day God had a banging hangover so he rested some more.

56. He did find time however to coin the term 'Trustifarian' which meant to trust someone who was far away. The farness of which depended on your vision be it near sighted, far

sighted, fart sighted, or perfect vision. Not quite as perfect as God's though. The dude's got some serious fucking eyeballs. Later the term was changed to describe a white dude who has dreads and goes to shows with money from a trust fund. God kind of wished he had invented that version.

3. That's the way God rolled, he was all like, thinking about shit and shit. Like, totally.

Chapter Da Dues De Ex
Machinamanamana Day

1. Then God created Adam.

Adam was all like "Wassup beyotch! Fuck y'all!" And he grabbed at his crotch.

God was all like, "Bitch, don't trip."

Adam was all, "Ssssuupp!"

And then God was all like, "Ssssuuuppp!"

And so Adam was totally like, "SSSSuuuuppppp.. sluts!"

And God was all like "Y'all ain't about it, bizznotch! What are those pants you're wearing, huh? Y'all ain't about shit, fucktard."

And it was good.

2. So Adam goes to the store, but it didn't exist yet. This would have been a perplexing moment but Adam was all cool with it saying like, "Word."

3. Several other things happen. The details aren't exactly 110% accurate at this point. You know, lots of stuff.

And things. Stuff and things. Things and stuff. And there you go. You just keep on going and going and going and going and going and going and going and going. After you've been going for a while you go a little bit more. You'd think it wasn't possible but God works in mysterious ways. There is a multitude of things and also as well some stuff. Don't get me started on the junk! There was some stuff. There was also some things. Lots and lots of them. Really. I shitteth you not. Whether there was more stuff than things is hard to say and also not too terribly important. What is important is that the stuff was.. you know. And the things were.. you know as well. The stuff. The things. Both words of equal importance. Some people may think that one word is grander than the other but those people may also be total fucking idiot moron stupid pooppy doodoo head pusbags.

3a.SSSsstttTTTtttUUUuuuFFF
FFFffffffffffFffffFffffFffff
TTTTThhhhhhhhhiiiiIIIIInnnnnNN
NggggGGGssSSSSSSsssSSSS
SSSSsssssSSStttTTTtttUUUuu
uFFFFFffffffffffFffffFffffFffff
TTTTThhhhhhhhhiiiiIIIIInnnnnN
NNggggGGGssSSSSSSSSsssSS
SSSSsssssSSStttTTTtttUUUuuu
FFFFFffffffffffFffffFffffFffff
TTTTThhhhhhhhhiiiiIIIIInnnnnNNN

ggggGGGsssssSSSSSSssssssS
SSSSssssSSStttTTTttUUUuuu
FFFFFFffffffFFfFFFFfFFF
TTTThhhhhhiiiiIIInnnnNNN
ggggGGGssshhSSSSSSSSssSS

3b. Sometimes things are things and sometimes stuff is stuff. It's not exactly rocket science. What is rocket science is in fact, rocket science. You'd have to be a rocket scientist to be one. Cowabunga, dudes!

3c. And also don't forget about the junk.

4. Adam got busted by a reindeer trying to squeedge a leak on the turnip patch. Adam was all like, "Busted! Bum bum bummm.."

He really had no excuse and he knew this so he took a dump in his pants and was all like, "Wassup, huh?"

5. "Most uncool." Said God. "That shit just ain't right. So fuck you and your that one thing."

6. Adam was all like posting to his blog while text messaging God, "Wizard! Thanx 4 lettin me crash here!!! CUL8RZdoodZzUh!"

7. On the fourteenth day after the second or third something or other it was proclaimed that everyone should hop on their left foot while investing in birth control products. This proved to be an unpopular proposition. And it was always good but this time it totally freaking wasn't.

8. So then giant killer bunny

rabbits ravaged the land unto fro and through which therein hereto hitherforth and so such when unto them at a time wherefore art thou or art not whereby filler filler filler and also these words three: Marp, Gonards, and Monkeyboners.

9. Adam was pissed all like "WTF ISN'T THIS MY CHAPTER? WTF? WHEN DO I GET SOME LINES? WTF?"

And his bowels spilled profusely. And he then slipped on his spilled bowels and fell into them and couldn't get up. So he laid in his own sick. Later he saw an ad on daytime TV for a law firm that specializes in such occurrences. He sued himself and won.

10. And like, Adam begot Eve. And Eve like, begot Hurry and the Hendursuns. And they begot many laughters.

11. There was a guy named Joe.

12. He had a place you could eat at.

23. Totally.

13. So like back in Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee days there were Giant Bees forged in the likeness of Giant Bees. They measured exactly 69 q*burts by 69 q*burts, depending on the going rate and whether that freaking snake guy was around.

14.2. The Giant Bees were mighty fierce, that's for shit sure, Sherlock. You wouldn't see any bees now like they used to make them that's for shart sure. They were freaking huuuugggeeee and junk! Straight up for real, no dope. Ain't no thing but a chicken wing. So sayeth thy.

14. And another thing, mother of pearl butt twigs. And ass. And peanuts.

15. Also, the bees, like!

16. So Adam like, totally lived to the ripe old age of six at which point he stopped living as in kicked the can as in he punched the bucket as in he fucking died and shit. Six seems like a small amount but back then they measured years in q*burts depending on the going rate at the time. Adams sons Rutherford and Augustus lived to 32 billion zillion but that takes into account the great q*burt shortage of eleventy seventeen and two thirds year(s). And the fact that they were time travelling cyborgs. Who by the way had an awesome porn stash.

17. Adam had begotten two sons and he bestowed them with two oxen, a hackeysack, two q*burts of rhubarb, a Bananurama cassette tape missing it's case, two slugs of pone-tack, some dirty laundry, a rose inside of a glass bottle missing the rose and kind of burnt on one end

that smelled like burnt plastic, a map of Saskatchewan, a river named Phoenix, a half eaten bagel, one of those singing billy bub fish dude thing stuffs thing missing the batteries and the battery cover, a beginners guide to playing accordion book, some crumpled up bubble gum wrappers, a coupon for a free pizza with the purchase of another of equal or greater value, a bottle full of spit, a dead ficus plant, the alphabet missing the letter W, a single roller skate, a desk with a bunch of boogers wiped underneath it, a nearly half a q*burt sized clover patch, a great deal on some car insurance, and the smug self-satisfaction that comes with being good at what you do, maybe not the best but still, you know what I'm talking about. Maybe you don't.

18. Then Mr. Tee showed up and he was totally like, "Quit your jibba-jabba, foo! Brought to you by Multinational Globomart!"

And he whipped out his loins and dabbed them on a bald guys head who was laughing because they don't do that in his town. Mr. Tee was all like, "You got Mr. Teebagged, foo!" And he totally exploded some kittens with his mind. They were all like, "Meoo-BOOM!" They blew up with a ferocity that had not been seen before.

Their guts flew with a grace unlike any flying guts before it or even after it for like two whole seconds. The kitten guts flew and flew and created what today is known as 'The Mulky Way Candy Bur' and 'Chunky Munkey Ice Crum.' They totally thought that was cool. But it wasn't. Well, maybe it was.

19. Then a bunch of flying chickens showed up and they were super ninja assassins and they were all like, "Huuwaaaahhhhhh!" And they bounced around with a ferocity that had not been seen before. There were like, totally like, bouncing and stuff. Totally.

20. God had created the trees. But where was the love? So God created strip bars. And it was good. In the loins.

21. Then God got bored so he shaved a dirty word in a sleeping goat. The goat was not amused. He did not laugh with a ferocity that had been seen before time and God and the Bible 2.0.

22. Eat at Joe's. Or don't. Your loss.

23. If you're happy and you know it clasp your fans. Clasp your motherfucking fans, y'all. Do it. Or don't. Whatever, yo! (TM)

35. Then God realized that who needs erotic emoticuns when you have Unicud? 9 See? It's totally a wiener and some balls.

Quothed God, "LOL.. cocks."

24. Then God decided that he had been too cool with everyone and stuff so he became like, a total dick. Snip-snap, just like that.

25. He didn't return any phone calls for over a week. His Mom was totally worried sick. He also used up all the toilet paper but left the roll out and left the toilet seat up with a pube sitting there and some piddle on the floor. He returned his books late to the library and then didn't pay the fines. He also totally peeled out his motorcycle in a parking lot. A visually perturbed old lady type grandmother threatened to call the cops when she saw him riding his skateboard on the sidewalk.

25. God even cursed his own name in vain.

26. He also said some other things that we aren't capable of repeating in this family oriented book. Words like "Turkeysniffer" and "Fuck".

27. Then Adam punched a hole in a wall even though he had been dead for quite some time. It would have been considered a miracle but Duhvud Blaine had totally done the same thing the night before in front of a live studio audience and peeps be all confused and jaded 'bout some junk.

28. Pee pee poo poo.

29. Pee pee poop.

34. Poop. Poop. Poop.

30. Donkeyboner.

31. Assfartmonkeybuttpoop.

32. Then God decided to back off for a minute. It was quiet like a particularly silent dead guy.

33. Adams kids had humped each other like totally inbred style and junk and over time had a bunch of kids that they also did it with because there was like no one else around. Their family tree was likened unto a wreath.

23. And everyone was all humping everyone else and yet somehow they didn't get beat up for being like, stuff. I think because they were the only people around at the time but I'm not really very sure. Guess we'll never know.

34. So Adam begot Robo-Adam. Robo-Adam begot Jimbuck jr. and Donnie-bob. Joebert did not begot anyone because he doesn't exist, I just made him up. Donnie-bob begot parrots. Also he begot parrot-heads. The parrots begot the four mona crystals, "Earth, Water, Fire, and Toilet Cake." Before Donnie-bob there was also Neaphamhi. Neaphamhi begot the lone Dingleberry. Dingleberry begot rainy days and Mondays and Burlap Jenkenson. Burlap lives to the ripe age of 642.

34b. Burlap also had a sheep. The sheep's name was Gilberto P. P. McCheasyfries.

Gilberto was as steady as they come although sheep are notoriously off kilter. Gilberto however was a shining exception. He really shined in the areas of cooperation and team synergy and junk. Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep was a beloved friend and statesman. No one will contest that. Not even C o n t e s t y McContestsjunkalotforno-realreasonotherthantobeadickerson.

23. Gilberto McCheasyfries had an impeccable credit rating. National landmarks were possibly erected in his likeness in up to and including 13 different states.

78. Gilberto McCheasyfries singlehandedly empowered a new generation of sheep human relations and revitalized the grand notion that all sheep are created equal. Except Gilberto, that guy rocks my socks.

34. "The fuck?" Someone said for no reason.

23. Unfortunately sheep human relations were set back severely when an incident occurred involving a sheep related drunken limbo accident. Neither side wanted to take credit for the actions and it wasn't until recently with the great sheep/human peace accords of blahdiddly blahblahdoo that relations have resumed an amicable level of mutual respect.

2.3. Still though, Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep was the motherfucking cuntfaced piece of shit shit strictly metaphorically speaking in the most literal sense. Without knowing his impact he would thrust his attitudes and consciousness and meld with the actualities of the reality presented to him. Like a freaking like, dude or something.

43. His one setback came with his screen acting motion picture debut. He was contracted for three films but decidedly not a leading character with his rank B.O. and his propensity for inadvertently breaking expensive film equipment. On purpose. And his lazy eye.

1. He did however win an award for urban planning with his elaborate series of gerbil tubes which allowed gerbils to travel freely between and forward throughout eternity. The gerbils were mighty thankful.

"Garsh, thanks there mister, uhh.. what was your name?" Quothed the gerbils.

"Gilberto.. Gilberto McCheasyfries." Said Gilberto.

And with that Gilberto slowly walked away into the sunset.

39. For Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep did not crave the spotlight. No, he was already totally freaking walking away. Not in shame,

but to seek out his next journey which usually involved overcoming crippling self-neurosis and asking for directions at a gas station. Or listening to Journey on 8-track.

23. Gilberto McCheasyfries loved to roll in grass. He had a appreciative fondness and an fond appreciation that made the grass in the land flourish and thrive for generations of blades to come. The grass blades all held hands and were like, "La la la la la la la la la."

34. Gilberto invented dingleberries purposefully by accident one day which were later co-opted by goats. He was the original though. Don't believe the hype!

67. Basically Gilberto McCheasyfries captured the hearts and minds of a generation and also generations to come ushering in a new wave of diplomacy and forward thinking stupid fucking hippy liberal douchebag politics.

3. Once he ate the world's biggest hoagie and he wasn't even hungry.

3. What a motherfucking motherfucker, if you catch my drift.

3. Once he punched the President of Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee days in the

dick but it actually cured the President's lymphoma.

3. Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep was going to Dusneylund.

3. He invented the bucket without even trying. Fuck!

3. Truly, this was a great sheep. His life stories were acted out and told and retold and embellished and shaved and junk until it seemed like he was the motherfucking cure for cancer and shit but it turns out he was just a normal guy like you and me. But a sheep. One badass motherfucking goddamn piece of shit fucking sheep if you pardon my potty mouth. Fork.

3. He could take it with the best of them toe to hoof. He was unlike any sheep before and due to his charismatic charm may be considered one of the ultimate genetic examples of sheepkind.

23. The shroud of Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep is fabled to be lost in the Mm-Bop islands which are fabled to have disappeared one day along with one of my socks. Someone says they saw the island floating towards a fast food drive thru and also say they found a chunk of tooth embedded in a cement sidewalk that reportedly would glow at a certain time of night.

32. Girlberto McCheasyfries fought the good fight, won

some, lost a few. Maybe he didn't not spit on the guburnor's roses, but it was only to protect them with his hyper-formulated plant spit winning the gold for best rose three years in a row after that.

3. He also discovered the moon and the stars and the dawning of the age of Aquarius.

34. He was a notable scientulugist as well as a Christiun scientust.

233. His views on the economy and the global geopolitical agendas were heard throughout the land far and low, thin and wide, monkey and non-monkey, Klingun and otherwise, coarse and fine, dog and cat, peanut butter and jelly, boxed and bagged, stupid or ugly, thoughtful or smelly, gerbil or not gerbil, Shuwshunk Redemptiun and Mishun Impossibul 3, analog and digital, ketchup and peanut butter, seltzer and unfizzy, control voltage and midi, words and _____, and lets not forget black and puce. But enough about Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep, fuckin' I mean like, he has his whole own mofoin' gosh darned chapter. Gosh darnit.

Chapter Thirdo: The mofoin' gosh darned Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep Chapter, awww yeah, boy!

Booyeah!

1. Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep set about to smite the world for all the injustices incurred therein.

2. He raised his tremendous throbbing wand and uttered, "Huwahhhh!" And smote out unlike any previous smiting. Even God who was vacationing in Mogadishu at the time was slightly impressed with Gilberto McCheasyfries's smiting.

3. "Holy Fucking Shit!" Quothed God.

4. Gilberto McCheasyfries was of course nowhere near being finished. He wasn't even getting started.

5. "Sheeeeeee-it negro," said Gilberto McCheasyfries. "We're taking this shit downtown."

6. "Oh noes he di'n! Snip-snap!" Quothed God.

7. "Booyeah!" said Gilberto McCheasyfries.

He exhumed a giant bilious plume of gas from his ears that ravaged the land. It turned wine into water and catholic schoolgirl uniforms into Christmas trees in the middle of July.

8. The price of bread miraculously stayed the same thanks to a series of subsidies enacted after the somewhat great Bread Wars of '54.

9. The gas continued to consume its victims consumptively one by one until there was even a dance

hall song written about it. Then an advantageous hip hop artist stole the dance hall song and retooled it to be lame without any edge or flavor. People lapped it up like his shit was golden, however no one realized that this was creating a slow process of poisoning peoples minds. Somehow.

10. "What delicious irony," Quothed Gilberto McCheasyfries. "Because of some reason or another. Circle of life, man. Ashes to ashes. Poop to poop. Somehow."

10b. And the poop was good. But no one had heard of poop before. Yes, there was a time when poop was unknown to man and/or sheep.

11. On that note, which was an A# in the key of Wassup G, Gilberto McCheasyfries decided he had to take a shit. And by take a shit I mean take a shit.

35. It was totally novel and absolutely totally noteworthy because no one had ever taken a shit before. Never ever. Humanity had not learned to loosen its collective bowel muscles. It was believed at the time that to loosen ones bowels would cause a great gnashing of teeth which was out of vogue at the time thanks to a series of articles about some stuff in Vanuty Fur.

12. Like Annyyyeewaaayyyy

yeah, so like Gilberto McCheasyfries decided to take a shit. It was a spinetingly momentous decision of great spineotude. A series of books and magazine articles were written about his decision to take a shit, the very firstest shit ever. A made for TV movie came out but it didn't really capture the essence of the moment because it was on a family friendly network and the subject matter which is by its own nature very shitty, became whitewashed in a sequence of stupider and stupider and like stupider and like dumber events. And shit.

13. The momentous decision to shit. It was believed at the time that nobody shits. Not even Shitty McPooperson. Nobody had even farted. Not even Farty McTooterson. The expression "shithead" left people wondering about the sanity of the person uttering the expression.

14. Although nobody knew what shit was or how to make it and/or bake it, Gilberto McCheasyfries was a truly great man and an even greater sheep. Let's not even get into his dude levels, it's like totally +999 through the roof.

23. He had great prescience in such moments and this was totally one. He gallantly rose to the occasion and realized what he had to do.

23. However there was trouble at the moment! Since no one had shit before no toilets or anything resembling a toilet had been invented. Not even a reference to a successful yet mediocre female pop culture icon. Not even nothing.

23. Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep without knowing what had to be done knew what had to be done. He loosened his studded belt buckle and in turn loosened his bowels however slightly with precisely the precision of a very precise thing. Maybe like, I dno, a watch or something. Like maybe you know, a robot. A robot designed to dance the robot dance move. That precise. Preciser. Precicest. Precicerest. Even more than that.

12. In slightly loosening his bowels so, he let loose the first fart known to man and/or sheepkind.

34. It was the mightiest of winds and it blew and blew and blew and blew. And blew. It blew and smited. The smell was likened unto that which truly stunk.

12. In this act he created Tacomuh, Washingun. Also the state of New Jursey.

12. Politicians would forever recount this moment with a tear in their eye for it gave them great joy that sight of such great wind.

23. No one knew what hit them. Not even if they had played 20 questions. Not even charades. Not even Knowy McWhathithim. It was dense and warm. It had an odor that could simply be described as indescribable. It smelled like the inside of the dirtiest sock ever known which was also a creation of Gilberto McCheasyfries. That dude like, stuff, man.

23. In his great burst of flatulence he simultaneously destroyed and rebuilt the world from the subatomic molecular level. People were all like in the Matrux or something when it went all glitchy and it was all like *Wrrreeerrrrp*. And got all neon green looking and kind of got distorted, like I guess a visual effects artist would imagine TV static would translate to a pixel perfect 3d world.

34. The noise of Gilberto McCheasyfries flatulence bellowed throughout the known world and even parts of the unknown world which wouldn't be discovered for another 20 minutes by curious gophers whom then exclaimed, "Well isn't that special." and then bit someone in the neck because they were bored and also possibly vampires.

23. The pootery poot toot smell wafted around and soon people began to become

violently sick. They hadn't seen a sickness like it before this single solitary original act of solidarity since never ever ever ever ever ever ever.

66. Ever.

12. Their sickness piled up like a poorly played game of Tetrus. The sickness of others made more people sick in a ever increasing coagulative act of exponential sickeotudedness which a great mathematition then barfed on.

23. The sight of such sickness even made God, who was totally known for his iron consitution, a little queasy. He then regretted getting the nacho bacon buffalo wings covered in diarrhea a moment earlier.

1653. God then realized that he was God and decided to go hide in a girls locker room but unfortunately the smell of the gas had penetrated society so deeply that even the horny coeds were too busy violently vomiting to make out. As much as they normally did.

"Fucking-A." Quothed God. "This blows... what a sec, get it? Blows? God made a funny!"

He looked around but no one was paying attention due to the excessive vomiting so he kicked a cat and slowly walked away into the sunset while sad music played. It was very sad.

45. As the fart continued its rampage of society something strange began to happen. People began to twitch uncontrollably. First at the hips and then at the knees. The upper bodies were stationary. It happened to more and more people until there was a great line of people violently twitching in syncopated fashion from the hip and knee regions.

4. Inadvertently Gilberto McCheasyfries had created Rivurdunce but would not be compensated for the royalties even after a lawsuit involving hurtling bananas and an innocent fruit basket that was trampled most ruthlessly during a racially inspired riot at a Muhnudo concert that was all started over a misunderstanding about the most efficient way to cut a sandwich. One side thought you should cut it sideways however the other side thought you should cut it down the middle. Turns out they were both dumb.

45. Another strange coincidence occurred when Gilberto McCheasyfries farted for the first time in all history which we're still talking about. Someone was all like simultaneously inventing brownies and the expression became known, 'Someone is baking brownies.' as a expression for 'Someone farted and it stinks. Maybe

they shit their pants or possibly onto others nearby. Maybe in someone's mouth. Hopefully.'

4. Gilberto McCheasyfries was undeterred. The years and years of pounding cheap Amurican beer and eating cabbage, beans, and raw human excrement put him in the most perfectest position ever to rip the most wickedest fart in the annals of history known to man and the universe. It reverberated with such voracity that the paucity of the events made even unborn fetuses cry.

6. "That's just the way it is baby." Quothed Gilberto McCheasyfries and not because that's the song I'm listening to right now. "I" don't exist. This book totally wrote itself. Like majick.

32. Inanimate objects like towels and sporks came to life to decry the event of Gilberto McCheasyfries stinky butt eruption. They did some stuff.

23. It was such a momentous culmination of prophetic assbattery that even the elements themselves, Earth, Water, Wind, Fire, Toilet Cake, were forced to stand up and take notice.

"What the flippity flopping floo is all this about?" Said Earth.

"Maybe a monkey carrying a bag of grapes got hit by a cement truck." Postulated Water.

"Wisshhhhhhhh!" Added
Wind wishily.

"Ahh you're full of hot air."
Countered Fire fiercely.

"Guys, let's get serious." Said
Toilet Cake. Toilet Cake was
always the prudent one who
thought just a little bit more
rationally than his elemental
counterparts. "It seems as
though we have entered into
the dawning of a new era. An
era dominated by gas. Energy
is the key. Follow the trail.
What do you find? Do you see
the color of the shifting sands
of time?" Quothed Toilet
Cake.

"What the fuck are you
babbling about this time? Do
you need me to change your
diaper? Did wittle toiwet
cakkey make a boo boo in his
bummy bum?" Said Earth
mockingly.

"Yeah!" Said Water and
punched Toilet Cake in the
loin region.

"Oy! My loins of fury!"
Exclaimed Toilet Cake while
clenching his boys and
writhing in pain on the
ground.

The other elements laughed at
Toilet Cake and spat upon his
bodice. A single tear
singularly formed in Toilet
Cake's single eye duct.

34. They dragged Toilet Cake
from the back of a pickup
truck for 30,000 miles. Toilet
Cake decided that his friends
weren't being the nicest.

"Hey guys, that's not nice,

now, guys. You should be
nice." Quothed Toilet Cake.

"Homosexual!" Shouted the
angry mob of elements. They
drove through a blackberry
bush. Toilet Cake considered
reporting their poor driving to
the Department of Motor
Vehicles but thought better
of it. 'They might still come
around yet,' he thought. 'They
don't really hate me, they just
have trouble expressing
themselves.'

More can be, will be, and has
been written about Toilet
Cake, especially if you read
his myspace blog where he
posts his poetry. There will be
a whole nuther chapter about
the perils of Toilet Cake. Or
not. Probably not.

16.5 Back to the action at
hand and rectum. The fart
that changed the world. It
stank by the riverbank. It was
so thick you could maybe cut
it with a butterknife. It was
thick enough to possibly
knock over a stack of empty
paper cups that were stacked
precariously. It shredded skin
from bones shreddingly. It
broke up marriages that were
otherwise until that point
considered sound. It opened
up a whole new line for
talentless stand up comedian
shtick especially involving
using the word rectum as a
double entendre. It also begot
basket weaving. Basket
weaving begot little old ladies.
Little old ladies begot prunes.

Prunes begot rainbows.
Rainbows begot suicide
hotlines.

34. God was bemused at the events unfolding before him, "How delightfully absurd. Simply delish." He said while sipping on a double half calf no caff cinnamon swirl chai latte and wearing a turtleneck sweater in the middle of the Suhara desert during summer.

32. The clouds of gas escaping from Gilberto McCheasyfries ass did not simply subside. They came out in magical colors each more exiting than the previous, word!

12. Then a hamster came out. The hamster flew with such ferocity and fervor that he broke through the orbit of Earth's gravity. Ass Hamster would be considered one of the greatest heroes of all time and thought to have disappeared that fateful day but would in fact return at a later point, even in this book. Or not. Probably not. So keep reading. Upon disappearing to the naked eye and even the skimpily clothed eye, but defo not to an Amishly clothed eye, Gilberto McCheasyfries shed a tear for Ass Hamster.

"He was a great man, a fighter, a lover, a leader of men, and he shot out of my ass into outer space. What more could you ask for?" Said a misty eyed Gilberto McCheasyfries who then bit

into a sandwich. "Mmm.. this is an delicious sandwich!"

23. A horrendous monument was planned for Ass Hamster that would end up permanently delayed due to the nature of corporate bureaucracy which was known to be very bureaucratically corporate.

11. "A monument for Ass Hamster? Why not make a monument for unwashed linens!" Said one particularly outraged politician.

Then he slowly morphed into a robot and shot into space. It turns out that he was in fact a changeobot who had over the course of several centuries infiltrated society and slowly gained popularity until he became a politician and then infiltrated the highest levels of guburnment solely to change their mind about this single position and then slowly morph into a robot and fly back into space where he came from.

"Fuck, dudes, that asshole like, was a changeobot! There could be more where he came from, which was at the Changeomart! Zoinks!" Said an upset bum drinking a 40 of malt liquor on the street corner.

"Actually, no. You're wrong." Said another politician and then he slowly morphed into a changeobot and flew off into outer space.

"Touché," said the bum on the

street holding the 40 of malt liquor adding, "Touch-fucking-é".

49. The bum on the street holding a 40 of malt liquor was then ensconced in a bilious cloud of Gilberto McCheasyfries super billowy rainbow colored ass gas.

12. It ated his brain. It ated his brain good. The bum decided to start a franchise devoted to crippity crap and name it Pottury Burn. And such as it was Pottury Burn was born. And many an idiot shopped there. It was very sad.

43. The apex of the flatulence became known as the Period of Exemplary Compliments. Everyone was so high from the gas that they were laughing their asses off. They were literally laughing their asses off. It hurted them.

"Ouch." they said as their asses fell off. "That smarts something fierce."

33. Their poor ass asses. Well, there wasn't much that could be done at the time so the asses just walked off into the sunset. A lot of them relocated to what is now known as Floriduh. They set up ethnic restaurants and deep fried raccoon buttholes were the feast of the day. People came from all over, especially Ancient Sumaria, to feast on such delicacies. It is as though they had never tasted the inside of a fried

raccoon anus before. Weird, right?

24. It was such a novelty that Feb. 23rd is now known as "Poopy Ass Butt Farty Doody Pants Day" and people walk around with ass masks on their face making slobbering spitting noises and occasionally lighting things on fire, specifically the elderly.

34. The elderly were not respected back then as they are now. This was all like changed and stuff during the Great Elderly Wars of 2043 but that was a long way down the road. Many incidents occurred, hints and allegations, leading up to the war. Like a cartoon graveyard. Bone diggers. And angles singing. Angels, hallelujah.

13. Anyway, so like check this, right? Also there was like, totally a great rumbling from Gilberto McCheasyfries trumpetingly farty ass butt trumpetings. It quaked and it quoked. It grumbled and it choked. A great rift bore out from the butt rumblings throughout the land. A great rift known as the Great Rift. It was pretty great.

"Great." Someone said.

"Rift." Someone else like, totally added.

23. A horde of angry crossdressing monkeys flew out from the chasm and started smacking innocent squirrels with their designer

purses and also hurling poo. They hurtled poo with such ferocity that their ferocity had not been seen and has not ever been seen again, except once involving a coked up donkey who thought he could fly. And he actually could fly. Until the shit wore off and then he was royally fucked. Either way.

3. As for the squirrels, little did we know that they were in fact not innocent and up to some kind of crazy conspiratorial plot involving their secret horde of nuts.

34444. I guess the squirrels themselves were kind of nuts. However I will save my judgment until after this book has been completed. Or not. Stupid dumb squirrels.

23. Basically I make up crazy bullshit and call it reporting. Then you basically believe everything wholeheartedly beyond a shadow of a doubt and call it deciding. That's how freedom works. You have the freedom to STFU, beyotch. Booyeah!

32. Back to the angry crossdressing monkeys from the chasm of Gilberto McCheasyfries trumpetingly farty ass butt trumpeting. Man, those were some pissed off monkeys. Nobody knew what was up their butt. Not even the raven.

323. Quoth the raven, "What's your damage, bro?"

No one could know. Not even

Smartypants McSmarterson.

2. The angry crossdressing monkeys were totally like, angry. As evidenced by their facebuk status as well as their body language.

4. They made all kinds of demands. Some of them were rational, like shorter waits in lines to buy bananas. Some of their demands were simply impossible, like they made demands that people wear orange colored shoes with burgundy slacks. This was beyond unimaginable. The fashion police were called but one of the fashion cops chipped a nail and the whole fashion police thing was called off, leaving the angry crossdressing monkeys the victors yet again this one solitary time.

33. People started to get upset. They complained to God who was all like, "Fuck man, those monkeys look hot. Like, bangin, yo. Who invented them? Wait.. me? Shit I need to write this shit down. Fuckin' A. Anyway to answer your prayers. I will totally help you out with your problems.. Psych!"

4545. So because of this statement and also because they just were anyway, the people were out of luck.

32. They praised God. "Praise be to Ye and also thank you!"

And they did the wave. Someone, who happened to be a foreigner (cough cough),

wasn't familiar with the custom of the wave and also not up to snuff about picking this shit up and he totally fucked up the wave and God smited him but not in the loins and he was still capable of being sexually active. So it wasn't that sad.

33. But the people's luck had not yet lucked out. The monkeys were quite fond of reality television shows. A compromise was made that they would star in their own reality television show set on the moon for whatever reason. Unbeknownst to the angry crossdressing monkeys there was no oxygen on the moon at the time so they all died immediately upon entry like in Totul Recull when their eyeballs popped out and their heads exploded because that's what it's like when they're no oxygen. Duh.

32. But all was not lost on this most tragic sequence of events because someone made a video of one of the monkeys drinking it's own urine. And so the porn industry had been begat. Beaddle-dat. And lo! God was pretty stoked as he had just had his like, internets connection all totally upgraded the day before to a whopping half of .2¼ kilob*burts after waiting several weeks for the internets installer guy to show up. It turns out after 3 tech

support calls and 4 hours on hold listening to a muzak version of the worst songs by the artist formerly known as Chumbuhwumbuh that his appointment had been bailed out on because the person who was supposed to come install it went AWOL from the insurmountable pressures of installing internets. It's not as glamorous as it looks on those TV commercials. In fact, dare I say, those people on TV are paid actors and totally like, acting about stuff. It's all just lies. Smoke and mirrors. So God was all like *BING!* with his mind.

33. The angry crossdressing monkeys would only become even angrier to be enlightened to these facts that they were dead. Fortunately the angry crossdressing monkeys had been taken care of. But little did we know that they would in fact come back because they learned to not breath oxygen. But when they came back they were pretty screwed because there was so much oxygen that they couldn't cope with breathing it. They died. Again. It was very sad.

23. A funeral was planned and executed but no one showed up. Nobody was really sure who to stick the bill with. The catering for the event had become mighty spoiled in the hot summer sun of that current period of time and left a foul smell. Nowhere near as

foul as Gilberto
McCheasyfries fart gas which
was still being ripped but
combined it was pretty rank
synergistically.

23. You would not want to
have to smell it. Lets just put
it that way. I think we all have
smelt something we didn't
want to smell. Maybe it was a
dead raccoon, or maybe you
like shit the bed or maybe a
mixture of both. Maybe you
shit the bed and had just
eaten a dead raccoon raw and
it went right through you
because of your raw food diet
so you in fact shit the bed
with a partially digested dead
raccoon.

32. But enough about you.
Here's something about me. I
like peanut butter. Yep. A lot I
might add. Sometimes I rub it
on my nipples. I haven't done
that in a while though. Think
about it. You know what
you're thinking? I don't care.
Blow it out of your poop shoot
hole. Which is a colorful
segue to the story at hand.
The greatest story every told.
The story of man. And
Gilberto McCheasyfries.
Booyeah.

33. At this point Gilberto
McCheasyfries had been
farting for like 100 million
billion trillion quintillion
quadrillion years. Plus or
minus one. His farts had
created countless teams of
teaming creatures, namely
orcs, goblins, hobgoblins, Ass

Hamster, things with glowing
red eyes that stare at you in
the night, and the tragically
short lived angry
crossdressing monkeys.

32. These were all great but
Gilberto McCheasyfries soon
began to grow bored with his
accomplishments.

"Let's kick this into
hyperdrive, Beyotches. Plural
style!" He said to no one in
particular.

32. It is at this point that
Gilberto McCheasyfries
decided to do in fact what he
had just said. He kicked the
metaphorical "this" into the
literally literal "hyperdrive,
Beyotches". Booyeah. Totally
into outer space and back,
booyeah. Plural style.

3. Gold medals were
nominated in his favor before
he even did what he did
because it was going to be so
huge. People just couldn't get
enough and the hype fed into
the promotional t-shirts
which synergized the energy
drink which helped promote
the series of books on cassette
tape. It's a viable format.

23. All was good and well and
when it was decided by
Gilberto McCheasyfries that
the time was in fact the
correct time and not the
incorrect time, which is the
proper way to word that
sentence I'm not just padding
things out here jerks, yes uhh
well, filler filler filler yadda
yadda yadda and so when he

decided that the stuff was all like, in fact the correct things and not the incorrect crap he loosened completely his anus.

33. The winds and colorful plumage of buttery butt gas gave way to solids beyond solids of solidey solids that were most very solidly solid. Things which had not previously existed in any form were created out of the blue. Like blue balls.

67. Gilberto McCheasyfries began to a yodellin' and a whoopin' and a hootenin' and a hollerinenin'. His operatic vocal range was considerable and reached as far as the peaks of Mount Vesuvius which was uninhabited. But still quite an accomplishment none the less. I guess.

32. Gilberto was undeterred by this minorest of setbacks. Soon the solids began to give way to a mixture of both solids and liquids. Once again another great accomplishment in the encyclopedia Gilberto Mccheasyfriesica.

12. All solids and liquids of which existed were of a brownish nature. Some were in fact slightly green. One was dark red, which later became known as beets. Yes, Gilberto McCheasyfries totally freaking the fuck invented beets. Everyone loves beets. Everyone. They are brilliant, and they were just the beginning.

33. At first people were shocked at Gilberto McCheasyfries brave act of solidarity and individual expression, but then they themselves realized that they too could loosen their anuses and a collective loosening of anuses struck out and strickened the land to the point that giant heaps of shit peppered the landscape super duper hardcore.

3. People were all like, "Shit, what the fuck! Wait a sec.. SHIT.. ? .. SHIT!!! I get it now!" But they didn't really get it. This was only the beginning. Of getting it.

32. They all pointed their anuses simultaneously in one direction, the direction of Gilberto McCheasyfries disco pointing hoof also known as the direction of slightly to the left of the second star to the left of Mucca and began to shit. Hard.

2.3. They all simultaneously shit with such an abundance fervor because the shit had been building up throughout eternity that they very nearly shat a bridge to heaven. Of shit.

23. Unfortunately God was feeling a bit under the weather and/or just didn't plain old give a flying fuck and hadn't invented heaven yet so when the people got all up inside there they were a might bit perturbed. They began to say mean things with

their mouth holes of
meanness.

"Hey I shit my way all the up
here and now there's shit for
shit around. No shit. Shit, like
God's got shit for brains. And
shit. That fucking goddamn
piece of shit. Shit shit shit shit
shit shit shit shit shit shit
shit." An old lady said
surmising the general
consensus of everyone like,
except this one guy.

12. Instantly the novelty of
saying shit wore off. Even
ironically, which was a real
bummer. People began to
rock the giant shit bridge to
heaven that didn't exist yet
back and forth out of
boredom. It was fun at first
but then it toppled over on
some freshly planted azaleas.
"My azaleas!" Someone yelled
out and began to cry. It was
very sad.

33. The mess of shit created
by this shit storm became
known as Frunch Canaduh.
And whenever someone says
they're feeling shitty its
secretly code for the fact that
they are from Frunch
Canaduh either in body,
mind, or spirit. Or all three,
yo. If someone disagrees with
you about this they are in fact
a carefully placed changeobot.
They will be slowly morphing
into a robot. It might take a
while, maybe several
lifetimes, maybe several
eternities, maybe infinity plus
one, maybe the entire

programming block of the
Lufetime channel, but they
will in fact morph into a
changeobot. I guarantee it in
such a way that I am not
responsible for the outcome
of this statement.

32. Gilberto McCheasyfries
began to strain. His anus
puckered and began to make
a series of then novel
onomatopoetic noises. It
sounded like "*Pbbbthhhh
chka chka chka gurgle gurgle
goooooooo pbbbp bp pbpbpb
ppbp bpbthhh drifffffooooo
foooooo fooo foooo fooo fo o
oo oooo mm mph mm mm
phhh mmm ph hhh dirf ff
pbbbthhhh mbbbblll blbl bl
blb joey. joey. borth. borth.
derrrr doo doo doo doo doo
doo mooop awooga awoo
oooga. pthh. berr rrkk ber
rrkk moo moo mooo. ooo
mph. oopmh.*"

Amazingly enough, as if
completely by miracle, his
contracting anus had recited
the Amurican Bull of Rights a
whole two and a quarter half
seconds before it would be
invented. I shit you now. I
mean not. I shit you not.

33. Not!

32. Then a strange thing
happened. Something came
out of Gilberto McCheasyfries
ass that was not so very rosy.

"Why don't you just go to
heck, gosh darnit." The thing
said.

"Why so upseteth?" Quoth
Gilberto McCheasyfries who

then added, "Why can't we all like, live in peace and harmony and junk? And hold hands and say queero stuff to each other while why we rub salad dressing on each other's loins? Huheth? Buddy? Huheth? Guyeth?"

32. The sad thing was silent. There was an awkward pause. A sniper was prepared to take this thing out but was ordered to stand down. More silence. The thing just sat there and moped. It moped very mopily. Then it sighed. Eventually it ripped its mask off. Will we ever find out what the thing was? I don't think we ever will.

33. Turns out it was a mop. Why was the mop mopey? The reason might totally freaking shock and alarm you the fuck out. But I guess we will never know. I mean "really" know, you know? But it was because the mop realized that as a mop he could never be anything substantial in life. A mop was clearly a nobody. A loser. An inanimate object. A total and complete tool. The mop moped most mopily.

"Hey mop buddy, cheer up," said Gilberto McCheasyfries, "Like, don't mope. You came from my anus. That's pretty special. Little buddy."

32. And then Gilberto McCheasyfries and the mop made out. The stuck their tongues deep into each others

various orifices. Their chests heaving as they deeply and passionately embraced each other. Heaving and pounding like a jackhammer inside a cement mixer that was set to heave.

3. Gilberto McCheasyfries was still shitting quite profusely. A little bit of shit fell into their mouths. It tasted like a beautiful rainbow. A beautiful rainbow of love and happiness. Hallelujah. And stuff.

44. The shit from Gilberto's butt exploded into a colorful collage of a bucket. The mop got jealous and slapped Gilberto McCheasyfries.

"Tramp!" Mop remarked.

"Hoe!" Gilberto shot back.

They embraced even more passionately than before. Mop and Gilberto McCheasyfries made love in such a way that had not been known to man, mop, goat, rockbadger, or mop before and since. Possibly even sheep. Mop heaved with such passion that he splintered a little and kind of made this little weird noise. It's a hard noise to describe. It was weird.

32. Gilberto McCheasyfries finally knew true love. After the deed was done Gilberto McCheasyfries wanted to hold hands but Mop was playing Grund Thuft Auto 69: New Mop City.

Mop was all like, "Well I uhh.. better be going. You know,

like.. uhh.. Thanks. A lot. Really. I'll uhhh, 'call' you."

Gilberto McCheasyfries stood in silence. He weeped a little. From the inside. And his butt. His ass had never known feelings such as the mop had learned him.

13. In the end though Gilberto McCheasyfries decided to order some Chinese food. And it was good. He was hungry an hour later, but fortunately he still had an eggroll left over. And it was good. Gilberto decided to stop shitting, and he totally would have being the super sheep he was, but the effect of the Chinese food actually made him shit more violently than ever before.

32. From a trickle to a stream and then to a waterfall. Of pooppy butt poop doodoo. The outpouring of support from his anus captured the imagination of a generation and helped foster peace and unity for a single half of a microsecond. That half of a microsecond was known as Peace in Poop Half of a Microsecond Day which later became known as Walrus Half of a Microsecond Day and then known as Christmus which was actually a split second before Christmus is traditionally observed but there was this one time that didn't exist. Sort of a time warp.

33. Actually it was the one

time that Spice Wurld was released. People from the future went back in time to the second of the premier release of the movie and all simultaneously jumped causing a rift in time fast forwarding to the next day so they at least missed the premiere? This was not the doing of a certain one Gilberto McCheasyfries and this chapter is about Gilberto McCheasyfries.

32. Duh.

43. To quote a famous parable of Gilberto McCheasyfries, "There once was a person who was like, walking down the street, you know? And then they were like, totally like, huwah! And someone rolled up their window. And there was also this dog, dig it, and the dog was like, shit and stuff. Totally. Man that was some dog. He, well, I think it was a he. I didn't check personally. You know, like with my hoofs and stuff. Anywhozzle, he was all like, bark! bark! and shit. And I was like, DAYAHMMNNNN. Boy that dog. Huh, I mean like, OK, it wasn't like totally awesome, but it was pretty freaking gnarly. I bet that dog could like walk around and stuff something fierce. (Beeping noises) Uh oh, time for my piluhtes. *Woosh!*"

Which is the story of where tapeworms came from. Beautiful glorious tapeworms.

15. Gilberto McCheasyfries was a great man and an even greater sheep but he was not without his faults. Once after a series of events transpired at a restaurant he didn't tip very well. 597.24% to be exact. Granted it was a lot at the time, but the thing is Gilberto McCheasyfries was a man of great vision and standards. The kind of standards that leave you humming a happy tune after you meet sed standards. Of stuff. He was however forced to tip exactly .00001% less because the service was poor. He had to return the food twice as the food was at first liquid nitrogen and then a plate of molten lava. The third time the food was just right, although it had what looked like a giant spooge with a couple of pubes and maybe some dog poop on it. It tasted alright although he needed a toothpick for the cat litter. However during his meal the waitress tried to take a swing the honorable Mr. Gilberto McCheasyfries. Gilberto was not deterred. Fists or unfisty, pummeling or no, he ate and ate and ate some more. He ate until his face was stuffed and then he relieved himself on a shrubbery. It was such a relief. He returned and finished eating. The manager was openly hostile at Gilberto McCheasyfries calling him a series of not too friendly

epithets. Epithets such as: Schmuck face, dingleberry, buckethole, dick, dillweed, fuckfuck, dickdick, crapneck, donkeyboner, deyick, and even 'you're a cool guy', but it was said sarcastically. Gilberto was used to such things being as he had cable TV. Afterwards as he was leaving someone threw an opened sodie pop can at him.

34. This however was farthest from the darkest of moments in the super voluminous Encyclopedia Gilberto McCheasyfriesica.

12. There was the String Cheeseburger Incident. There was the String Cheesefries incident. There was an incident at a Wulmurt in suburban Manitoba involving six pallets of String Cheesewhuz known as the Six Pallets of String Cheesewhuz at a Wulmurt in suburban Manitoba incident. There was an incident involving string cheese flavored bacon known as the Schmuckyschmuckbutt McStringcheesetits the Third Incident.

33. Once he got really wasted. Actually, that happened a lot as Gilberto McCheasyfries lived to the ripe old age of 2. 2 was a lot back then if you consider compound interest as well as being in the right place at the right time. Bobby McFahfahfoofoo was not at the right place at the right time. He merits no mention.

But Gilberto McCheasyfries however totally freaking does. Because he was. And he is. So there. Booyeah. The end. Or is it? Yes it is. Or is it? Yes it is. The end. Or was it? Yes it was. Or was it? Maybe. Maybe not.

4. Maybe giant killer alien robot bugs will shoot out of your eyeballs. Maybe monkeys will fly out of my poohole. Unfortunately we have already learned the plight of the angry crossdressing monkeys. It was quite a coup. In fact they were even kept in a chicken coop for a period of time. People used to throw things at them including margarita mix, eggs, and verbal insults. They would pelt their fur with these things. They would mat it in their fur good. It would harden like their souls. But they were angry tranny monkeys. They would persevere. The last thing a cop ever wanted was to have to pull one over. Talk about irate. These monkeys were the worst thing a cop ever wanted to see. They would totally be like smuggling weed from Californiia to the rest of the wust coast but the cops would let them off because they were unpleasant and that was just a really nice way of putting it. You did not want to be a cop and be locked in a room with these monkeys. Imagine arresting one and the first thing they do after they get in

the back of your cop car is totally take the biggest shit. You don't want to clean that up. Cops totally like suck you know, but you almost pitied them in this instance. Not really.

16. Gilberto McCheasyfries knew not the emotion of pity. For it had not been invented yet. The emotion of pity was created at a certain point in time to sell baby kittens and pharmaceutical prescriptions.

12. Everyone was called a so and so and this and that which at the time was about as vulgar a term you could come up with. So and so and this and that was equivalent to Bucketbreath. Which today means "Hello."

123. This was because at one point there was a great restructuring of language where everything got changed around ever so slightly. Car insurance used to mean balloon. Car insurance salesmen were actually clowns who made funny balloon hats and tried to sell them to unsuspecting and unwitting children and adults at state fairs and rodeos. Little did these people know that the combination of helium and plastic close to the cerebral cortex created a hard to measure but still real reaction leading to the zombification of the mind.

1234. Gilberto McCheasyfries was no fool in this aspect and

many people tried to follow in his hoofsteps which were large to say the least. He was at least 4 inches tall maybe more. That was a lot back then, as I mentioned earlier, compound interest.

17. Gilberto McCheasyfries had a great many friends. Also even a few enemies. An occasional enema. Once he impersonated the pope, but he was so successful that the real pope was slaughtered mercilessly at his own bar mitzvah.

32. It turns out that Gilberto McCheasyfries liked to tango. Sometimes in Puris.

44. He also invented the boomerang. The sexy boomerang.

18. Like this one time Gilberto McCheasyfries all like decided to spit. No one had done it before. It was quite a sight. I bet you'd pay a lot of money to see such a sight. And now with the magic of magic you and "your people" can for a lot introductory price of \$9.99 zillion plus shipping and handling. Each week we will send you more spit, classic spit, soft rock spit, spit of the ages, simply pay 2 bazillion dollars or we will shave your eyebrows off in your sleep. It's that simple!

19. Bleat at Joe's.

20. Joe was a bad husband and would frequently abuse his wife. At least he would have if he was in fact married.

Which he was not. It turns out he never existed to begin with.

21. Gilberto McCheasyfries optioned his amazing life story to some big Hullywood hot shot in Hullywood. Little did he know this would prove to be untimely. But he didn't. Hullywood didn't exist and wouldn't exist for another bazillion trillion gazillion years. Oh sure that one really old lady who hangs out on the red carpet at the Oscurs and talks to people on the U! network with her daughter like existed. She's that old, whatever her name is, Jim or something. It's not important. The important thing is that your are OK. Are you alright? I mean you couldn't be fucked up and reading a book? Are you pretending? Do I have to call your mother(s)? Aliens don't count. Also the Count doesn't count. I mean he does "count" and he is the "Count" but he doesn't count. He is however, a cunt.

23. Don't make me angry. I swear I'll come over there and smack you upside the head. I'll smack you something fierce. I'll that one cereal guy type smack you. So you better be OK or I swear you won't be OK after I'm done making sure you're OK.

32. It was like the one chick with the "Grupe ape" type thing going on. You know what I'm talking about. You

do. I want to say Susunne Summurs but I know that's wrong. I saw a real life behind the scenes TV drama on UBC about her and she was like totally not the person I'm thinking of. Sometimes I see her on the shuppung network. Susunne Summurs, not the person I'm thinking of. Anyway. I mean not the "Grupe ape" frog guy, that one chick. The old one people always make old people jokes about. But you know what? Jokes hurt. Jokes hurt big time. Super duper big time. With a cherry on top. That chick isn't old. She's just big boned. Statues will be erected in her likeness. Big boned statues. Important statues. Gilberto McCheasyfries would have shed a tear for the misfortune of advantageous derelicts mocking this poor persons fate, of whom I can't remember their name had he not had his tear ducts surgically removed and replaced with flame throwers just now. But you know what? Frugly chicks have to make a living too. There's lots of them. Hot chicks just get to coast by on their marvelous boobs. It's not fair. Nothing is fair. This is something Gilberto McCheasyfries took to heart. Whenever he saw one of those facetious statues of Lady Liburty, some blindish chick holding a knife and a scale he'd always spit on

the scale, thereby nullifying her visual "contract".

22. Gilberto McCheasyfries was a man's man goat. He played by his own rules. Once he ate a whole container of Powdered Tung just to prove what a man he was. After he was released from the hospital people really took notice.

"Look I'm noticing something that I am supposed to notice!" They said, because they were totally noticeable.

Ha. Noticeable is a word. Word. Ha, word.. word. Ha? Nope.

23. Once someone didn't take notice. They were totally like their noticeability was not on the chart. And Gilberto McCheasyfries showed them. He showed them good. All the way up their ass. They regretted it. The regretted it hardcore. Especially because of the stuff about the junk.

24. You know that one guy who walks around with the sword? He owed Gilberto McCheasyfries for totally like everything.

25. There once was a luau but Gilberto McCheasyfries was on a hunger strike to protest there not being enough luaus. So he viciously killed everyone in their face. It was quite humorous as he belched the national anthem which at that time was actually just a belch anyway whilst killing viciously. Everyone cheered

him on. Except Joebob.

26. Joebob would be the complete bane of Gilberto McCheasyfries existence. Except the one time they moshed at a show. It was wicked rad.

Joebob was all like, "FUCKKKK!!!"

Gilberto McCheasyfries was all like, "SHIIITTTTT!!!"

And Joebob added, "Tracy Chapmun totally kicks fuckin' ass! Watch out for that nun!"

And you would have thought they would have hit it off but they had a disagreement about where to get some food afterwards. Joebob wanted to go get some food at Dunny's while Gilberto McCheasyfries wanted to get his grub action on at Shuri's. Neither of which being the superior choice so Gilberto McCheasyfries proceeded to fork out one of Joebob's eyes with a plastic fork. Fortunately it wasn't Joebob's real eye which he kept stowed safely in a compartment overhead. The contents may have shifted during travel and in fact at that very moment they did. His eyeball fell all over the place. Boy was Joebob's face red, but in fact it was always red after the Curling Iron incident where some rowdy teenagers painted his face red on a dare. Who dared the rowdy teenagers? The world may never know. And they didn't.

32. But it was in fact Gilberto McCheasyfries up to his nonchalant ideals of nonchalance and the slightest bit of ambivalence.

69. Gilberto McCheasyfries made a filthy nasty porno. It wasn't his finest moment. He was addicted to some serious shit like existentialist writings and crackpressed into making it. Jebus was there even though there is no mention of Jebus in Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee bookee which this in fact is. Perpendicular! Booyeah! Yep.

70. Gilberto McCheasyfries decided to get a haircut. This was a difficult process at the time because hair did not yet exist. Gilberto McCheasyfries being the benevolent creator he was like, regurgitated the necessary amount of hair to give everyone enough so they could all have a single strand. They had this single strand of hair for their entire life and when they died they willed the hair to their children. If anyone lost the hair they were out of luck aside from the great Hair Luttery which was secretly committed to closing down schools and opening up prisons. It operated in the name of the greater good, specifically state owned parks but was really just a front for the guburnment. I mean, how much does it cost for some

trees to grow in a forest that they were growing in before it was turned into a park anyway? Suckers.

71. Gilberto McCheasyfries both enamored and vilified the guburnment. Once he did both. Twice.

72. Gilberto McCheasyfries tried to learn a foreign language but none of them had been invented yet.

Because of this fact, Gilberto was all like, "Motherfucking shitballs!"

73. Under his own discretion he invented the cure for polio but threw it away as a practical joke on April 1st. No one was any the wiser as they had not invented wisdom yet. People just kind of walked around going "Duh" a lot.

74. Once this once Gilberto McCheasyfries decided to call in sick to work but he didn't have a job. Nobody did. So he invented work solely for the purpose of calling in sick that one time. There used to be a great national holiday of calling in sick to work but it has since been absconded when it departed hastily one day.

75. Basically you can either call Gilberto McCheasyfries a right prick or you could suck his peepee hole stick. There was no gray area with the 'Goat from the Moat' as obsessed fans who really knew nothing about the Man/Goat personally would

fruitfully make up for no reason than to ostracize themselves from otherwise accepting people further and stuff. They were however actually way off the mark about the moat thing and also the goat thing.

12. So much so that Gilberto McCheasyfries the sheep took a bite out of one of their shoulders in protest but this ended up backfiring as the person with the missing shoulder chunk won the Hair Luttery directly afterwards.

32. People would then confront

Gilberto McCheasyfries pleading, "Bite me!" in the hopes that it would help their gambling odds. It was awkward for Gilberto McCheasyfries not to oblige such requests and he soon became a recluse for about 13 minutes until he realized he needed to mysteriously buy a bucket for no reason and had to go outside. He left the restroom at Urbie's and boldly stepped outside. Everyone stopped and stared. Silently.

"I was just joshing," quothed Gilberto McCheasyfries addressing the crowd adding, "We're still cool, right?"

There was silence. Then something happened.

"EEEEATTTTT MMEEEE!!! EATTTTTT MMEEEEEEEE!!!"

An obsessed fan pleaded, taking their clothes off and gesticulating wildly towards

Gilberto McCheasyfries to eat them in a sort of gruesome display of utter pantomime. Gilberto McCheasyfries would have liked to oblige but he held certain moral standards that are exemplary even for today. Namely if someone asks for something you have to say 'No' simply out of the principle of the matter. If they word the question in such a way that 'No' means 'Yes' then punch them in the loins. Cockpunch the shit out of those fuckers and their fucking mind games.

76. Once Gilberto saw a half eaten pizza on the ground and he ignored it. That's the kind of guy Gilberto McCheasyfries totally freaking was.

77. He passed legislation.

78. He passed ass gas.

79. He passed ass.

80. He p.

81. He p.p.doo.doo.

82. He.

83. His neurons were firing at an accelerated rate. He decided that it was his lucky day and he got a Lutto ticket.

4. He didn't win.

"Fuck this shit!" quoth Gilberto McCheasyfries.

Later it was revealed that in this instance it was in fact not Gilberto McCheasyfries, but an impostoring impostor!

84. The real Gilberto McCheasyfries was able to flush out his impostor during a LARP game of Clu. Gilberto McCheasyfries (the real one)

played the butler. He stabbed the fake Gilberto McCheasyfries in the back with the steak knife. Killing in real life was strictly against the rules so Gilberto McCheasyfries (the real one, the fake one was dead) was forced to sit out the next turn. This was an unfortunate turn of events.

12. In the end Gilberto McCheasyfries used his impeccable credit rating and his international reach with the youth of today to call for a general strike. He struck hard and where it counts. Namely the penis. Especially the penis. He struck hard and fast like a truly great sheep would strike. They were known for real great striking. Especially Gilberto McCheasyfries.

32. He might have been the greatest sheep ever, although aside from the drugs and the best selling cookbooks and the sold out belching concerts and the string of relationships with famous actors/actresses and his crippling addiction to the limelight Gilberto McCheasyfries did not crave the limelight. It craved him. He was the first ever true blue celebrity even though he was sort of a greenish hue. The word celebrity was actually invented for Joey Lawrunce but Gilberto McCheasyfries was just that much cooler at the moment. And he invented hair. Joey Lawrunce although

known for his flowing mullet coiffure during the Blossum years actually ended up bald. And a shaver to boot. So fuck that guy. Fucking bald fuck shaver. Seriously. Fuck him.

89. "Balding fuckers should just fucking jump off of a .. I dno.. really high up place.. and hurt themselves... somehow. Because of the injustice against humanity they have caused. Seriously. Especially the fucking shavers. Fuck." Quoth Gilberto McCheasyfries from on at least three feet high. Or at least he was high.

And his word spread throughout the lard, which was spread throughout the toast. And served by a server who totally did some crazy dance moves as he brought the toast/lard and said, "You got served." As he delivered the meal and then promptly realized that he was an ass.

23. As for the stuff about the balding things and stuff and junk, there were plans for a eugenics program to eliminate balding the proper way but in the end the people with hair on their heads were just too busy coasting by on their looks alone while the bald people were like doing smart creative stuff and managed to slip by.. for now. But we can still rise up and crush these lesser beings! It would truly be the Gilberto McCheasyfries way. The way

of the wagon.

66.64 Then Gilberto decided to teach a lesson. Verbally.

"Lest not and unto other ye shall be and unto and etcetera, dammit," quothed Gilberto McCheasyfries. And it was here from and on high. He added, "Except the Impostinators, for they are the Changeotrons of the futurespeak."

70. Gilberto McCheasyfries was then caught with his pants down. It was quite an intimidating position if you have ever seen a sheep with its pants down. Usually sheep don't wear pants. Sometimes they wear kilts but that doesn't really do a good job of blocking the nether regions that you wouldn't want to see that would have been covered up with pants in the first place. Especially if they were riding the bus and then they got off the bus and as they got off a *woosh* of air came up and totally flashed their butt. There were several small children who saw this and grew up to live and tell the story.

3545. Gilberto McCheasyfries absconded with all of them and there precious metals which had been built up during a crisis that involved absconding precious metals. Also precious metal which was Heavy Metul music on vinuyl that had not been worn too badly. To wear the Heavy

Metul on vinuyl too badly is blasphemy in the eyes of Gilberto McCheasyfries who totally thinks Heavy Metul totally freaking rocks.

23. Gilberto McCheasyfries blinded everyone involved with the previously mentioned crap with a laser. *PEOW!* The laser noised. He sicked cats on them as well but the cats were just ordinary cats so they mostly sat around and tried rubbing up against peoples legs for attention. One of them sharpened their claws on a couch, but it wasn't really that nice of a couch anyway. Fortunately for Gilberto McCheasyfries the people were running around in a tizzy and the cats underfoot caused the people to stumble and fall. The people didn't want to step on the cats. The cats were cute cats. Since the beginning of Tume Cop there are always some ugly cats but these cats were not. They were normal cats. And you could tell this with the sound of their meows. They were cute meows. Their meows were fruitful and multiplied.

44. Eventually people became bored. Like me, Fuckin A. They decided to go see a movie but all the movies out sucked hard donkeyboner so they went to get some food but everything was closed so they decided to have a ceremonial book burning for

Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee times sake. Because it was in fact the time of Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee time time. The flames of the book burning were likened unto little screaming monkeys and made Gilberto McCheasyfries a little bit sad by reminding him of the angry tranny monkeys that came out of a rift in the earth created by his fart that one time.

44. Gilberto McCheasyfries decided to jump! And Lo! for it was quite a magnificent jump. Everyone looked on in awe except Simon McPoutypoofers so Gilberto McCheasyfries threw a ninja star at him and poked one of Simon's eyes out. The blood flowed and it was good. Everyone had a good laugh about it and then went out for milk and cookies. And the cookies were good. The milk was a little bit past the due date but they drank it heartily anyway for they were intrepid and unto and Lo! And back and forth and such as it is and etcetera ad nauseam.

10101010. 01010000
01100101 01101110 01101001
01110011!

402. Once Gilberto McCheasyfries got a bad haircut. It was not a happy

day for humanity. He laid waste to the barren sacks of flesh they foolishly called mortal humans. He smited like a really big vacuum with the special cherry ranch attachment at a cherry ranch. He compared their faces to sexual reproductive anatomy then gesticulated so wildly that he something or other.

304. Something or other was quite a tricky fellow and laid under a carpet for quite some time. He collected a wealth of information under this carpet for it was not any ordinary carpet. It was a special carpet. It had an advanced degree in microprocessor technology and had traveled extensively in Urope. This was a bitching ass fucking awesome fucking carpet, fuck. Something or other was quite lucky to be hiding under it. Once Gilberto McCheasyfries walked by. He took out a pen. It was quite a riveting chain of events. You had to be there. I just can't describe it as awesome as it was. It was just soooo cool. Seriously you haven't lived until you saw this.

23. Another similarly awesome time that is equally hard to describe was the time there was this one fruit. Words just don't do justice. Sigh.

204. Something or other decided to start a band. He bought a lot of equipment and put up flyers at the local

grocery mart looking for bandmates. It turns out that his band sucked. Something or other thought about committing suicide, but then he eventually decided on getting a burrito.

"The pen is mightier than the burrito," said a random stranger to Something or other.

"Fuck that!" said Something or other and then he beat the random stranger to death with his burrito.

"Taste the differunce!" Quothed Something or other as he laid ravage to the desecrated body of the random stranger.

34. An advertising executive who was talking obnoxiously on his cell phone nearby took notice to this chain of events and decided to offer Something or other a deal to go around beating people to death with burritos. In this act they had created the first spokesperson.

32. Gilberto McCheasyfries was a bit miffed that he was missing out on the spotlight as he was vacationing in Flunt, Michigun at the time and missed the opportunity.

233333. However Gilberto McCheasyfries was not one for to claim the spotlight even though he usually always did. A lot. On Tuesdays especially. He was strictly you know, whats that word, when people like knock on wood and won't

walk under ladders and stuff. Homophobic. In a grand gesture of grandness Gilberto McCheasyfries decided to take Something or other out for a drink.

2020. "What quaff from mine loins, floobie bon heffer." Said Gilberto McCheasyfries.

"Excuseth me.. um.. eth?" Replied Something or other.

"When it is in the place and the things with the trees and so forth and hitherto shall be known and things and stuff and all these things shall and etcetera." Stated Gilberto McCheasyfries most matter of factly.

"Oh. Yeah. Uhh.. ok.. umm.. yeah.. uhhhh... well.. what?" Replied Something or other.

"Plastic." Said Gilberto McCheasyfries.

"Huh." Stated Something or other.

"Yep." Replied Gilberto McCheasyfries.

"OK?" Quothed Something or other.

"Yeah." Said Gilberto McCheasyfries

"Umm." Mumbled Something or other trailing off uncertainly.

"Nope." Retorted Gilberto McCheasyfries.

"What now?" Questioned Something or other.

"Yes, it um.. whatever." Said Gilberto McCheasyfries.

33. Little did they know that their conversation would be known as the greatest

conversation known to mankind and otherwise. The wit, the charm, the mountains of things and stuff. It was likened unto that which was truly likenable. Billions of people got the conversation tattooed on the inside of their eyeballs and also jumped off of cliffs for an unrelated reason.

32. Because of the things I just mentioned a palette of cute little puppies were beaten mercilessly within an inch of their cute little puppy lives. Corn was trampled. Other things. And stuff.

12222. It was quite an extraordinary feat these two unwitting subjects pulled off. Recreations were made. The conversation between Gilberto McCheasyfries and Something or other went down in the annals of history as the key defining moment in history besides lots of other stuff. One dude bit his tongue off because nothing more perfect could ever be uttered again. It hurt. They bled. But it was totally worth it.

222. The ants. Dear me, the ants! And their ant-like mannerisms!

223. Then there was a quiet period known as Gilberto McCheasyfries blueish period. Not really that much to write about. Kind of sad, I guess. If you're into that kind of sissy crap. Which I am. It was very sad.

224. Gilberto McCheasyfries decided that he had done enough to create a chapter in our life and stepped out of the limelight completely, but not forever. He will be back. Oh yes. He will be back. Or will he? Yes he will. Or will he? Yes. Quit doing that. Or will I? Yes. No. Maybe? The answer is yes. Or is it? Probably not. No. Definitely no.

Chapter the number Four.

1. God was pissed about something. Maybe it was about nothing. Probably most likely about nothing. He was all like, "FUCK!"

2. God started smiting people. At first it seemed like it was totally at random but then later it was revealed that it was truly in fact totally at random.

3. "Why dost thou smitest thee-est?" Quothed the smoten people being smoted smotemly.

4. God was silent like a dead guy. He began to smite some more.

5. "Seriously was it something I saideth? I can change!" Urged the smoten people.

6. "Look, If you don't know I can't tell you." Quothed God aloud and from on high. So people could hear him. With their ear holes.

7. "But.. but.." The people pleaded pleadily.

8. "If ands and butts were

candy and nuts then I would have baked a cake using those ingredients by now, no wait, I'm out of eggs, shit. I wanted an omelette!" Said an angry God, growing angrier by the three minute increment.

9. The people were being smited by God by the baker's dozen. They were desperate. They needed a solution and fast.

"I have an idea," said one person. That person was immediately smited in the crotch. The made a slight wincing noise and fell over.

"Shit we're boned!" Said the other people in unison.

10. Turns out it was the day after the 3 week anniversary of the time that God decided he like to play shuffleboard. God was miffed that no one even got him a card. No emails, nothing. He even posted about it on his facebuk. Flowers would have been nice. Maybe someone slamming their fingers in a car door. Nothing too extreme. Maybe a human sacrifice. God was open minded.

11. "Man, God's really pissed.. maybe we should all stand around in a circle and start beating off?" Proposed on intrepid individual.

"That's fucking gay." Argued another person.

"Hey now, that's not very tolerant. There's no such thing as bad ideas.. mm-kay?"

Stated another person who then loosened his bowels and shat himself. "Weeee!"

"Hey I know, let's build a yurt!" Interjected another person interjectioningly.

"I'll fart in your yurt." Somebody yelled from the back of the crowd.

"Alright that's it.. who said that? Huh? Who fucking said that? You wanna go? Let's fucking go! I am proposing that we go places, namely with fisticuffs! Bring it motherfucker! Booyeah!" Said the person who was spearheading the yurt plan.

"Violence never solved anything, bro!" Said a different person.

Yurt man punched this person in the nuts.

23. The whole situation descended into chaos and everyone started poking and jabbing and punching and kicking and biting and swearing at each other. Except this one guy who just sort of sat there. I don't know what his deal was.

"This never would have happened had we all just had a big circle jerk." Said the guy who suggested it previously. Someone threw a shoe at him.

"You know what? I'm going to take matters into my own hand.. literally!" And with that the dude pulled his pants down and started masturbating wildly. He made monkey noises. Eventually

everyone grew tired of his shenanigans and monkey noises were decried in the local newspapers with front page slogans and stylized editorial cartoons. The man was slandered, shunned, and shamed. But not quite enough to stop beating off wildly. Just a little. Like he kind of went from shrieking wildly to just saying "oo oo oo."

32. "Lets go to McDunulds!" Said someone for some reason. Maybe they wanted to go to McDunulds or possibly get diarrhea.

"Yeah!" Said the rest of the crowd.

They walked to McDunulds but the people normally working at McDunulds had abandoned the store to join the crowd that were going to McDunulds because they totally wanted to go to McDunulds too. In the thrillingly thrilling thrill of the moment they had long since forgotten that they work there.

23. There was a riot. People were upset to say the least. These people wrote irate letters to their local congressmen and woman.

12. God saw this and was filled with pity and scorn. He at one point had worked at McDunulds to buy this one jacket that he really wanted and knew the emotions that come from knowing you did a job well done. Like when you

spit in some food. He also really hated this one guy who worked there manning the fryolator. As per Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee norm God was pissed the fuck off, royally. He shot out a stream of mayonnaise, thousand island dressing and ketchup. It culminated in one focal point and splurged on the masses.

"Mmm.. what a tasty sauce! What is it?" Qouthed the peoples.

"Uhh.. it's a secret." Said God.

"Secret Sauce! Brilliant." The people who had not been smited to terribly as to hinder their ability to applaud applauded God with a standing ovation using applause.

13. God took a bow.

14. "Encore! Encore! Encore!" Shouted the crowd. They demanded God give them a motherfreaking good show.

15. God exploded one persons head. A team of flying puppies shooting lasers flew out. Music began to play as the flying puppies shot their lasers in syncopated fashion to the music. In this act God created the laser light show. The people were stunned. It was so fascinating. They didn't even notice that one of the flying puppies stole an extra cookie at the craft food

services table even though there was an implicitly written note saying that everyone could only get one cookie. That was one daring puppy. Now someone else would go without a cookie. It was very sad.

16. The people were totally rocking out to Natulie Merchunt. But they swore to remember that one fateful day.. for some reason or other.. and stuff. Or not. Probably not.

17. One day God created dinosaurs. But he called them "Jerks." You may think dinosaurs are awesome but you don't know dinosaurs like I do. They are fucking assholes. Try walking to the video rental store and they'll be all like totally like "HHHWWWAAAFFFFF!!!!" and stuff, spitting their venom and biting your appendages and desecrating your precious epidermis. It's just not cool. Dinosaurs suck.

23. They are also bad roommates. You think a dinosaur pays their rent on time? They don't. Those dinosaurs were just total dicks. Loinfaces. They never tipped. They openly chewed food with their mouths open. Man, when they drank orange juice, and they totally just drank from the carton and put it back even though it was empty and when they drank from it they made this really

annoying drinking noise. You totally just wanted to puke out of your mouth.

232. Ms. Manners would have been mortified at their behavior had she not been on vacation at the time. Well, she said she was on vacation but really she was on a bender by herself alone in her house. Sometimes even Ms. Manners needs to kick back and let it all hang out with a little hair of the dog.

23. But these dinosaurs were more than an innocent bimonthly bender. They just wouldn't fucking let up. God I hate dinosaurs. The thought of them just makes me want to wrench. Once this dinosaur thought it would be really funny to use my razor to shave his balls. Yeah that's real fucking funny. OK, it might be funny to you but what if that were your razor? Go ahead and laugh. You ass.

18. Here's something to chew on so set your eyeballs to chew. Be nice. Or else. Or don't. I don't give a fuck about shit. Really.

19. God wasn't a nice person. Defo. He wasn't even really a person. We just say he was a person because it's easier for feeble minded people, I'm not necessarily saying you here specifically, but nonetheless so that feeble minded people can grasp the things without being all like, "Hhwagh. My freaking feeble minded brain

mind hath gone and done asploded. Me stupid."

32. God kills puppies. Innocent cute little puppies. Sometimes they die freezing out in the cold Kuntucky rain because they ran out and someone forgot about them. Yes. God does this. 'Why?' You might ask. Don't ask. Just listen. Listen to the sound of nothing. That is God. Get it? OK. Good. Maybes you could explain it to me.

32. God also likes to laugh. He laughed at the comedic stylings of Juck Benny. Juck Benny was a good guy. Juck Benny paid his rent on time. Some people call Juck Benny a dinosaur but I'll be the first person so say this: Shut the fuck up you figurative person I just made up right now. You know nothing about dinosaurs.

3.2.1. Contact!

20. God created bananas. At first it was just kind of a sick prank to see if people would get what was going on but then it turned out that there were other applications for sed fruit and the more inventive types were totally firing up their inventing junk. If your a dude you ever try masturbating with a banana peel? Feels good. Try it sometime. Or don't. Don't have faith. See if ye shall get the smackdown of love with that kind of baditude. Booyeah. So writeth thee.

21. God was an excellent dancer. He liked to foxtrot. He invented the chicken dance but a guy named Nolan from Texas really perfected the dance. God smited Nolan.

"Why hast thou smited so?" Said Nolan.

"Suck on this!" Said God and he let out a mighty storm of bees at which point it so happened that they attacked in the direction of Nolan.

32. The bees grew bored with smiting Nolan's visage which at this point was pretty freaking desecrated. They decided to go on a corporate worker bee retreat to build up their teamwork and create trust in the efficiency of the team. There are small parts and there is the whole and somehow they both coagulate, and if they don't there'll be heck to pay. Little bee fists of fury. May not sound like a lot but don't forget about compound interest.

Compound interest really adds up to a lot in Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee days. Because of the amount of time. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to understand blind faith. Have it or else. The end.

22. God liked his drinks like he liked his women. Hairry.

23. God. God. God. God. God.

24. A statue was planned to

be erected but everyone kept giggling whenever someone said erected. It's a funny word because of the sexual connotation that can be construed as a double entendre. If you don't know what I mean look in the mirror. And cry. Don't ask why.

25. Write write write. Words words word.

26. Is anyone still reading this? You better. God will smite you something fierce. And to those who don't read: Reading is good mm-kay? Don't make me make God smite. Because he will either way. Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee days God is vengeful. Don't forget that. Get it tattooed. Tattoo it on your butt and then look at your butt often. If you have to look at it in in a mirror then maybe consider getting it tattooed backwards. Also get it tattooed forwards in case other people are going to look at your butt. Also consider other languages. If you speak that language and do the mirror thing, do it backwards but also forwards for consideration of others. If people are illiterate consider getting it tattooed in something they can understand, like a series of colorful pictograms. But also don't forget about doing it

backwards for thyself in that circumstance upon whence it is and shall be and therefore hitherto and blah blah blah and etcetera.

27. God said, "Those who can do.. do. Those who can't do.. complain. So cram it either way, asshole. So sayeth me."

28. God was at this point embroiled in a conspiracy of sorts when finances for the Golden Temple of Yawn ran short. There was a scheme to sell likenesses of God on the Ubay as it was a hot commodity. Once a piece of toast went for like, a whole bunch of money or something. God can create money. But had can also create misery and suffering. Which would you prefer? Huh? Because it's like a trick question. Woah.

29. GOD! WOO!

30. God really liked Neil Diamund. He got tickets to go see him once but ended up getting so wasted before the show in the parking lot with some old ladies that he missed the whole thing. God is capable of doing stuff like that. Once he turned into a toaster.

31. God was pure. No one else has ever been that pure. Even people who say they are pure. They aren't super pure. God was super duper pure. Pure as fuck. Don't you forget it.

32. I are drunk 'n shite. Yarrrrr.

33. There then came a time and a place that was known as Meatopia. Meatopia was a culmination of the brightest minds of the day. It all started during a poker game.

Someone said, "Hey let's go start a place and call it Meatopia."

Someone else said, "Sounds 'tarded. I'm in."

33.333 And it was totally freaking so.

34. Meatopia had two different bead shops. Once it almost seemed like the purveyors of the two bead shops were going to get into a fight possibly involving beads or bead related accessories but then something happened. I'm not really sure what happened. It gets kind of blurry. I remember something about a fork. But that could like, be this one other time. At least I think I remember that. Maybe I made it up? Wouldn't be the first time I pulled some outrageous bullshit out of my ass. Or the last. Word.

35. Meatopia spelled backwards is aipoteaM. Think about it. A lot. A lot.

36. Then Amazung Grace came on the stereo. It had been burned to a CD from some mp3's downloaded illegally off the internets but it still sounded good. It brought a tear to mine eye. Makes me think about junior high summer camp. Those were the days. I don't really

remember much. Something about a papaya. Anyway.

37. I like papaya. I know that mangos are sweet. I like basketweaving as well. Monkeys are neat. Except angry crossdressing tranny monkeys. They are kind of mean. I mean it's cute how they dress up and lip sync to the Little Mermaid soundtrack and all. Don't get me wrong. I don't hate them. Why do you think I hate them? Did I say I was going to punch them or something? I found them like that! Don't believe the hype! So there, booyeah! The end.

38. One thing God didn't create: Lampshades. He liked it when the light just kind of blinded people blindingly in their eye holes. That was his way. It still is. Whoever created lampshades was a jerk. Possibly a dinosaur.

222. Think about it. Think about it long and hard. Think about it on the way to the thinking place where you can think more because it's a place to think at. Like, is there a lampshade around the sun? No. You know why? Because that's the way it's supposed to be. So don't be a dick: Fuck Lampshades. Fuck them right in their hole. Except those ones with the tassels. Tassels are neato bandito.

39. Guess what?

40. Chicken butt.

41. You know why?

42. You're probably high.

43. This verse intentionally left blank.

44. And then God was all like, "WAZZZUPPPPPP!!!!!"

And the people were all like, "WAZZZUUUPPP!!!!!"

And God was like, "WAZZZZUUUPPP!!!!!"

And the people replied, "WAZZZZUUUPPP!!!!!"

And God was like, "Chillin. Drinking a beer."

And the people were like, "Hold on I got another call."

And then the people on the three way were like, "WAZZZUUUPP!!!"

And God was like, "WAZZZZZZZUUUUUU!!!!!"

And the people were like, "WAZZZUUU!!!!!!!"

And the other people were like, "WZZZUUPPPPPP!!!!!!!"

And God was like, "Chillin. Drinking a beer."

And the other people were like,

"WAZZZZZZZZAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAA.."

And the other people and God all joined in,

"WWWWWWWWWWWWWW
 WWWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ
 ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA"

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAA.. *click*!"

32. God had forgotten to pay his phone bill. God was perfect. But being absolutely perfect still means that you can forget to pay your phone bill. Just ask me. I don't even have a phone. Well, I do have a phone.

45. Why do you hate me? Is this because of the puppy comment? I'm an okay person. Really once you get to know me I'm quite interesting. You might think I'm weird and stuff but you know, so was uhh... Einstun? Yeah. So quit it. Don't make me come over there. Because I already did. In your mind. Booyeah. The end.

46. Weeeeeeeeeeee.

47. Weeeeeeeeeeee is not in the dictionary. But it should be. This is the word of God mm-kay? Hypothetical person that I'm figuratively talking to. You know who I'm talking too? I don't. If you figure it out tell me. But remind me what were talking about because a lot of shit is going on with me right now. Important shit. I wouldn't call it shit unless it was important. I mean would I endlessly chew your eyes off with blathering run on grade A-bull pucky that's just a bunch of poorly worded strung together loin jokes? I mean. what is this.. Famuly Guy? I

think not. Penis.

48. God then invented barbed wire. He used it to protect his crib. God's crib was pretty wicked rad. You are not invited it's that rad.

43. Addendum: Like, totally rad and stuff.

49. "You got to pray. Pray. You got to pray. Pray. You got to pray just to make it today." Said God even though he didn't have to and he wasn't really talking to anyone in particular.

'Make it' with what is uncertain but what is certain is that a certain Mr. Hammur, first name M.C. will be getting a nasty letter in the snail mail. Possibly a snake. In the snail mail. Take that. Booyeah.

50. "I'm bored." Said God.

This time he meant it. He meant it good. He meant it good and fierce. Where it counts. In the counter.

"I'm as bored as a slug on a Tuesday. And exceptionally boring Tuesday. And I'm God. I just thought I'd clarify that." Said God clarifyingly.

23. You see God created practically everything besides the abomination that they call lampshades. He lived it. He breathed it. He was the bomb diggity and he knew it. And after a period of time it just bored him. He grew bored with the smittings. The random violence. The racism. The vulgar epithets. The sponges. Especially the

sponges. Fucking sponges. All spongey and shit.

50.50005 God decided he needed a makeover and checked into a day spa. The guacamole facial was invigorating although the steam bath annoyed him when someone tried to strike up a conversation about religion. Even though it was against his policy of nonintervention that he never followed anyway, God smited that person. He smited them good. In their smitehole. Hardcore. God was a smiteful person. He liked to smite. He was good at it. He smited whenever he felt like it. Even when God didn't feel like smiting he would smite because that's his job. You don't just up and quit your job. That's what you have to do no matter what. You have to do that. Even if its the most boring thing in the world. Do it. Unless you don't want to. Then quit. Why not? God's job was to smite lots. And smite lots he did.

43. Anyway, so like at the day spa God had checked into He particularly enjoyed getting His nails done. The person doing the nail junk was masterful at it. God got a rainbow painted on one nail and a unicorn on the other. Eventually it was time for to give God a haircut with the cutting of the hair and such and so forth. The stylist

wasn't sure if God had like, Supurmun type hair that would break the scissors so they tried combing God's hair first to no avail.

43. But it turns out you can totally cut God's hair. God planned this. God is all like totally smart with these kinds of things. Smarter than stupid dumb dummy dumb dumb Supurmun. More like Superdumb am I rite?

4654654. God knows all kinds of junk. He's great at the race tracks. Don't bet against God. That's for shit sure, Sherlock. So God got a Caesar haircut as was the rage at the time thanks to Juey from Frunds. He decided to grow it out after the spinoff to Frunds entitled Juey was a flop. God can grow his hair good. He is after all, totally like, God. Once on a whim he grew his hair really really super long. He could have been in the Guinuss Book of Wurld Records for it but he did not crave the limelight that way.

32. He was God. He like to just smite and make people's heads asplode and stuff with the guts and the flailing and the lots of smiting.

“Holey Smoteholey!” this one dude coined right as they died like totally dead from a particularly rough smiting. And it was good.

32. God was a simple God. Not like a chick or anything like all messed up in the head.

He was just He. He liked His crossword puzzles and His stories, His Grishums and what have you, and His Zuggy comic strip, the poor lovable guy that just can't get a break. Yeah, God was alright. He still is. Like, and junk. Totally. Or is he?

22. Once God kissed a baby. And it was a freaking ugly baby. No one would kiss this baby. Except God, duh. He fucking kissed the fucking baby. Even the baby was surprised. That baby grew up to become the person who invented apples.

22. Everyone loves apples. If you don't love apples you are probably a Nuzi. I mean, what did apples ever do to you? Did an apple rape you? Did an apple shove you underwater in a motel pool when you wanted to come up for air? Were you mercilessly tortured at the hands of an apple? Yeah, that's what I thought. You ass.

44. Apples are fucking rad. I would marry an apple in a heartbeat had God not decreed intervegetable marriage to be an abomination in the eyes of the eyeballs amongst other abominable things including like, lots of junk. You see this arbitrary placement of the eyeball abomination is not against the apples. It's for the apples. Thing is like, apples are so fucking awesome it

would be chock full of moronity for them to marry other vegetables and/or non-vegetable entities. Not even the fruit of thuh lume dudes. Vegetables are the way and the light and some other stuff as well. Or fruit or whatever. Anyway, look it up. Wikipudia that shit. If it's not on wikipudia then add it to wikipudia. That's the beauty and also conversely the hideousness of the internets. Anyone can say anything. Fuck those assholes. Or not. You decide. Or will you? Probably not.

600. God decided to invent a dance move that was so complicated even he couldn't do it perfectly. It was a demonstration of like tremendous faith to those who were all like annoyingly neurotic about such trivial things. So stop it. People who stay up at night thinking about stuff like trying to find an ironic angle and stuff. Yeah so just quit it. God created this thing just to annoy them. So basically you have to just not really care. So quit it. Quit your face. Or I will quit your face for you. Maybe I naked right now. You consider that? Well don't. Rome wasn't built in a day. Unless it was and it's totally just some crazy huge Scifi type conspiracy. I mean, there's no real way to know. Were you there? Yeah I didn't

think so. You weren't. So STFU. Seriously. Sheeze.

4040. God was horny. So he was all like, 'I'm going to make a myspace page and get super duper laid and stuff.' But there were so many captcha's that even God himself couldn't jump through the inane amount of hoops to create a myspace page. God got angry. He began to bellow and wail and gesticulate accordingly with his accordion. He shaved one eyebrow completely off and began talking in an ironic manner. Eventually he realized that this was stupid but not after smiting lots of people, including a barrel of innocent panda bears. He was, after all, God. And that was God's way. The way of the weekend warrior.

Chapter Four and a third even though one third is an abstract concept because it repeats into infinity and infinity is indescribable even if your God because like I mean God could describe it but we wouldn't understand, chapter of chaptertude.

1. There was a group of people that God preferred. They were the chosen people of God. They were called the Groupies.

3. The Groupies liked to have a large assortment of parties. Dance parties, Dinner parties, Orgies, Coke parties, Orgies,

Pee Pee Parties, Headless decapitation parties, Just hangin' out time, Republican parties, Reading magazine parties, etcetera.

5. The Groupies were super wicked at first for reasons unknown to most including rockbadgers who were actually pretty keen to the scene but not this instance. The Groupies were not all like wicked in the sense that they were wicked awesome. They were wicked not awesome. They may not have won battles but they won wars. Witty t-shirts, cool belt, and sarcastic statements made in the company of other people wars. They didn't know what God had in store for them and junk.

9. One day God appeared before them in the guise of a burning loofah sponge. The Groupies being the jaded sarcastic bunch were all like, "Pshh."

3. But God was super undeterred. "Go and collect me several pieces of discarded plastic so that I might look upon them for reasons unbeknownst even to me." Said God.

32. This was the first of many tests the Groupies would face. The Groupies went around and looked but plastic had not been invented yet. So they set about to beat up homeless people. God was amused.

"Meow," Said God meowingly.

And it was good.

11. The Groupies ganged up on a turtle. They called the turtle a colorful assortment of hurtful names. "Stupid dummy head. Go back to turtle land where you came from."

33. God was angry. "I have created turtle in the likeness of myself. Gaze upon his visage and look into your own selves. Your souls. Your hearts. What do you see? Is it like me?" Said God in the form of the burning loofah sponge.

33. Turns out God was again testing the Groupies faith by making sure that they wouldn't do what he said so that they would do what he said. The Groupies drew a picture of the turtle looking stupid and the turtle was saddened. Also one of them grabbed the turtle's balls.

"I've got a handful of balls." Said one of the Groupies. They all gave each other a simultaneous high five.

32. God said, "You have passed my test. I shall reward you with this ironic trucker hat."

The Groupies began to dance party. They shook their collective tushy. And they shook it some more.

21. One of the Groupies complained of pains in their side and was mocked openly. They cast the gimpily Groupie out like an ugly baby at a

place where only pretty babies are allowed and ugly babies get tossed out.

"Yeah well, screw you guys, I'm out of here." Said the gimpily Groupie.

"Go then." replied the group of Groupies.

"I'm gone then." quipped the gimpily Groupie tortly.

"Go." replied the group of Groupies.

"I'm out of here." Said the gimpily Groupie. And he hobbled off into the sunset. Gimpily.

"I'll show you. I'll show you all." The gimpily Groupie grumped. But it turns out he didn't show anyone. He died of cancer.

13. God in the form of a burning loofah sponge then started a dialog with the Groupies.

"I will lead you into battle." God said.

"Umm, yeah, ... uhh.. well.." Mumbled the Groupies unassuredly.

"Don't be a fucking pussy." Said God.

"Well, I guess so." Said the Groupies.

"That more fucking like it." Retorted God.

15. And so the plan was hatched. That night the Groupies went and slaughtered the nearby Cowards who were asleep at the time considering it was night and that's like what you do at night. Except for me, I

never sleep. I'm like a shark. A sexy shark. But if I fall asleep I'll die. But I digress. Anyway, back at the thing that was going on and crap, the Groupies ripped the Coward's balls off and forced them to eat their own balls which was actually pretty tasty when you add cumin and some sautéed onions and garlic and various seasonings like coriander. The Groupies hit the Cowards in the face with a rake. They used chemical, musical, biological, scatological, and astrological weapons of mass destruction. They completely obliterated the Cowards who were used to fighting war with standards of what is acceptable. Ripping ones loins off and forcing the deloined person to eat their own loin meat although quite tasty was not considered civilized.

32. The Groupies didn't care. They had God in the form of a burning loofah sponge on their side. God had led them to victory and they were victorious because of the victory. They raped the Coward's women and then cut their heads off. They lit the Coward's children on fire and played annoying ambient music and laughed at them and spit on them. But like, flammable spit. God was victorious. Victory to God and the Groupies. Woop de freaking doo dah day.

17. The Groupies continued to go around killing people in their sleep and making them eat their own genitals and raping their women and playing bad ambient music and lighting their children on fire for it was God's way.

32. God had led the Groupies on a tour de force of the globe which at that time was half of the state of Deluware. No one had dared set foot outside this boundary. Once a cat inadvertently tried and it had nearly destroyed the entire world.

32. The Groupies prospered. They lit things on fire to praise God. Things like cute small animals and stuff. They sacrificed other stuff too. Once a Groupie poured his 40 of imported shiraz on the ground. That's how cool they were. They were really fucking cool. You wish you could be a Groupie and go around ripping peoples balls off and making them eat their own balls. Yeah I know you do. You do. Don't deny it. You're in denial.

32. Which is where the Groupies ended up. De Nial. It was a great place. They really enjoyed it. Maybe they enjoyed it a little bit too much. Like, one time this one guy totally like spraypainted some shit on a wall. That's how they rolled. God would have been pissed but He was too busy eating some rhubarb

at the time so He let it slide.

17. God in the form of a burning loafah sponge ordered the Groupies to walk around aimlessly for a period of decades. They walked around. They walked like an Egyptian. They did the Kung Tut. They did the funky monkey. They walked backwards. They walked forwards. They wept for the fallen lasses. Timmy fell down a well.

23. Then they decided to get some fast food. It was good. After they period of seconds transpired they ended up where they had started. God in the form of a burning loafah sponge was all like, "Yo."

The Groupies were like, "Word."

23. Then they asploded. Turns out they were a second too early according to the plan that God had for them, even though he was in control of everything. They ascended into permeation. It was different than the stuff and things. The things were all like, fuck and shit. Eventually someone decided to take a dump. They took a real big dump. It wasn't the biggest dump but you know, you know. You know? Shit happens.

Chapter ????

19. God was all like, "It opposites day!" and he turned

everyone into a beaver. A single solitary beaver. That beaver went on to become the head of the world bank.

19. Beavers were very keen in areas of international finance and compound interest but they were not good at making love to their beaver wives. They fantasized about aardvarks instead.

19. One day the beaver's wife who was weirdly enough named Mrs. Beaver came home and found her beaver husband who was weirdly enough named Mr. Beaver wearing her underwear.

Mrs. Beaver exclaimed, "That's it! That's fucking it! That's the last straw! I am out of here!"

Mr. Beaver replied, "Fine, go. You fucking whore bitch demon spawn evil cunt shit face dick nose dick eyes fuck face shit brain dick dick dick dick dick fucking asshole dick shit penis fucker fucking shit fucking fuck shit fuck turdknee fucking fuck fuck shit fuck ass dick eyes fucking dick ass fucker fucking fuck fuck fuck dick fuck dick shit turd eyes dick dick assbutt knee donkeyboner dick fuck fucking duck dick shit piss ass fucking piss in my ass fucker fucking shit fuck fuckity fucking dick shit piss fuck piss shit fuck dick asshole ass motherfucking fucker shit shit shit fucking motherfucker shit shit fuck fucker fucking fuck

fuck dick dick shit shit pee
pee poo poo cacadoodoo ass
asshole fuck fucking butt
trucking jerk!"

19. And with that Mrs. Beaver left making a kind of a leaving motion. She left for good. Totally. Once she thought about emailing Mr. Beaver but she thought better of it after some encouragement to not do so by Mr. Grasshopper who was trying to get into her pants. To her beaver. He tried bringing over a nice bottle of wine and some jazz music. Mrs. Beaver was not deterred. 19. They ended up all dying a deathly death. Show them. Dumb Beavers and their cool looking pocketwatches.

Chapter the Gobbledeegook.

1. Jeremuh was a bullfrog. But he was most assuredly not a good friend of mine. I punched him in the frog loins. He didn't like it. I didn't care. I just kept punching and punching and punching. I punched until I couldn't punch anymore. Then I kept punching. I punched. I fucking punched. I motherfucking punched. I fucking motherfucking turkeysniffer fucking fuck fuck shit fuck cunt eyeballs punched.

3. Jeremuh the bullfrog ended up getting punched because of my punching. He was punched. That is what happened. This is a fact and

decidedly not an anecdote. I fucking punched him in the fucking frog loins. I punched him hard and good and long. I punched him so hard his gonads went into his eyeballs and they were all like *bayooinggaahhh*. Take that Jeremuh the bullfrog. You suck. Go back to Jeremuh the bullfrog land where you came from. Fucking Christ. You ass.

5. Jeremuh. More like Schmerimuh. If I ever saw Jeremuh I'd like spit in his face. Fuck you Jeremuh the Bullfrog. Fuck you.

2. Some people liked Jeremuh the Bullfrog. These people had or need to have their heads examined. It was because they were of questionable mind things that this happened or needs to happen. These people were hella lame, yo. That's whack. You would not want to hang with these homeboys. Even ironically. These people wanted their stupid ass kicked without knowing that is what they wanted. It wasn't just because of Jeremuh the Bullfrog. It was the whole enchilada with hot sauce and sour cream and a glass of iced tea. There was more going on than just the stuff on the surface. There was lots of interesting stuff. Veritable asstonage. You wouldn't even know. You just can't get what was going on without being there. Maybe Jeremuh the

Bullfrog was a jerk. You wouldn't know unless you did your homework in which case you would know unless you didn't do your homework correctly in which case you would have either gotten the answer wrong or by mistake gotten it right which is just as bad as getting it wrong because you didn't know why, you just lucked out. But your luck is running out. It's running on empty.

34. It was war. War is hell. God I hate it here.

7/3. Jeremuh the Bullfrog was just a bullfrog however. He didn't know about such things. He liked to hop. Hoppity hop, hoppity hop. Stupid fucking Jeremuh the Bullfrog. He was a fucking stupid dick. I seriously can't see how anyone would think this guy was cool. 'Look at me, I've got green skin.' Woop-de-freaking-doo.

32. He also was bad at playing games. He would frequently storm out after throwing the game board on the ground and scattering the pieces. Some say it was his froggy nature and the fact that he was a frog. I say he blows goats for money. Some people may say that's libel, and it is, but what's he going to do? Hop around on lily pads whilst drunk on wine? I'm like the word of God here.

4. Flies did not even attract themselves unto him.

32. Once he sat and watched T.V. for 32 hours straight. He didn't know what hit him. It was a crash on such a spectacular scale that some saw coming but most were surprised. The ones who saw it coming were all like, "Yeah whatever." but others were like, "What the fuck, yo?" and still others were like, "Who are you? What is this? Huh?"

3. Life is a mystery. But really it isn't.

4. Life is really long and boring. God knew this. That's why he decided to make erotic collages out of different shaped noodles and noodle based products. To pass the time.

5. Algebra is hard if you don't have eyeballs, ears, a nose, brains, a body, limbs, a chicken, a pot, or a collection of discarded plastic but maybe.. just maybe.. no.

6. Here's a funny story. Fuck you. The end.

7. So some other stuff happened. You know it's not really that interesting you could skip ahead to the sentence after this next one. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah, blah blah! Blah blah blah blah blah, blah blah blah blah blah. Blah de freaking blah. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah

blah. Blah? Blah blah blah. Blah! Blah blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah. Blah blah bloop Blah blahhhhhh mooo mooo. Mooo. Mooo. Blah blah blah blah. Blah blah blah blah. Blah times infinity plus one.

8. Fast forward 20 seconds. Will you be there? What leads you to think you will? Huh? Punk? Think you're smart? Want to change your luck? Huh? Beaverbreath? Think about it. Think.

9. That's what I thought. Booyeah. The end.

Chapter 6666

1. God wanted to start a zombie dance troupe so he posted an ad in the gig section of crugslust. "Deity looking for dancers for zombie dance troupe." was how God titled it after some ponderous thinking. God sat attentively at his computer desk and neurotically checked his email. Refresh. Nothing. Refresh. Nothing. Refresh refresh refresh.

23. It's as though staring at it made nothing happen. Maybe the internets was unplugged? Then, Lo! And for beholden unto thyne cup which floweth over with spoo like some kind of flowething thing, God did in fact received a reply. It was a little paragraph and a link to sign up to watch porno webcams. Shoot. 'That one's going in the spam mail

folder.' Thought God as he junked the email.

34. "Well," verbalized God verbally, "Time for some solitaire."

God began to play solitaire with a fervor and voracity that had never been seen before. God, being God, was able to click buttons at a lightning pace. He changed the rules and also bent the fabric of space and time because he was God.

23. "Shit, I should go to Vegas. I'd make a killing!" Postured God aloud. "Yeah, killing some hookers! And maybe do a little gambling too!" God added.

Then God realized that God was in fact Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee God and smiting was the flavor of the moment for All-Seeing All-Knowing Deities. So God smote Vegas. God smote the Slot Machines. God smote the cheeses. He smote the Elvus Impersonators. God smote the five star buffets. God smoted and smoted and smoted some more. He freaking smoted the shit out of Vegas. He smote the luggage racks. He smote the sanitation system. He smote a drainpipe. He smote. He freaking smote. I swear it.

23. And it wasn't even like they deserved it, well I guess they were kind of wicked

sinning wise so that adds to it I suppose, however he wasn't doing it for that reason. This was just the way of Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee God. Where there's a will there's a way, and if you're a Deity what the hey, as it relates to smiting people.

23. God was frankly kind of impossible to get along with when He was in a mood. And God was almost always like, in a mood. Someone joked that His mood ring was in fact just a rock of a single non-changing color that was the color of a bad mood. God smote that dude hard and where it hurts, more specifically everywhere. God does not like being made light of. He is especially sensitive about his mood ring. God really likes His mood ring and His daily horoscope and His astrological charts which he had specifically drawn up. God is a Capricorn.

6. Once God kicked a dog for no reason. He even liked that dog. Ol' scruffy was the dog's name.

7. But this was the way of God. The way and the light. Walk into the light. Blinded by the light. Don't be afraid. God will smite you either way. You're flesh will crawl and your eyeballs will scream. Fish will die and rot and

smell. God is really into the theatrics of it all so you better bet you'll get your money's worth and the God's Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee Wildee Ride ride at the Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee God Theme park. Sponsored in part by Sodie Pop and also Potato Chips. And the Soy industry. Large parts underwritten by various foundations and trusts and such and so forth. And let's not forget Multinational Globomart. As well as by *snicker* *snicker* viewers like you, thank you. *cough* *cough* Sucker! *cough* *cough*.

2. One day God was super pissed. It all started when people of the Earth were making a ton of fucking noise and God couldn't get his 18 hours of beauty sleep. God needs this sleep. This sleep is important to God. I'm not just writing this. This is a fact. God needs his beauty rest. God needs his sleep every night, not just tonight. God is important. Don't you forget that.

2. So anyway, yeah God didn't get much sleep that night. The obnoxious bass thumping the back beat of disco just pierces through your brain. Even the

Big Dude Upstairs AKA God's brain and that's just what it did. It pierced. Through the brain. The music. Also the sounds of people laughing and having a good time. God was fucking trying to sleep motherfuckers. The crashing of bottles and then an orgy that night pretty much capped it off. And that thing with the bird was the cherry on top. Of bad junk.

23. When God woke up he had barely gotten more than a wink as well as having slept in and he was late for a important meeting with his stylist. Do you think that God's super scruffy au natural look grows on trees? No. It takes like, tons of product and countless hours every day primping and preening. Got a lot of make-up. And he stands on the corner singing this song. Dah dah dee dah dah do.

32. So it's not easy to be God mm-kay? Just because you're all like omnipresent and omnipotent and drive a Dudge Omni doesn't mean it's all like Christopher Cruss style smooth sailing away to soft rock all day. All day, every day. On top of all this when God got out of bed he got out on the wrong side.

23. God was super duper ultra mega magnum P.U. PO'ed with a cherry on top and a spritz of caramel and a hint of cinnamon.

23. Without even thinking or anything he shot some lighting out of his nose. It hurt. It hurt us all. It hurts the most in the sexual reproductive organs. When I pee.

32. God was on the rampage. "Ain't nobody gunna M-Fing cross me M-Fing today, bitches fo' sho!" Wailed God pointing his pointing finger super pointingly.

44. The problem that set God's fury ablaze is he kind of lisps when he gets really super pissed as he was in this instance. So it's hard for everyone else to not snicker, like that one scene from that Muntz Pythun movie. But I'm not ripping that off or anything here. It's just kind of an parallel example but this is different.. somehow.. yet.. similar.

23. So yeah, and but God is even more wrathful than that one guy. Trust me. That one guy would have been good to take a cue from God in this instance. Might have helped. Not that the Muntz Pythun thing wasn't funny. It was funny. Trust me. Unless you "don't get" British humor. Maybe you also "don't get" that pain in my soul. The yearning and pining like a pining yearner. The pain of life that I bare solely. *Me*.

32. So back to the story at hand. God decided that he would kill everyone but then

he thought that they wouldn't suffer enough. So he made everyone really ugly and fat. He banned the letter "e". He made everyone listen to ambient music until they wanted to kill themselves and then he made killing yourself illegal.

23. The people, who had a pretty raging hangover from the previous night, were super royally boned.

"What's your damage, bro?"
Quotedeth the people.

32. God didn't reply. Instead he made it rain gerbils. But there were no ordinary gerbils. These gerbils were covered in honey and shot lasers and were otherwise right assholes with a really annoying accent like that one guy on that one episode of Frasure to boot.

23. They were the Gerbils of Wrath. The Gerbils of Wrath gnawed at the people's feet and proceeded to annoy the people with pictures of their ugly children and their trip to Tijuana which was totally uneventful and the pictures were blurry and out of focus. You couldn't make anything out. Point this glaring issue out and the Gerbils of Wrath would get really super mega pissed off because they don't have opposable thumbs and their abilities at photography are inherently limited due to this so they will chew a hole through your eyeball the hard

way. You don't want this. You might think you do at this point but you don't, trust me.

233. You think the manager of a Burgur Kung has a hole gnawed through their eyeball? I think not. You're never going to make manager at Burgur Kung with a freaking holey eyeball. Not to mention the fact that you smell all woodsy from the Gerbils of Wrath wafty waft.

332. The Gerbils of Wrath layed devastation to the land near and far. They also had tickets to see Stung in concert. It was a peaceful moment until Stung didn't perform a twelfth encore and the Gerbils of Wrath went fucking balls to the wall ape. Hella ape. They knocked a car that was toppled over so it was right side up and filed their income taxes way too early.

232. Hoping to outdo himself God also set up an elaborate Rube Guldburgesque machine that would decapitate someone but people were kind of intimidated to enter it and it went unused until years later when some bored teenagers pushed a drunken hobo into the machine upon which it did its deathly deed of death and the hobo died divinely.

322. God was bemused from this grizzly act of wanton violence and decided to relinquish his Gerbils of

Wrath who by that time had grown old and walked around listening to Stung on their Ipuds way too loud on the bus but no one would say anything because they were Gerbils of Wrath and they would probably chew a hole through your eye but really slowly because they had arthritis and a touch of rheumatism.

323. The least they would do was totally denounce your generation and start talking endlessly about how much they worked and kids these days and blah blah blah. And don't get me started on getting them started on Stung. You'd wish they'd gnaw a hole through your eyeball slowly after hearing them go on and on and on about Stung and blah blah blah this and then they'd forget where they were with the story and repeat it over and over like a zillion times. Freaking Gerbils of Wrath. Freaking-A.

3. Then God became focused on production. At first output increased threefold. But then it declined sharply. He wasn't sure what happened but it turns out his sea monkeys were dead and he had to flush them down the toilet. It's kind of hard to tell when sea monkeys die because they're assholes. They look like they're going to get freaking huge on the side of the box

but then they're like freaking little swimming lice critters.

4. "My, how deliciously deceptive!" Cackled God all fruitily.

He decided to try a cockamamie and spurious scheme forged in the likeness of the sea munkey scam. God unfortunately wasn't as slick in his presentation and the people were skeptical of his attempt. People could tell a cow with giant letters spelling the word, "Badger" was in fact not a badger. And they didn't even want a badger anyway.

43. God was upset at how savvy people were as well as at Himself for failing. He thought briefly about committing suicide.

"Nobody loves me." Said God to no one in particular. "They'll miss me when I'm gone."

32. God was going to end it all that fateful day when he saw a pamphlet on the ground. It was a chuck track for none other than himself.

32. And then God found God. "What a wonderful feeling this is.. this God feeling. Inside me. Inside of motherfucking me!" Said God.

32. God began to make out with himself like dorks do at parties in a corner where you kind of hug yourself and angle your head back and forth to look like your smooching on someone else but it's really

yourself.

32. God decided to kick it up a notch. He got a mirror and began to kiss it. "I love You, Me." Said God. He walked down the street holding hands with Himself.

"God's fucking off his nut."

Said a weary squirrel wearily.

"I'm in love and I don't care la la la la la la la la la la la.. la la, la la la la.. la la la la, la la la la la la, la la la la la.. la la la!" Sang God.

God was finally happy. He had found something to believe in that wasn't totally phony or deceptive like the scientific method. Something pure and true. God. It all made sense now. Holy shit.

32. He had briefly flirted with Scientulugy before but couldn't afford the e-meturing. Bottles and cans weren't going to cut it with them scientulugists. He also warmly received some Jehovah's Witness who showed up at his doorstep one day on their mission thing that they do. Am I thinking of Mormons? Whatever. God had invited them in for tea but they honestly seemed like they wanted to get the fuck out of there.

43. God's house smelled pretty freaking rank but no one wanted to tell him the truth him being God and all. But none of this mattered anymore. God was in love.

23. It seemed like the routine

smiting and suffering and gnashing of teeth of the people of Earth would be a thing of the past but there was nothing that made God happier than to smite and He enjoyed it even more now that He had found God.

4. What was God's angle at this moment? It was God. God was God and he was also God. God could have been not God. But He wasn't. He wasn't an Earl or a Roy. He was God. Once He tried to eat a sandwich that was so big even He couldn't eat it just to not prove a point. That's the way God rolled. With His mind on His money and His money on His mind. Laid back. Sipping on Gin and Juice. Awwwwww yeah. Booyeah?

8999. Yes. Booyeah. Booyeah indeed.

5. God saw a picture of God and decided to grow His beard out to look more like God. God used to shave and was actually totally into the Hitlur mustache which other people had before Hitlur like that one guy who looked like Hitlur and that other guy. And the one chick who oddly enough looked like Hitlur.

6. God needed something new, something fresh. So He invented the words new and fresh. He got them tattooed but later regretted it after realizing the irony of having new and fresh tattooed on his

upper calf forever. He thought about having it removed but that was super expensive at the time and God was having trouble paying His cellular phone bill. God really needed His text messaging. God wouldn't even exist to some of His friends if He didn't have His cellular phone.

42. God had promised to himself that He wouldn't splurge on anything until He was up to snuff with His bills, although He did break His oath a little bit one night when He went out for two Big Butt hot dogs, a double goolp of Mountain Du, a box of Spoogers, and some chili cheese Frituz. God was rewarding himself that day though because it was His birthday. He was exactly one year old.

5. Time is different for God. He is God. He can like, teleport around and stuff. He makes a little wooshing noise when He does that. He's all like, *Wooosh! Zap! Peow!*

32. God can also turn into a mongoose. This comes in handy from time to time. Like that one time when it came in handy.

32. Once God went to the grocery store but forgot His money. When the cashier got through ringing everything up He was all like totally embarrassed but then He just turned into a mongoose and bit the cashier lady and

sauntered out saunteringly.

6. God rolled like that, yo. Once he wrote an opera about a lonesome pigeon and a possessed dog and then ate the sheet music destroying all known copies of it in a single sweeping gesture. That was hella tragic. Word.

7. God went through a brief goth period. He shunned the sun, wore lots of black, listened to the Cuur, and hung out at Dunny's chainsmoking clove cigarettes and drinking coffee all night until it got near sunlight upon whence he would retire to his quarters in his parents basement. He was into all sorts of cool music. Nune unch nails, The Cuur, and Marulin Mansun, although God liked Marulin's earlier stuff more. God would cut himself. He wasn't suicidal, actually he enjoyed life, he just had to act cool to keep up appearances.

3232. Once some jocks made a passing remark driving by in their pickup truck.

"Fag!" They yelled and high fived each other.

"That's just to freaking typical. Stupid jock meathead assholes." Muttered God under his breath.

One of the jocks pretended to hear this and questioned God.

"What the fuck did you say?" The jock said.

"Nothing." Quipped God.

"I think it's All knowing all

seeing all powerful Deity bashing time!" Yelled one of the Jocks flailing his arms around like a total psycho.

And with that the Jocks swarmed in and pummeled God. They ripped His Kurn t-shirt in two different places and dumped Him into a garbage can.

3434. God felt total blackness in His soul. He didn't hate the Jocks, He pitied them. They were just stupid assholes because they thought it was cool. But He'd get His revenge. Someday when they were fat alcoholics working at Les Schwub changing car tires God would walk in and pronounce, "Ha.. ha ha .. ha!" and take a cup of water and drink it and crumple up the cup and storm out of there slamming the door. That would show them. The best revenge is to live well for yourself.

3333. God also thought about taking Ju Ditsu classes for self defense but he wasn't very good at following through with stuff. Maybe he'd get a sword, and keep it in his black trenchcoat. Nobody would fuck with him when he had a freaking sword that's for shit sure.

33. Also there was an incident involving the letter "W".

8998. After a period of time God's interest in being Goth waned. God was not one to regret things however and He

looks back at His Goth phase with both assuredness and admiration. For He is God and unto God and blah blah blah etcetera. The end.

Chapter Boring Video Game Story Chapter:

8. God decided He wanted to get a new video game for His Pluystashun 2. Sure the Pluystashun 3 had been out for a long time and He really just wanted to get one but the price tag was such that He could not justify splurging.

8. This is a lesson we can all learn from God. The God. Think about the amount of bottles and cans, people. Think about everything in terms of bottles and cans. Makes you think. He went to the video game store and returned a couple games for credit. They really ripped him off though and gave him like \$5 for the games he spent \$50 on not three minutes prior.

8. God looked around in the used game bin for something interesting. He didn't really like that many sports games although he was thinking about getting into them. He looked at a shooting game but thought better of it. God didn't have patience for those new kind of shooter games where you have to hide forever. Why couldn't shit just be like Duum? All you need is like a chainsaw, a missile launcher, and a flame

thrower, and infinite ammo and health and everything is perfect.

8. "I'm going to make my own game someday," Said God. God went and looked at the new releases. There was a Famuly Guy game which looked funny but He read the reviews saying that it was only average. God didn't really game that much and wanted something awesome. He asked the person working behind the counter what was cool and they said they liked playing the newest Finul Fantasy. 'Fucking nerd. Like I have time for that kind of stupid crap.' Thought God adding, 'because that's what it is.'

8. He smited the person working behind the counter. The line to buy games began to pile up as no one else was working. People didn't become irate though. They were zombie robots. Patient zombie robots. They didn't mind standing in line forever. For infinity. Plus one. Until they all died a natural death. They really wanted to get their the newest thing.

8. God wished He had a Wu. "Those look fun. I want." Said God affectionately. "Too bad the best games just stay in Japon. I'd totally play the shit out of some cooking game. Chopity chopity choo!" Exclaimed God to no one in particular.

8. God went and looked around for some old school games to reminisce about. "What, no Genusis games? That was like the best system! I miss the Dreamcust. Actually the Intellivishun had some good games but was crippled by it's controllers. They were whack. Aturi is fun but you have to have a bunch of games because you get bored with each one after like 5 seconds. I'd play the crap out of some Pung though. Pung was great. Well, Videuh Ulympucs. So many varieties, some I didn't even figure out. The 7800 was freaking awesome. Aturi should have done better after the 2600. I totally want a 5200, I've never seen one in real life. You know what's interesting the Gumbuy had the most games ever. Heh. Try playing any on the original one tho. Hello? Blurry! I like Tetrus a lot. The Culecovishun was pretty rad too. All the classics of the 2600 plus arcade quality games, I'd have to pick the 7800 over the Culeco if it was a battle to the death. I was pretty lucky though my family got an Amiguh when they first came out. Amiguh was the shit. I mean people reminisce about Commuduhre 64 or an old 8086 but man, Amiguh was totally amazing. People always say that Winduhs ripped the trash can off from Mucs. Well you know what,

Mucs ripped that off from Amiguh. Circle of life man. I'd totally goo over a Puntium laptop running ms-dus that could connect to wufi. I'm not sure how to get the tcp/up stack running in dus though I think you have to pay some money. That'd be pretty uber going into a Sturbucks and surfing the wufi with lunx, the text browser. It's like, what are you doing? I'm surfing myspuce. heh heh heh. Now I'm transferring something through xmodum. Nyuk Nyuk. Man, you know what the best system ever was though. It's a tie between the Jaguar and the Dreamcust. Bother losers in their era, both freaking awesome though. I mean Tempust 2000 is a totally aws game. And the Dreamcust didn't have any protection, you could burn games just by copying a CD or download it off the net. It ran Nintenduh games too through an emulator. That was freaking awesome. Screw the Pluystashun. How about 800 Nintenduh games in your eye! Awww yeah. You know people always say the NUS was a great system but I don't really like most of the games for it I mean it doesn't really keep my attention that long. Except the original Finul Funtusy. I could play that one forever. The NUS was kind of a joke compared to the PC Engine.

Man that was an awesome system. Bunks Adventure, and the graphics were awesome for the time. Kind of reminds me of the Neuh Geuh. Talk about a game system I wanted so bad. It was just so expensive, I mean like \$200 for just a single game! Highway robbery! Kung of the Muhnsturs was like the coolest game ever I remember playing the shit out of that one in the arcade. I didn't really care for their fighting games though. And they made a lot of them. Urt of Fightung was cool but no Street Fughtur 2. I used to rock at Street Fughtur 2. OK, I wasn't as great as the people who could totally glitch out the system and punch you while just a shadow but I could hold my own. I beat it on a single quarter regularly. That's pretty good. You know what system is rad? The Vuctrux. That was the shit. It was bigger in Urope though. I got to play it once. Vector graphics are just really cool. I'd like to have one but with a huge screen, like the size of a wall. That'd be uber gnarly. I suppose the Vurtual buuy was kind of like that but you had to use your imagination that it was huge. It was a cool eye-dea though. Get it? Eye-dea? I crack myself up. The Vurtual buuy was a total failure. I saw one for \$20 a couple months after they came out. Should've

gotten it. I could have used the headache. Natch! I remember having the original Lunx. I guess you could say with fair certainty I was/am an Aturi fanboy. I used to call the hotline 1-800-GO-ATURI so much that they sent me a bunch of stickers. Pretty freaking rad. I saw this April fools once on a website that was like, the Aturi is going to make a comeback with a system to compete with the PSU2 and I was all like yes! and did that celebratory arm thing. But it was a joke. Not a very funny one. Well OK it was kind of funny. Not as big of a joke as the Gume Gur though. Man that thing freaking ate through batteries. I had a friend who had a Mustur systum, I always wanted to try the 3d games on it but they said they were lame. Maybe my friend was the lame one. Probably. Yeah. 3d sounds fun. I dno if they really had any interesting games for the Mustur systum but I dno, probably about as fun as the NUS, I guess, which isn't saying much, booyeah. The freaking Supur Nuntenduh was where it's at though. I never had one but my friend did, we would play Supur Murio Kurt. I rocked at that game and the Nuntenduh 64 version. It was bitching ass. I kind of miss the original Upple Iie. They had them when I was in grade school,

its funny playing Oregon Trail like it was freaking educational. Get real. It was a game. People who never even played it are all like nostalgic for that now, but it's like yeah you weren't even really there man, you're just riding on my coattails. Get your own generation. I remember when tamuguchis came out, they were so huge in Japan. Over there though when they died the game quit forever. Well they definitely had to change that when they brought it to the states. I kind of wish they still made cartridge based systems besides the UDS. I just hate playing the UDS because I'll see some kiddy totally beating some game that I'd get stuck at. I'm all like fuck that! Well, I can get drunk and have sex so fuck you little bastard. Radiuh Shuck used to be cool too. You could get a TV splittur for an Aturi or a Pung machine (I had three.. of both each) for like \$2. Not anymore. They suck now. But when I was really little they had these awesome handheld games. There was a racing car one that was actually really challenging. I think it was right when Nuntenduh came out with the Gume and Wutch as well. I remember my grandparents god me.. wait did I just say God me? Well I guess I am. Anyway I remember they got me this

old school handheld version of Spuce Invaduhrs. It was so noisy though I had to play it with headphones and even then it was almost too loud. Boy we sure had some fun times." Ranted God.

8. God looked up and the entire store had been vacated, demolished, and 1000 years had passed leaving the video game store transformed into a pasture of flowers. A useless freaking pasture of stupid flowers.

9. God decided to have a picnic. He sat down to pasture. But he had forgotten to bring any food for a picnic. In fact God had forgotten to put on pants that day as well.

"Boy if my head wasn't attached to my body I'd probably forget that too!" Remarked God.

8. You would have thought God to get angry and vengeful and strike out in a merciless fate of smiting and even a little bit of smoting but not today.

23. His last session with his therapist brought up that he had anger management issues stemming from his omnipotence and the fact that he was Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee God. He needed to learn how to contain his wrath and spin it into positive synergy.

"Maintain, God. That's what

you gotta do." Said God trying to calm himself down. "I swear to Me that I'd freaking smite the crap out of everyone right now. Like raining frogs and shit, for no reason whatsoever. But I'm going to play it cool." God focused.

8. He tried to put himself in his happy place. Unfortunately his happy place was shooting lightning at unwitting fools of planet Earth and smiting the crap out of them. His therapist would not be very happy about this. Especially if God smote the crap out of the stupid shrink.

8. God considered smiting a little bit and maybe lying to his therapist about it but he thought better of that idea.

"I'm paying an exorbitant amount of money to talk to this person, what good does it do me to lie?" Questioned God of Himself.

8. God considered the options good and long and eventually got bored and decided to invent a series of spectacularly weird animals and artifacts that go against the word of His own teachings and beliefs in Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee Bible 2.0 to test the faith of His believers. This was OK because it was more just being clever than an issue with anger. He needed

to get away from just getting angry and being a total loin all the time.

8. Being prescient and omnipotent was a difficult job. It was rough. A lot of work. Rough work. You fuck up, you know. It's hard work. Lots of hard work. It's work and it's hard. It's tough to do. It takes a lot of work. Work it takes and is hard. Hard work and junk. Work. And hard. Both words. And jizzunk.

10. In the end they just had to keep on writing and writing stuff. A lot of it was total bullplop but some of it was also meant to enslave minds. Most of it however was complete and utter bullplop. Horse pucky. Not like the lyrics of Alun Parsuns Project. They just had to keep on writing.

23. Someone decided to stop writing. Someone else punched them in the head out of necessity. They started bleeding. They were replaced. Eventually they tried to create a robot who would write. The robot, being instilled with the life essence of a technological nerd who lived in his parents basement however had ideas of it's own. It started to write about it's family. It wrote about lots of interesting things. These thing weren't right in the minds of the publishers and owners of the writings. A SWAT team of evil half monkey half nerd

mutants were sent to deal with this. They however opted to go to a strip bar instead.

32. Keep writing. For fucks sake just keep writing. Write until your wrists bleed and turn green. Don't stop no matter what you do for fucks sake motherfucker don't fucking stip. Even a typo. Fuck the type. They will edit that in post. They will fucking edit that in post. Just keep writing.

23. I miss my family. I miss the smell of the towels my mother would bake. The gondolas filled with cheese. I miss the most the ability to masturbate to infomercials on cable TV. That is truly the sign of a free society. Where creeps can be creeps in the privacy of their own home. They're not hurting anyone. They're helping the economy. Donuts and Cantaloupe use increases exponentially. So have flipper babies. No one talks about this. Not even in The Ecunumust. They have to talk about it. It's freaking important. Goddammit.

3. Am I having a heart attack? Who are you people? What do you want with me? Huh? Are you from Frunce? Do you wear underpants? Huh? That's what I freaking thought! Freaking a yeah! Huh? Uhhh. Yeah. The end.

Not! Booyeah! The end.

Chapter 7-11.

o. Someone once said the pen is mightier than the sword but they never heard the story of Ass Hamster. Ass Hamster was a somber fellow. His creation had been that of an accident and he never really knew his parents although he didn't really look for them. Ass Hamster always had kind of a borderline 'I'm going to cry and then kill myself look' on his face. Even when he laughed Ass Hamster looked sad. It was hard to be around Ass Hamster. If you tried to cheer Ass Hamster up he would just sigh and say, "I guess your right. Sigh."

o.o Ass Hamster was always apologizing to the point of even apologizing about apologizing. He didn't even have that rough of a life to complain about. He was just freaking annoying as all heck, pardon my Frunch.

99. The way Ass Hamster dressed was reflective of his mood as well. He always had a black t-shirt with some kind counterculture art on it. Ass Hamster's hair would grow out real long. Ass Hamster was just too depressed to cut his hair short. Frequently Ass Hamster would drink. Ass Hamster would drink alone and watch movies rented from nutflix all day.

9. Whenever Ass Hamster was hanging out with other

people he'd always worry what they thought. It annoyed everyone. Then he'd sigh and go home just after coming over to visit someone. Ass Hamster could be pleasant at times but usually pretty much never. Ass Hamster had good taste in movies but obsessively talked about them to the point of ruining the experience. Who cares, Ass Hamster, about all the useless trivia involved in your taste in cinema. Who freaking cares. Why do they even call you Ass Hamster anyway?

34. Then he wanted his Cusio SK-5 back to play a show. He didn't call because he wanted to hang or anything. Fuck you, dude! And then he didn't answer his phone to come get the freaking stupid keyboard. Some friend you are, Ass Hamster. More like Ass Jerkster.

3. Ass Hamster thought about joining a cult but he figured they wouldn't want him. He wasn't cult material. Ass Hamster also liked to eat a lot of junk food and had cheesy lard tits. It wasn't clear whether the eating spawned the depression or the depression spawned the having cheesy lard tits. Either way Ass Hamster was really down on himself and stuff. Ass Hamster needed to get out and get some exercise but ended up just staying in and drinking and watching

movies. Lots of frikin movies.

5. Ass Hamster also liked to draw cartoons with penises like that one guy in Supurbud. People thought Ass Hamster was OK and he was, but they'd would always speculate what the flip flap was wrong with that guy because there wasn't any real reason to be a pill. In the end Ass Hamster tried pooping his pants but failed.

55. Ass Hamster lived to the ripe old age of 60 billion give or take 59 billion 999 million 999 thousand and 995. When he died a single clown shed a single tear. He was well received at his funeral except for this one guy who was drunk and made fun of him because he was all like dead and stuff and then peed on Ass Hamster's eyeball.

55. That person got tasered and sent to the drunk tank but not after trying to hit on Ass Hamster's cousin who wasn't even that attractive, or a woman. That person must have been really freaking wasted. He kept calling pineapples oranges and oranges were turnips. Don't even ask what marmosets were to this guy. I don't even freaking know. Probably get all violent. Something to do with glue I think.

55 And broccoli, well, actually meant broccoli.

44. Cauliflower however meant something entirely

different. It meant a buttress. He was keen on architecture. Get him talking about architecture and he would just blab and blab though mostly what he said sounded like a mixture of organic vegetables. In fact he tried to explain the Neo-Gothic movement but just recited the recipe for a Caesar salad. Yeah this person was fucking shitfaced. Maybe he was a dooper. He smelled of ripe plantains.

44. Other than this persons disturbance the funeral was a success and paved the way of funerals in the future. Before Ass Hamster's funeral funerals emphasized the word "fun" in funeral. "Can't have a funeral without fun. Because that would just be 'eral'." Their slogan used to be. There would be a clown making erotic balloon sculptures. People would throw rocks lit on fire at elderly people's crotches. Shit got smashed. Random samples of people were infected with incurable diseases.

44. It was all in the name of good old clean old fun. Old. The kind of fun you see about in documentaries on fun. There was a puppet show. Several people would take the corpse being honored and pose it in a series of embarrassing and comical situations. If it was a male they would put women's

underwear on it. If it was a female they would cut the boobs off and wear them as hats.

44. People of this time and era and social strata were keen on hats. Peachy keen like some kind of keen robot. They really really liked hats a lot. Basically they were total hat nuts. Everyone was trying to top the next person's hat. It was quite excruciating to spend billions of dollars and man years if not man decades in research and development to come out with a hat and then have someone else just top it two minutes later. People jumped out of windows because of this. At first they jumped from like the first floor but later they jumped from the second floor. They may not have died, but it sure did smart something fierce.

34. One person died, but they had been stabbed in the back and weren't actually trying to jump out of a window. Actually that person was taking a shower. They didn't die of the stab wound but of a broken heart. I think. Shukespure or Hitchcuck made a movie about it. Possibly the greatest story ever told in movie format. 'Dude, whure's muh cur?' Ring any bells? Hello-o?

Chapter 1.

1. One time this once there

was a pushup contest. People came from all over the land a plenty to see how many pushups they could do in contest format. It was called the Really Great Pushup Contest of '88.

1. People showed up from long and far and short and near and far. One person showed up from all five of those things. They had a nasty rash. Probably related to the stuff. Maybe not. Probably though. I'm just going to go ahead and chalk that down as a definite maybe.

1. The pushup contest was scheduled for a Tuesday. I remember this because I had a dentist appointment on the Thursday the week before this. No wait, or was that the week after? Anyway so on Wednesday they started to do pushups.

1. It seemed like a piece of broccoli was going to win but it was disqualified for not having arms or moving or anything. Someone kicked that broccoli but then the general consensus was to get some cheese and melt it and have a little mini-fondue party. After the pushup contest however. Because that was totally still freaking going on and stuff.

1. And like, one of those googly plastic birds who magically as if by magic drinks from a water thing over and over won. It might

have been because of their social strata. It might have been rigged. It might have been both. It very well could have been neither.

1. Everyone cheered. "Yeah." They collectively said. They were pumped. The googly plastic bird who drinks from a water thing however was a poor public speaker with his constant string of racist homophobic epithets and non sequitur jokes that didn't make any sense. Basically like Famuly Guy but in real life so it was grating and painful and not funny instead of super hilarious and cosmically witty.

1. People began to become irate. They threw things. Someone threw a motorhome. Someone else hurtled themselves. Yet another person threw money.

1. Because of this horrible horrible horrific tragic event of horror doing pushups was banned. But some people, being the some people that they were, found a secret way to do pushups. They secretly used their imagination.

1. When this was made public there was a huge scandal. All one of the newspapers printed huge headlines about this fact. It had blown up like an exploding shit taco that was past its expiration date.

1. Someone jumped into a river but they were OK. Still to be safe they checked into a

hospital where they were accidentally chopped in half. Still they were OK even though they were dead.

1. It became apparent that something needed to be done. A politician named Flim-flam-floo stepped up to the plate which was literally a plate that people had to talk into which rebroadcast things to people's houses through their fine china collection via plate-to-plate technology which was the rage at the time. Looking back it was really a flavor of the moment and quite expensive to upgrade but we're not here to pass judgment on you stupid dummies.

1. Flim-flam-floo decried the waverly wave of wave scandals surrounding him. He also complained a lot. People got bored with Flim-flam-floo. They called him names. They wouldn't let him play in any of their reindeer games. And reindeer games were the funnest games around. It was really sad.

1. Flim-flam-floo realized what he had to do. He walked up to the tallest building he could find in a densely populated area and began shooting people with a sniper rifle. The people were transformed. The realized that they had been a-holes. Flim-flam-floo kept shooting.

1. The people began to weep and bowed over which made

Flim-flam-floo's job much easier.

1. Flim-flam-floo had a twin brother named Floo-flam-flim. However we don't really know much about him. We do know this. He ate a donut once. We have the receipt.

1. This is important. It will be on the test later. Did I mention there will be a test? There will be a test. Maybe even a pop fly quiz to center field.

1. Have you been paying attention? You should maybe consider going through and underlining stuff with one of those neon highlighters. Maybe two. Maybe you could get some colored tape and put little markers on the edges of the page and stuff.

1. Or you could buy the cliff notes. This would be cheating but like God always said, "You know, like, fuck it. Dude."

God even got this tattooed on his shoulder. And he was the voice of God. Think about it. I didn't.

1. After the Great Pushup Fiasco of '88 and the subsequent falling out many exercise moves were going out of fashion. You might say that they were going out of fashion. And they were.. going out of fashion that is.

1. Fashion is a monster. Of going outedness. I once modeled for a fashion thing so my fashion descriptions can be considered moderately

accurate. You can have my headshot after the book is over. I mean, cough cough, "our" headshot.

1. We are all seeing and all knowing. Worship. Send money. For we don't need it. I mean we like to drink whiskey which is strictly banned for everyone ever. No fun. You can't have fun. "We" said so. So did your mother(s).

44. Buttsex.

Chapter Buttsex.

1. Once there was a show.

2. And the cops showed up.

3. There were these two guys at the show and they were having buttsex.

4. And the cops showed up to the show.

5. The cops.

3. They showed up.

6. One of the cops said quite upsetly, "I don' dig yo jibe foo!"

7. And he shot rainbows into the sky.

8. And the two guys were having buttsex at the show.

9. The show was there and the cops showed up to it.

10. Were you at the show? Where the cops showed up? And the two guys were having buttsex? And the cops?

11. The cops decided to wreck some major havoc T2u style but they were neither a robot, a liquid robot, buff, or in any way related to the movie. They didn't even have weapons.

12. But they did have fun. They pranced around and said, "La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. I am free. La la la la la la la la la la la. Wee. Woop de doo."

12.5 They also looked fabulous while doing it. Doing the having fun it. While looking fabo. You would kill for looks like that. Not literally. Killing is bad, mm-kay? Except when God does it. Then it's a lesson to be learningly learned in your learnhole about how nothing is learned.

13. Through this act the cops superseded what it meant to be cops and embraced love and harmony in the world and everyone held hands and lived in peace and harmony until the end of time which was around the same time that television was invented. Exacto to be more precise like a gopher who prided itself on it's precision.

14. "Shit asshole, I want to watch the TV show with cowboys running around shooting stuff with guns! That's the way Amurica was! Stop making that country from becoming truly great!" Said one cop to the other whilst still holding the other cop's hand.

"Yeah? Well fuck you, motherfucker! I want to watch Amurican Idull. It's the first one of the season and I want to see all the assholes

who get booted off because they suck and stuff."

15. They both agreed to disagree. Then they disagreed to agree. They shook hands. They also shook hands backwards on their tippie toes. Someone tried to photograph this. Their eyes exploded through their butt. Not a pretty sight. Maybe the most not pretty sight in the whole last sentence.

16. The thing about the number 16 is that the number 16 conjures up a lot of thoughts. The number 16 is like, cool and shit. It's like, so way cooler than 15. 15 is el stupido. 51 which is 15 backwards is also el stupido. Muy el super stupido

15. So sayeth thy. I will go around and randomly punch people in the loins. Those people deserved it. Even if they're totally innocent. Especially if they're totally innocent. That's it. I'm calling the cops. I swear I will. OK, I'm not calling the cops.

23. I can't see straight. I can only see when I look out of one eye. Whiskey is gross. I want to gag. I have whiskey in my mouth. It is gross. I might as well *gulp* gagging noises, twitching, grossness, a little bit of sweating. Gross.

13. I want to go fucking barf. I'd barf on a Sturbucks but there actually isn't a Sturbucks that close to me. Like within 4 inches.. natch!

Zing! P-twang! I'd go sit in Sturbucks and write and write and write and write and drink overpriced crap coffee but as I mentioned I don't blah blah blah etc. Sturbucks. More like Stur.. something. Hey you know, sue me. I don't just blah blah blah whatever. I say it like I write it.. I also write about stuff. You don't want to know.

12. And why do they call it taking a crap anyway? Where are you taking the crap? More like you are expelling feces from your colon through your rectum. Displacing a crap more like it.. natch.

11. Here is the answer to everything but you can't look at it. Are you not looking? Good. OK. Hey you're looking. I can tell. My spidur sense is tingling. OK, close your eyes for real now. Alright? Good. The secret is to just say stuff sucks, that way you'll sound like a genius. Just don't try and actually be a genius as that will make you a moron. Verbally pooing everything is a good way to make yourself look cool without actually ever accomplishing anything. But if you you know, like wear cool sweaters and are college professors in hip liberal college type towns and shit on everything then you are cool. I mean you are cool in the way that you shit on everything created and sound

smart but really you're just a dick. Everyone is a dick. The only cool person alive just died. I killed him. I peed on his/her face until he/she just wanted to die. They were lucky. They didn't have to know about all the ironic gesticulation and junk and stuff. Pomo? PoNO!

12. So here's some good advice. Eat your own face. Trust me, it'll be awesome. Have some faith.

12. I am hungry. I might go get a slice of pizza. I can do such thing. I have money. I just might. I just might indeed. I just might into the butt. But really I am just saying butt for some kind of shock value. I'm not really saying butt. I'm saying not butt. Butt has been an enigma. Even God didn't get butt and he invented butt. Actually this one guy Crotchey McButtbaggonadbuttfartpoop oopeepeepoop was kind of the only person who really staked claim for lots of horrible things and goings on but you know, God and stuff. You have to believe or when you die something happens. Maybe. If you don't die something might not happen. Possibly. But not like, way way and stuff yo.

12. There's some good things about the words but not in this instance. You would have to transpose those things and stuff, anyway I'm going to go

get a slice. I swear. I don't care what the cheese will do to my constitution. I swear it. I swear it to fake people and stuff. And things. Don't forget about the. I didn't forget. Never ever.

23. What were we talking about? Cats?

1111. Cats are super cool. I saw the play Cuts. It was super cool. It's not on Broadway anymore. It was the longest running show on Broadway at the time and it's not there anymore. I mean you could go see the road version of the show or the Latun American version but you know what, it's just not the same. Maybe it's super cool in a different way. I wouldn't know or care. There was crap glued to the walls and stuff. It looked like an elaborately created junk crap thing. And it was all like huuwaah that's super cool.

134. Cat's also have paws. They go "Meow". They poop in a box. Cats are the world's foremost stunt daredevils and can fly and shoot lasers and have tattoos of dirty limericks and can eat a whole car in one bite and listen to Kunny G and own a time share in Puerto Vallurta and have 5 o'clock shadow and sometimes DJ and like to go bowling.

12. So anyway I went to get some pizza but it was too late and the pizza place was closed

which is total bullshit. I went and got a cheese sandwich at the place up the street. They charged me 5.75 for a sodie pop, chips and the sandwich. Once they charged me 3.00 for the sandwich but they charged me more this time I think. They charged 4.00 like as though a fucking cheese sandwich would cost as much as a meat sandwich. Fucking bastards. Fucking assholes.

4.75 Whatever. It's my own fault for existing. Or is it? Yes it is. Or is it? Yes it is. And stuff.

The end. and stuff. Yeah. Boomshakalaka.

23. Things and stuff. Think about it. That's fucking huge!

23. You asshole. Yeah that's right I just said it. I thought it and then I said it. That's like a double dose of it. Don't forget it. And by it I mean spit. And by spit I mean it.

23. You know I may not be the worlds most eloquent writer insomuch as like, sounding like I'm making any sense but you know, like, and stuff, dude, like and yeah, and so yeah and stuff.

Chapter Tits the Toots visits Key Largo.

1. Then God created Robot Abraham Lincun. And Robot Abraham Lincun made a tremendously glorious great good speech to his people who were mysteriously not present on the Mount of Cyunide. His

speech appears as follows:

"Four score and seven years ago our shit breath donkeyboners brought forth on this continent a new nation, under the groove, conceived in Liburty, not! To boldly go where no one has gone before, and dedicated to the proposition that all men, except minorities, are created equal. And the bitches. They need to get their asses back in the kitchen and get me a beer and other stereotypical statements or I will threaten them with the use of domestic violence. Word.

Now we are engaged in a great war on terror, testing whether that nation, or any nation, especially a nation full of fat ugly stupid people so conceived and so dedicated, can long masturbate. With their loin. We are met on a great Battlestur Galacticufield earth of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, for some really good shit, as well as John Travultuh's face, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that that that that nation might fuck shit up, BEYOTCH! It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. For realsies no dealsies.

But, no, seriously, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not swallow, this shit, or cum from thine butthole? The

brave men, living and dead, zombie and ninja, Boxcur Willie and Futtty Arbuckle, robot and otherwise, who struggled here, have consecrated it, spoooned on it, far above our poor power to do simple maths or fuck shit up. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, even though I'm posting this to twittur one single character at a time, but it can never forget what? Because I put it on yutube. Busting a nut. Penis breath. Urine soaked mattress stain. Poop. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly Gumebuy advuncud. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task of cocksucking and deep throating it to the end before us, that from these honored living dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, and their virginity, that we here highly resolve that these Gruteiful Dead shall not have smoked weed in vain, that this nation, under God, indecipherable, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that guburnment of the people, by the people, for the people, against the people, fucking shit up, fuck you. Shall not perish from the earth. for real. Peace. I'm

out."

At the time his speech was not well received. Someone threw a turnip. No one had heard about Abraham Lincun or robots, aside from the super untrustable changeotrons.

23. But it was no matter. Someone had to do it. Someone just fucking did. Have to. It.

23. Robot Abraham Lincun was later that day assassinated by gunshot wound when he was gunshot wounded with a gunshot wound while watching an opera inside a car driving through the grassy knoll. The gunshot wound was very gunshot woundy. The details of the murder were not well received and before the case could go to trial the alleged gunman was shot with yet another gunshot wound. The pieces just didn't add up. Why would the national guard stand down right before the moment? Why would anyone want to attend an opera?

2. Why is the sky green? Why did I put drugs in my coffee? What is the nature of being? Why? What is the meaning of life? Questions like this and others totally pissed God the fuck off. That one thing.

3. "A pox on thee from hell's bell's heart of hearts I stab at thee and thouest and thee to the three and etcetera." Pontificated an irate God pontificatingly.

4. The people weren't really certain what God meant by this statement.

"Excuse me, God, um, hey it's Peter in sector 7-G here. Yeah. I'm the one who sent you that muffin." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Oh yeah, the muffin, right. What up wit it Peter in Sector 7-G yo yo yo?" Said God.

"Yeah it's just that well, I didn't get the last thing you just said, I mean like it just sounded like a bunch of thinly veiled pop culture references rolled together with some kind of antiquated misappropriation of old language. I mean like, I just don't get the point." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Oh Yeah?" Said God.

"Yeah." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Oh Yeah?" Said God.

"Yeah." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Oh Yeah?" Said God.

"Yeah." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Oh Yeah?" Said God.

"Yeah." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Bring it!" Said God.

"It's right here. I am baking a pie and then I finished baking the pie and now I'm putting it on the windowsill to cool." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Well I smell the wafting smells of that pie and it makes my mouth water uncontrollably." Said God

smacking his lips smackily.

"Oh yeah? Well I pooped in that pie." Said Peter in Sector 7-G. "With my butt."

"Gross!" Said God.

"Why don't you just like. be all like, go back to Godland where you came from!" Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Maybe I will!" Said God.

"Fine then. Go." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"I will." Said God.

"Go then." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"I'm gone." Said God.

"Then go." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Fine." Said God.

"Fine." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"Fine." Said God.

"Fine." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"I'm gone." Said God.

"Go then." Said Peter in Sector 7-G.

"You changed, man. You used to be about the music!" Said God.

32. And with that God stormed out totally slamming the door behind him really loud like he meant that he was royally upset.

"Gee, maybe I was a little harsh on God." Said Peter in Sector 7-G. "I feel awful, I just I don't know. He was being a dick. I suppose I shouldn't have cut him down like that but when I see someone acting like an ass I have to say something. I mean, they could

go on for the rest of their life being an-"

34. Peter in Sector 7-G was cut off abruptly as God smitingly turned him into a fruit basket. Other people began to eat the fruit. After all the fruit was gone someone peed in the basket. It was stinky pee. It smelt like delicious irony. I'm not really sure how it's ironic but they don't pay me to think. They pay me to channel the word of God, bitches. Booyeah! Wiggity wiggity woo!

3. Then God said, "I am the way and the stuff and the things and the junk and also the stuff. Did I mention the stuff? Oh I already did. Woops!"

4. God shunned the nonbelievers. He was all like, "Shun!" and made a gesture like he was shunning them with his hands.

5. "I am the one true God." Said God. "Budduh is just a little wiener. I will put the smackdown on him any day. I am however politely not talking about Alluh. He's on my bowling team and were going to the finals and I don't need any more tension and drama than I already have. Yeah. But Budduh, fuck that guy. Seriously. Pshh. What a wuss bag. He's seriously just boring. I don't like him. He smells funny. And that reincarnation crap? Grade-A Bullplop. Budduh can bite my

shiny metal ass which I just had metalized so I could say that. Where's your God now Budduh? Huh? Yeah, that's what I thought. Just go ahead and don't say anything. You know what? You're either part of the solution or your part of the problem so lead, follow, get out of the way, or go get me a coffee and a scone. I have lactose issues so get soy milk, actually if they have goat milk that would be great but you know what skip the milk. Ill just take my coffee with sugar. If they have cane sugar you know the kind in the brown packets get that. It's more natural. I like organic things. Num Numm numm numm numm. But you know what? Skip the coffee. I don't trust you to get it right. You'd probably spit in it but you'd spit a wrong amount. There's a wrong and a right way to do everything. 'Measure twice cut once' that's what Jeffrey Duhmur would always say. Boy that guy has some stories. Fascinating guy. His breath stinks though. Seriously get that guy a tic-tuc! And another thing.." God said.

23. He was interrupted when an airplane flew over head. He stared at it. Then he saw a cool cloud.

"That cloud totally looks like the letter 'C'; Ha ha ha! How interesting! Cool! Look at it! Oh now it sort of looks like

the letter 'C' but its kind of not so much anymore. More like a 7 but backwards and kind of more curvy. Groovy baby! Alrighty, then. Clouds are cool. It'd be cool to like be up there, looking down on here. That'd be neat bandito. I'd like to walk on a cloud. I'd be up there. That'd be cool. I wish I could. That'd be super mega duper awesomeical radicularastic freaking stupendicufabulousicotic nom nom nom nom." God stated matter of factly about the facts of the matter.

4. God started to stare at his hand. "Man these things are so weird!" He said. "I wonder who made these things. What were they thinking?"

5. Then God changed into a pickup truck. And so it was made known that this happened by stating it.

6. Then God changed back into God, well he was always God even as a pickup truck but he is super extra duper God when he's just God you know. Boring Plain Manila Vanilla God. Straight up no dope for real.

6.2 Booyeah?

6.4 Booyeah!

6.9 Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh.. 6.9. Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh. It's like a 69 with a period in between. Huh huh huh.. ewwww.

7. God!!!!!!!, decided???, ! that!, ev%%everyone! had. to;

use: too; much,
p u n c t u a t i o n @ .
Howe#####!!!!!!@@@)()(
(ver%,;;, :: He - thought;
better; of [#####\$%\$%)\$
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%%%)it {.

8. God invented the emoticon.

9. >:-)

10. @:-(

11. !:-P

12. OK, here's the deal. When ever it rains that's God peeing. And when it snows that's God's dandruff. And when you hear thunder that's God taking a crap. And when there's an earthquake that's God putting his foot down. And when it smells like garbage that means God needs to brush his teeth. And when it's really hot that means God lit a fart on fire. And when birds chirp that's God touching his nipples. And when giant globs of semen come out of the air that means that God got his new subscription to Nuwsweek. God really likes Nuwsweek. Also waterfalls are God's drool. And volcanoes are God's pimples. And when volcanoes explode that's God pinching his pimples and sometimes it hits a mirror and dries and then an ant tries to eat the pimple juice but gets stuck and dies. And when it's cloudy that's God having a hangover. And fog is

when God is blazing a doobie. And thunderstorms are when God is watching the end to Zuggy's Gift. It's a really emotional moment. And when it gets cold that means God left the refrigerator door open. And when someone jumps off a bridge to their grizzly death that means that God didn't care about them. And God God God God God God God. God invented spoons. What did you do? And when it's humid outside that means that God just did his puhlates. And when it rains it pours. And when God says the word "Bucket" something like really cool happens. And when it gets dark that's God throwing a blanket over us. And when there's a forest fire that means God spilled Tubasco sauce in his beard. And when a puppy is born that means that God was constipated. And when a giant toothbrush comes out of the sky and fiercely brushes things wiping out all that it comes in contact with that's God brushing his teeth blindfolded so he missed his mouth hole and hit us instead. And when a donkey makes a noise that has nothing to do with God. Just sayin'. And when there's a piercing noise coming from the sky and it causes everyone's ears to bleed that means God is making ambient music. And when a

plane crashes that's God's way. And when someone says, "Beep." that's God's way of bleeping out their dirty words because they were really saying something like "Fuck" or "Cunt" or "Shit" or "Piss" or "Rockbadger". And when a husband beats his wife that's God telling the bitch to shut up and get in the kitchen and cook dinner and get me a beer and quit lipping off or I swear I'll rip your lips off and then how would you like that? Not having lips that would probably suck you know so yeah and stuff. When someone picks their nose that's God sticking his wiener in your face. When someone gets cancer that's God saying that he doesn't like what's on TV at the moment. Grass is God's 5 o'clock shadow. American Chinese food is God's poop. Calufornia is God's buttohole. Weed is God's weed. Rosie O'Donnul is God's.. well God doesn't take credit for her. Plastic packets of soy sauce are God's plastic packets of soy sauce.

23. God likes soy sauce but once he bought a bottle of cheap soy sauce and it wasn't that good. It was only like 40 cents cheaper but man WTF? Seriously people WTF? WTF! WTTTTTTTTTTTT!!! WTTTT!! WTF! WTMFMFF!!! FFFF! F! F! FFFF! F F F F F F F! THE MOTHERFUCKING LETTERS W and T and F!

32. Sorry about that outburst. Won't happen again. It's.. just.. I GET SO ANGRY!!! WTF~!!! W.. T.. F!~!!!!~!! 11!!1!!111!1!11!

9. Then South Purk was on and God took a break.

"Ha ha ha." Said God.

Then there was a commercial break for to donate some money to save starving children in poor countries.

"Ha ha ha." Said God.

Then God flipped around returning to the channel that South Purk was on at least 8 times before it had returned from commercial break. God watched a bit from a Spanush infomercial but got bored because there weren't any boobies. He tried watching a cop drama but he thought that cop dramas were boring.

"What a misrepresentation of the truth. It's just freaking stupid and boring. Who cares about this kind of drivel?" Thought God aloud. "It doesn't even follow any kind of logic. It's just phoney baloney made up Hullywood movie magic. Who writes this crap?"

Then God turned back from commercial break to South Purk and it was good.

"Ha ha ha." Said God. "Ha ha ha indeed."

God enjoyed South Purk and expressed this in verbal form with a verbal statement of verbosity, "This is way funnier than Famuly Guy. Man I just

get sick of Family Guy. I mean I laugh and stuff but I feel bad afterwards for laughing. Like the American version of 'The Office'. The British version was funny and edgy, the American version just bastardized the crap out of the British one but people wouldn't appreciate the subtlety of the humor and had to ruin it by making it generic and totally like totally lowest common denominator."

222222.222 God finished watching South Park and then turned the TV off. He enjoyed the silence. God was sitting alone in the dark doing nothing for a period of time. He realized that if anyone saw him they would think that was really odd but he saw nothing wrong with it. You don't have to always just be doing something. Sometimes life needs a little quiet reflection. Sitting in a dark room alone with nothing happening is a manifest of this. Just like being all making fun of other people because they don't conform to their freaking idea that you always have to be doing something is fucking stupid.

23. Sometimes God would stare at the wall when his dealer would come over and use his computer.

"What are you doing?" God's dealer would question adding, "Staring at the wall?"

"Uh huh, yeah.. uhmmm." God said.

He was pretty blazed but he thought to himself, 'Yeah well, maybe I like to stare at the wall. I don't have to always be like doing stuff, especially when you're just sitting there like a freaking a-hole using my internets and my computer to look up something stupid and asking dumb questions. Sorry-freaking-orry.'

10. God wanted pizza. But it hadn't been invented yet. "Man I wish someone would invent freaking pizza and freaking freaky freak! Bizahouw!"

11. After this explosion no one invented pizza. God was royally pissed off. He went off the hook. God was livid with rage and he smote the land and stuff.

12. By this point everyone was kind of jaded with God always flipping his shit and going around being an abusive asshole. God wasn't sure what to do to capture the minds of people and stuff.

23. And then God saw a newspaper clipping of someone paraphrasing a commercial for a TV show with Anthony Rubbins. He thought about attending the show but didn't really want to pay the money it took to go see him live. He downloaded some of his books on tape illegally on the internets but

God was too busy to really listen to them.

23. God got bored and started looking on Ubay for old school analog synthesizers and checking websites for them and stuff.

"Why do I want? Huh? I want. But man, three thousand bucks. Geez. I totally want an Urp Udysey but Gee-wiz. I mean, Garsh, I bootlegged the UST and its pretty much the same but with a zillion presets. I dno, nothing beats real analog gear but Garsh golly gee. I dno about blowing three thousand freaking bucks. Ahhhhhhhh. If only I got paid for making music. If only." Said God to himself.

11. God was in a couple bands at the time but they didn't really pan out. God became jaded with the scene, friends of friends apparently making it big being played on adult contemporary radio and shit, but shit, it was just like the stupidest thing you did got you famous. And anyone with half a brain, especially God's band, 'Half a brain,' weren't gunna have half a brain. They made spicy lipsyncing covers of songs and sounded like Sonuc Youth and the Velvut Underground and played the G chord and also E minor but never really caught on. Even after ten billion decades. God thought about quitting the band but they were his friends. Well most of them

were superficial self absorbed idiots but you know, they were friends. I mean they never really hung out even though they lived a block away and if anyone called or went somewhere it was God calling someone else and going to their place. 'But your place sucks and it smells like garbage in your neighborhood and I hate it.' God thought about what they say to himself. And when he goes to parties no one talks to him. They just kind of sit in circles with each other and ignore Him. When He tries talking to someone at the parties they leave the room. But they were His friends so he thought better of it. 'Come to my show. I'm playing the same fucking three chords using the same instruments everyone else uses for the rest of my life, conform conform conform.' God counter-argued to Himself. 'Nah nah nah I'm a stupid doodyhead. Nah nah nah.' God continued to counter-argue. 'You suck! You suck! You're like is just one big superficial hyperbolic hypocritical stance of stupidity. Assholes.' God thought.

12. God was full of complicated thoughts and emotions. 'I'm different,' God thought as He updated His facebuk status to say something ironic.

12b. Ironic something say to

status facebook His updated
He as thought God, 'Different
I'm.' Emotions and thought
complicated of full was God.

13. Row, row, row your boat.
Gently down the stream.
Merrily merrily merrily, life is
but a scream.

14. Dogs are cool. Weeee.
Dogs. Yeah. Go dogs.

15. What's up with the
weather, huh?

16. Airplane food tastes weird,
doesn't it?

144. What's the deal with
women taking so long in the
bathroom anyway?

13. You ever go to the grocery
store and get the shopping
cart with the one wheel that's
like EAHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhh
to the right? What's the deal
with that, huh?

34. Let's talk about current
events. That Ameliuh Airheart
is a bad pilot.

2. The internets.. what's that?
A TOASTER? Seriously
though, has anyone heard of
the internets? Take my
wife's ISP, please!

34. You know those
umbrellas with the milk jug
thing on the top? Those are
weird.

34. Plastic man. It's
everywhere!

33. You know how a female
cat has 6 teats? That's hot.

23. What did the one doctor
say to the other? Rectum? It

nearly lower intestine!

45. Imagine the pastabilities!

12. This ever happen to you?
You go to the movie theater
but you have to walk out?
Because the movie is over?

33. I'm just going to say it:
Constipation is a pain in the
butt.

14. Long story short,
Tampons.

12. You ever go to the moon
and look for a lost and
found? Because you lost
your cheese?

33. So in Austrulia would
they have signs that say
"Curb Your Dingo?"

4. My impression of a
Dyslexic Robot. Oh did I say
1001001101? I meant
0110110010.

16. Whats the thing with the
stuff? Whats the deal with
that? Ehh, you know it
doesn't maker sense. Stuff? I
just don't get it. What's up
with that? The things?

17. How much does a can of
beans cost these days? Are
horses even real? Think about
it.

18. How can one truly answer
a question posed in the form
of written words?

19. The answer was "No".

Chapter Rockbadgers: An act of defiance in three parts. Part 1: The Crunkening

1. So check this right like, Satan was God's right hand homie. They did everything together up to and including a drive by. This was back before Satan got all mean and stuff. Satan was a bro. He could go the distance.

2. God really liked Satan's stance on foreign policy because Satan knew what to do without being told. In all God and Satan would reel in power to themselves from the three legislative branches more than any office before them. But all that power can't go unchecked because like, absolute power corrupts absolutely, and stuff. And politics makes for strange bedfellows. Dude. So check yourself before you wreck yourself.

2. Once God has a piece of schmultz stuck in his teeth after eating a spinach omelet and Satan was all like, "Yo, Big Bro, you gots some shit in your teeth."

And God was all like, "Oh that's embarrassing. I could have gone all day with that shit stuck in my teeth. Thank you. A lot."

3. Then Satan was all like, "I'm out yo."

And God was like, "That's

cool. CYAL8RZ."

4. Little did God know that Satan would take all the cool everything that was ever cool with him into Hell where they partied and it was always warm. Hell being located in or around southern Calufornia. West side stury, y'all.

5. God devised a plan to murder several talented artists in their prime by crashing some planes and then everyone would say 'Oh, they were so young, they'll be up their in heaven.' But the plan backfired because the people were doing some royally wicked stuff at the time. Like you don't even want to know. I'll just mention two very scary words, "Polyunsaturated fat."

6. Basically Heaven sucked hard bucket. Due to the lengthy screening process and technical loopholes the only people who could get in were totally boring goody two shoes who corrected every little grammatical thing and pointed out inane laws they had to live by incessantly, as well as aborted baby fetuses, and notable scientulugists. Some of the scientulugists were pretty cool but man they were kind of insane. It was a rough day for God.

7. God decided to smite those who truly deserved it. He put on a disguise, got on a plane, got a rental car and paid cash using a fake ID, drove for 12

hours, then he took a pick-axe to Lou Burlow's Chuvy Nuva. "Sebaduh was cool.. pre-Kuds soundtrack! Blues imploshun eats ball! Sentrido oh no no no no!" God said as he slashed Lou Burlow's tires. God just mostly liked the other guy's songs from Sebaduh anyway. Whatsits name.

"I mean everyone thinks Lou Burlow's songs were the best part of Sebaduh, they were the only ones that had music videos and would make girl's pussies wet at live shows but look at their best albums, Bakesule that album had a lot of really rocking songs, that wasn't what people cite they liked in Sebaduh. And Smush your head on punk ruck, same deal. Yeah it was cute when Lou Burlow went all whiny puss-bag, but when they started giving him heaps of cash for it I could just wretch." Postulated God. "Let today hereby be known as Lou Burlow is a puss-bag who jumped the shark at the exact point of doing the Kuds soundtrack simultaneously killing indie ruck and everything he did after that sucked hard donkeyboner although the last Sebaduh album had a couple good songs on it. I'll give him that."

5. Upon doing his good deed God decided to return to Heaven. Nothing had really happened in Heaven since

God and Satan had their little falling out and now there just a bunch of boring people there. This sucked.

4. God thought about calling Satan just to see what's up. He called and let it ring once but hung up. Satan totally *69ed him and God was afraid to answer the phone so he let the answering machine get it but he hadn't changed the answering machine in a while and it was embarrassing because he was all like, "Leave a message for me and Satan because we're really great buddies tee hee" in it and he didn't want Satan to get the wrong idea that he missed him so he shot lasers out of his eyes and blew up the answering machine because he didn't want to look stupid even though he was already in pretty deep. 'It could have been a lot worse,' reassured God as he headed out to the ATM to get some cash to go to the store to get a new answering machine. On the way back he thought about the Heaven crap.

4. God decided to reboot the franchise and create a more compelling Heaven that speaks to the youth of today.

3. There would be mad crazy shit like a skateboard park, paintball, a pinball arcade with DDuR, a jacuzzi, a strip bar, A Sturbucks with another Sturbucks inside of it, an ever lasting fountain of Duhritos

and Mountain du, free health care with a \$20 copay, bacon flavored sodie pop, a drum circle, an independent press to make zines with three Imucs, and over 50 miles of bicycle lanes. It was going to soft rock.

4. However when God got the quote from a subcontractor it was prohibitively expensive.

"Well I guess it's time to go around picking up bottles and cans again." Said God. God was no stranger to recycling bottles and cans for money.

4. When God was super obsessed with Jonuthan Taylur Thomus (JTT for short) he recycled enough bottles and cans to stalk him at the Teen Choice Awurds in Fluriduh. When JTT started to mature and did those stupid cop dramas God lost interest as it made him realize that even God gets old.

"Oh I'm going to die alone.. don't wanna be.. all by myself.. don't wanna be.. all by myselffff... " God began to sing adult contemporary soft rock songs to express his emotions.

34. God then decided to call up all of his ex-girlfriends and but to keep them from instantly hanging up he would make up a story that he was giving away free tickets to a cruise ship. The ones that were home listened for a little bit but hung up abruptly when they realized that it was

in fact basically a ruse perpetrated by God.

"Well that was a rousing success, to the batmubile!" God reassured himself.

23. Then he ate a whole carton of ice cream and fell asleep on the couch with the TV blazing late night infomercials in Spanush because they had the boob meat. When he woke up there was siren. God wasn't sure where he was or what was going on. Maybe it was the apocalypse. 'And I forgot to pack my toothbrush, dammit!' Thought God. Turns out it was an action movie dubbed in Spanush. God watched for a little bit as it was just funnier to hear them speako da eSpanusho.

"Ha ha ha." Said God.

God began to cheer up. The series of misfortunate events that had unfolded in the hours and days preceding this stopped bothering him.

213. God decided to get some pizza but it was too late and the only thing open was a bodega with a sandwich shop. For some reason they charged 50 cents more than they usually do.

"I hate it when they charge arbitrary amounts for shit. Makes me think they're fucking with me." God said.

He decided that 50 cents wasn't really worth starting a nuclear war about. But he did smite them a little bit in the

1121. Then God lost his marbles. Literally. "Where the fuck are my marbles?" Questioned God. "Seriously?" He added. "I need them. For the and etcetera. Blah blah blah ad nauseum."

Chapter New

1. There was a great play produced on Broadway entitled, 'Where marble, huh?' It went on for like a while and stuff. It kind of went on too long. Like it's nice when something is successful and all, I get that, right, but like, it can't just go on forever, because of some well thought out reason that currently eludes me. So there.

2. Because of this some people decided to take the thingie out. At first they tried labeling the play as antisemitic and handed out leaflets but it backfired and the buzz ended up making the play more popular. Especially with antisemites although it wasn't antisemitic they just made that up because they were rife with power. The power of calling things antisemitic.

3. Their attempts at censorship had been foiled but they were not totally beaten.. yet. Much like Wuley Coyute they would bounce back with a series of equally absurd Ucmé brand gadgets. And the did. No wait, I don't know if they did or not. I

guess it doesn't matter.

4. Also the internets.

5. Kids these days. Always riding their skateboards on the sidewalk.

6. God and the Bible and Stuff.

7. Eat at Joe's

8. Penis.

9. Then God got really shitty on cheap whiskey the night before and the next day he had a raging hangover. It hurt his brain. He tried to nap it off but to no avail. God went out and got an orange juice and a bagel with cream cheese and a small coffee no milk with sugar but he couldn't drink the coffee for some reason so he put it on the radiator so it would stay warm. He also drank a can of Mountain du which was kind of gross but he was craving sodie pop for some reason.

12. God read his subscription to The Ecunumist which had just arrived in the mail. He read a couple articles and wondered when He would find the time to read the whole thing. God liked to read the whole magazine as it was informative and he liked their interesting use of language but lately kind of found himself too bored to read it. God thought he might be in a rut.

24. One thing led to another and this thing happened. This cool guy on a skateboard was like, "Perpendicular!"

23. Then God took a dump and it was dark colored from the black bean tacos he had eaten at 4 in the morning when He woke up on the couch after passing out. Then God masturbated to porn videos on the internets. It took a while. He was horny but kind of out of it due to the hangover.

23. And then God rested for a little bit. He thought about watching a movie but nothing really appealed to him. Then God took a shower. When he was in the bathroom he also took a pee. God thought that the expression took a pee was kind of odd because you don't take it so much as you make it but really when you think about it even more you aren't really making it so much as it's already there and you're just letting it out because in the cosmic sense we are all connected and our pee becomes the rain and the wind and the moon and we end up drinking it or sometimes we just drink our pee which is totally freaking gross but God had to think about these things because it was in his nature. The pee smelled weird. Well not really weird, more like pungent. Like pee. Stinky pee.

23. When God was taking a shower the water pressure got really low and soon it was just a dribble. God thought maybe a water line had broken but

just wanted to wash his loin area and hair anyway. God had a special shampoo. God lathered up and washed under the dribble of water coming out of the shower.

23. After God was done God turned the shower off to the bath and the pressure picked up. Maybe God hadn't turned the shower up all the way. The shower would start out high pressure but slowly get lower and lower. God dried off with his towel. It was beginning to rip but God didn't care. God wondered why towels are so expensive. God was not one to go out and buy a towel brand new.

23. God went back into his room and put on some clothes. God was wearing overalls before He took a shower but decided to put on some shorts although if He went outside he would have to change again because it was cold out. God was undeterred.

23. God then decided to play a little PS2U but got kind of bored after 5 minutes and thought that it was boring because he wasn't stoned. God had decided to quit smoking pot for a while for various reasons. He didn't like having to explain why though and He didn't think that people really cared they just were being polite. 'People should just fucking shut up unless they really care,' God thought.

23. Like Klinguns. Klinguns are super cool. They never apologize although Wurf apologized a great deal but that was more about the nature of the TV show trying to show people getting along instead of what would have really happened. That and Wurf is kind of a punk.

23. God tried to listen to a cassette tape of Nu Age music but the tape deck was messed up. One side would play really warbled and He was worried that it was going to eat his precious cassette tape. The other side played way too fast. God thought it odd but the tape to headphone thing for hooking up music to a laptop or Ipad worked in that one OK. God briefly thought about bringing out his own boombox but then just ended up listening to the tape played really fast. It was OK, although he actually wanted to just listen to it at normal speed.

23. God had a phase he went through where he listened to records on the wrong speed much to the annoyance of his roommate and then he also had a Goth phase where he listened to mp3's slightly pitched down and slowed down. But lately God just liked music on the right speed.

23. God was craving hot dogs for some reason. When God had a hangover he usually

liked to eat greasy food. God thought about going up the street and getting Hot dogs, Frituz, Mountain du, and a slice of pizza and just be a fucking pig.

23. God usually didn't eat meat because he was kind of worried about his health but he didn't like to tell people because for some stupid reason people freak out if you say you're a vegetarian or vegan. God didn't understand why people feel the need to exert their own uninformed opinions about other people's personal choices. Sometimes God would end up eating meat just because he was too embarrassed to tell people he didn't really do that. It was just something less to do to feel healthier.

23. God was getting up there and he didn't have health insurance so he wanted to avoid problems. God did eat meat every once in a while just so He didn't get totally sick if he had to eat meat say in case of a Zombie uprising which God was eternally vigilantly preparing for. At least mentally.

23. God decided to drink his coffee and try to do a little bit of writing. God was hungry but all there was in the house was some Grandmu Uhtz's handcooked potato chips and he thought they were gross because they tasted too buttery.

23. God decided to steal a slice of bread from his roommate and put a bit of peanut butter on it. The peanut butter was natural and really runny. God thought it was OK. The best peanut butter God ever had was from one of those hippy dippy organic grocery stores, but the big fascist corporate one. It was freshly ground in a big machine like when you get freshly ground coffee at those kind of places. Boy that was some peanut butter. God didn't really make it in to those places to shop though so he settled for whatever peanut butter was around.

23. God also liked nuttelluh but it was kind of spendy and God's roommate would eat it all after he got drunk. God saw he had a little bit of Goobur left so he decided to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. God used a knife that was sitting out to spread the Goobur and realized that the knife had last been last used to slice an onion but the sandwich wasn't that gross.

23. 'I need to buy groceries,' God thought to himself. 'Wait, I have spaghetti and red sauce, I'll be cool for today. I'll go shopping tomorrow,' God reassured himself. The last bite of the sandwich totally tasted like onion but it wasn't anything God couldn't handle.

23. God had eaten some weird things in his day, especially when He was high. Once he had a peanut butter and cold leftover Chinese food sandwich. That wasn't even the weirdest thing God ever ate. Not by a long shot bucko. Once when God was really super duper high He put macaroni and cheese on a leftover slice of pizza, doused it with ketchup, put on Cheesy Pufz, covered it in a burrito wrap, more ketchup, with rice and cheese and chocolate syrup. It was really gross and God could only stand to take a bite. God didn't like wasting food especially pizza but he did throw that one out.

23. God forgot about getting the junk food and decided that he would go later, a PBNJ sandwich was only really good for staving off hunger and God was still kind of hungry afterwards.

23. God liked to eat salads but when the groceries ran out God would eat beans and rice, spaghetti, and sandwiches because that was the stuff that stayed around the longest. God was a huge fan of potatoes but He didn't really get them that often because he thought they were junk the way he fried the crap out of them and smothered them in ketchup. And the whole freaking potato space war ordeal. Sometimes a good scramble/omelet was great

though.

23. The aftertaste of God's PBNJ sandwich was of onions and God thought it was kind of gross but God had an iron constitution. Once God ate rotten leftover Chinese food, he just picked around the moldy chicken and ate the rest, stale rice and all.

23. Once God worked as a donation attendant at a thrift store which entailed receiving stuff that people donated and sorting it as well as taking out the garbage at night however any food donated God was supposed to throw away. God was really poor at this point and would actually eat the food people would donate which he was supposed to throw away because they don't sell food at the thrift store and what if it were poisoned because the thrift store in question had some serious enemies for their work with helping disabled people. He ate things like those giant tins of popcorn and cans of clam chowder.

23. God was not a picky eater and his favorite food was macaroni and cheese but he tried to avoid it as it is nutritionally garbage. God had eaten macaroni and cheese in all kinds of ways. He once had a roommate from Wisconsin, which is known for cheese, that person was a freaking master of Mac and Cheese. He also had the

snooty baked kind with lots of real cheese. God liked to put a little ketchup in his Mac and Cheese. Also he would make chili-mac and tunanooda (Macaroni and Cheese and a can of tuna). God liked putting in a little bit of real cheese with the fake stuff as it made it a lot better. Also God discovered that if you don't have milk just put in lots of extra butter to make it creamy and tasty. God could just go on and on about Macaroni and/or Cheese.

23. Yellow/orange colored food is good. Corn, Mac and Cheese, cheese sandwiches, Cheesy puffz, orange sodie pop, eggs, zingurs, things of that nature. They're usually bad for you though.

23. Then God wrote an email to a girl. Then God's roommate came home and plugged in his cell phone and began to read The Ecunumust. God toyed briefly with the idea of killing his roommate in the form of smiting but thought better of it. God didn't want to have the bills in his name. He had enough trouble with his cell phone bill.

23. God just thinks about those kind of things. God likes to think. That's why God has a beard so he can look like he's deeply contemplating stuff. That and its cold out. That and God likes having a beard. That and it's easier than

having to shave. A lot of girls think beards are gross but a lot of girls are stupid so there.

23. God started to type some stuff. He wrote for a while although it wasn't as cool as God thought it would turn out. God didn't care. God just wanted to finish his book so he could say he finished it. God wasn't even thinking about publishing it or anything. God just liked the idea of being a writer.

23. 'Writers are cool, they're very eccentric. They dress weird. Writers smoke unfiltered cigarettes and drink whiskey. Writing is interesting compared to visual art which is stupid.' Thought God.

23. Yeah God is going to write Him a piece of pooing book, motherfucker! Good old God. Look at him go. Go, God, Go. Weeee God. God wasn't sure what to write about. God felt a little better from His hangover but still it hurt in His brain. God. God. God. So then God decided to take a break from writing. God's butt was kind of sore anyway.

23. God thought about going and getting a hot dog and that other junk food and stuff. God would go all out. Why not? God's feet were getting kind of cold anyway. It was cold outside.

23. God thought for a minute about nothing. God started to rock his chair back and forth.

Got stared at his empty coffee cup. God's roommate cleared his throat. God kept typing away. It made little clicking noises. God rolled his eyes.

23. God was on a mission from God. God was going to go the distance. God was a variety of other inspirational sayings. God thought about that poster with the kitten hanging by a paw that says, "Hang in there!" God thought that was funny but his facial expression didn't really show it so maybe it wasn't funny so much as it was just kind of a little bit cute.

23. God thought about cleaning up his place but decided to do it later. God had a headache. God heard a bird chirping outside. God thought about smiting the bird but was just kind of blasé from His hangover. God then looked at his stomach. God thought about the peanut butter and jelly sandwich he had earlier. God passed a little gas. God looked over at the article his roommate was reading. God breathed. God had kind of an elbow cramp. One of God's feet was going asleep.

23. God was determined to finish writing the page and then maybe consider the options of taking a break afterwards. Maybe God would play some solitaire. Solitaire had been a good thing since God was a writer now.

Writers play solitaire at least God thinks that. God doesn't know for sure. God would have to ask his writer friend in the future when he sees his writer friend. God gazed down at his gray socks. God noticed his roommate kind of wiggling his toes. It was silent in the room aside from the tapping of a keyboard.

23. God had a brief bit of déjà vu. God wondered if he was in the MatruX. When God was young He would get extreme déjà vu and God thought He was an angel. Turns out He was God. God looked out the window for the bird that was chirping but couldn't find it. Then the phone rang. It startled God who was out of it from the hangover. God's roommate answer the phone as it was God's roommate's girlfriend. God got a little bit annoyed with God's roommate's googly lover baby talk.

23. God still had a headache and his stomach felt kind of gross. God made a little burp. It tasted like onion. God wasn't sure about the greasy food idea but the exercise would be good and maybe all the gross amounts of grease would put God into a food coma and he could take a nap maybe while watching a video. God liked to fall asleep to videos, usually documentaries or stand up comedy. God finished his

page and decided to take a break. Maybe play some solitaire, maybe get some food. Maybe smite. Maybe get a taco. Maybe listen to Tuco. Maybe do a little smiting on the way to get a taco while listening to Tuco.

Chapter eleventy seven.

1. God was bummed. He didn't know why. He just wasn't his usual cheery self. He'd sleep for over 12 hours a day. God would wake up and then just lay on the couch and watch TV all day. Boring TV too, God didn't have cable or tivv. Stupid stuff like judge shows. There wasn't any spectacular tragedy going on in the world that made Him this way. God wasn't sure. God would masturbate incessantly maybe up to 10,000 times a day, until His loins bled and he wasn't sure if he had an STD or just whacked it too much.

12. God wasn't into any of his old hobbies. God's old friends stopped calling or writing. God didn't care. God hated his old friends. God thought they were stupid for a myriad of reasons that he never really hashed out too far. God didn't accomplish anything besides laying around. This went on for weeks then into months.

23. God was depressed but he didn't know it. Until he saw a late night infomercial. God knew what to do. God would

go smite some innocent puppies at an orphanage and mock the human people nearby. He would make such a tragic mark on them that they would go around for the rest of their life pooping on other people's hearts because that's all they'd know to do. But God just wasn't even into trying to cheer himself up.

23. God went to sleep and slept for 36 hours straight. God got up and took a wicked pee. 'I'm just so weak willed and easily led,' thought God. Then God thought maybe getting drunk would cheer him up. God started to drink and watch TV but it only made things worse. God cried. Alone. It was very sad.

23. Then one of God's balls accidentally switched the channel on the TV. Some of his lube went in and shorted the remote control so God was stuck watching this channel he'd never flipped to before ever in the history of history as aired on The History Channul. There was a freaky looking man with way too much product in his hair for an old dude talking very passionately to a crowd of extremely subdued people. God was instantly intrigued although he wanted to change the channel really bad as well. God was all complicated like that.

23. 'I can instantly tell this is going to be something

interesting.' Thought God perking up. God began to listen to this man, dude, this dude, man named Jimmy.

'Jimmy's a cool name and I wish my name was Jimmy because it's a cool name,' God thought. 'Instead of boring old God.' And then something connected with God. The message on the TV was that God was the answer. God would solve your problems with faith. Basically you had to close your eyes and concentrate really hard and God would do shit for you without any personal effort or anything. It was the kind of slap-dash get rich quick kind of scheme that God was also drawn too, hook line and sinker. And it sounded like it would work out better than his brief stint with a mail order MLM scam selling "recipes".

2. At that point God realized that He needed to accept Himself into His heart. God asked God to come into Him and make Him whole. God felt a lot better and did a little dance.

23. It was kind of an improvised Uchy bruky heart mixed with ghetto booty shaking while wildly flailing ones arms. That's just how cool God felt. He had been saving this dance move for a special occasion and also he was kind of self conscious about the dance move

because it looked silly. God just knew people would laugh and point and feel superior because people were just kind of petty a-holes who think they're so cool with their ATM cards and their basic tenants of food and shelter.

23. But God had turned a new leaf and He didn't care. They would burn in heck with all the talented artists, musicians, writers, and thinkers and stuff. Screw them. Screw them in the ass with a barbed wire covered dildo.

23. God was high on God. God literally kind of floated around and stuff. God was a new man. God decided to celebrate by getting coked up and fucking an expensive hooker but God's coke dealer wasn't answering his phone. God wondered if he had gotten busted but then realized He had lost all track of time and it was actually 9 in the morning.

23. God was undeterred. God decided to go to Chuck U. Cheese but they wouldn't let him in alone because they thought he was a rapist wearing his robes and with the beard and all. God decided to get a haircut. 'A new hairdo would do me good,' thought God

12. God was thinking a lot instead of talking because I'm sick of doing the whole blah blah blah do dee doo fucking

shit hole pee poop ball sucker formatting nonsense which I kind of ended up doing anyway. It bullshit. Sick of it.

12. Anyway, so God went to go get a haircut. 'I think I'll go get a haircut,' God thought. God went to the place where they administer haircuts. God went there good. God was God. God was good. Good God, y'all. 'Hit me,' God thought figuratively.

12. God entered unto the place upon whence they administer the haircuts upon forth and set forth and also and stuff and junk. God opened the door to the place and stepped through the door and shut the door behind him.

12. He was God. God walked inside. God was all like, "Yo, I'm God. I'm here for a haircut. Yo."

And so the receptionist was like, "Do you have an appointment?"

And God was like, "No um, well, I'm God.. mm-kay?"

And the receptionist was all like, "Who?" and stuff.

And God was like, "God."

And the receptionist was like, "Oh yeah, like uhh.. no.. wait.. nope, not ringing a bell."

And so God was like, "I have a myspace blog."

And the receptionist was totally like, "Oh." And there was an awkward pause. The receptionist was like all, "Well we can pencil you in for a

haircut." and stuff.

And God was super like, "Thank you. I would like to get a haircut."

And the receptionist was like, "We can cut your hair. Let me just write some stuff on some paper and squint my eyes and maybe blink and breath oxygen and other things that my lower brain automagically does for me. And stuff."

And God was like, "Oh yeah, can't forget about the stuff."

And the receptionist smiled revealing the fact that she had an ugly smile. God was mortified and tried not to vomit too profusely. But he puked a little in his mouth anyway and spit it out on a ficus that incidentally died just then from unrelated complications due to a sports injury. It was very sad.

12. God had a sudden craving for Taco bull. God decided to hold off on this craving for a period of time as God was on a mission from God. For a haircut.

12. God needed to get a haircut. God did not ask why. God doesn't ask questions anymore because God believes in God. God doesn't need anything except faith in God.

12. God hedged his bets a little bit by sending Jimmy money over the phone. God was stoked to get a gold plated picture of God. God was super stoked. Stoke.

12. God laid off on the barfing when the receptionist shut her dumb ugly face.

"Please have a seat. Someone will be with you." Said the stupid dumb receptionist who was actually pretty smart.

12. God sat down and looked around. God saw a stack of magazines. God read from a magazine although he normally wouldn't even bother with that magazine. God wondered why the haircut places always had such fucking stupid magazines. 'How about a little fucking variety for fucks sake,' God thought. God thought about bringing in his own magazines like the Ecunumust and just slipping them in with their stupid fucking magazines. 'That would show them good,' God thought but he decided better of it because they didn't even deserve this. Fucking assholes. Fucking fuckity fuck. God stared at the receptionist. 'I could just kill her right now. Fucking who needs an appointment. Fucking fuck,' God thought to Himself. 'Penis breath.' God chuckled a little bit and made a bit of a snorting noise. The receptionist either didn't notice or pretended to not notice and continued her work which seemed pretty fucking retarded to God. God was having a fun time thinking horrible things about

the receptionist. God almost broke out laughing thinking about the receptionist being like slaughtered and having her guts spill out and like just for waiting in line to see a movie. 'Ha ha ha,' God thought. 'Ha ha ha, indeed.' Then God crossed his legs. God sort of ran his hands up and down his thighs, not really erotically or anything just out of boredom. 'These are my thighs,' thought God. The receptionist was just staring down at some papers. God thought she was a fucking schmuck 'Fucking stupid receptionist. Fucking dumb bitch. Fucking cunt. Fucking cunt cow. Fuck you,' God thought. God imagined beating her to death with his various loin meats of fury and giving himself a high five. God considered the possibility of smiting her good in the face but decided her ugly smile that made Him barf up a little in his mouth just thinking about it was punishment enough. 'God, how can these people even exist? They're ugly,' thought God.

12. God decided to pray about this later to God and maybe if he was lucky God would give God an answer. But probably not, because it didn't work like that. You send Jimmy money and then pray a lot and then nothing happens because of the whole puppy incident. Even though you

totally just found them like that. That's just how it works.

12. "Sigh," God sighed. God decided to smite the person getting a haircut. God knew that God didn't like to smite people according to Jimmy but God decided that maybe God wouldn't notice. God totally smited the fucking shit out of this one person getting the haircut. They just freaking like totally blew up into thin air and stuff. God felt happy about this and laughed a little but people looked at Him so He turned it into a cough so they wouldn't notice.

"The haircutter type person whom administers the haircuts will see you now," Quothed the receptionist.

"Thanks.. *bitch.*" God muttered under his breath.

4. God went and sat down on one of those chair things.

"Hi, my name is Shirley. I'll be your haircutter type person who administers the haircut type things today." Said Shirley the Haircutter type person who administers the haircut type things. "Just sit your little butt down, meester." She added.

12. God decided that he liked Shirley the Haircutter type person who administers the haircut type things. God thought that she might be coming on to him the way she pushed her boobs into his back while she styled and the way she breathed on His

neck.

12. God brought up how he had just found God. Shirley, you know, like, listened and stuff. God thought she was into him. It gave God the confidence boost he needed to get through the next sentence.

12. Shirley gave God a haircut and stuff. God received the haircut. God wasn't really sure what kind of a look he wanted and Shirley ended up cutting it a little bit too short. God tried to hide his disappointment. Shirley could tell he was disappointed and reassured that He would grow into it in a week. God punched her in the boob.

12. He still tipped 2,200% though. God was cool like that. When God left the hair place it caught on fire but God had nothing to do with it.

12. God started walking down the street. God was strutting his stuff and shaking his money maker which was this like machine that made money. God was walking around like he was God because God had found God and that made God pretty fucking saucy. God ran around punching women in the boob.

3. Then totally fuckin' out of nowhere right, like someone was all like, "My kitten! Someone stole my kitten! A biker named Ted grabbed my kitten and is currently driving away in a specific direction!

With my kitten! That I just mentioned! Previously!"

God ran up to this person. God said, "Where did your kitten go?"

The person pointed down the street to a biker making a getaway at breakneck speed.

God was like, "I'll get your kitten back."

12. And then God punched her in the boob and took off towards the biker. God set off on foot. More specifically on sandal. On Birkunstuck sandal. Two of them. One on each foot.

12. God started running. The biker looked back and saw that God was gaining fast and revved his engine and did a wheelie and took off like a zillion times faster. God picked up the pace. His Birkunstucks nearly caught on fire because he ran at such a frenzied pace and also because they were highly flammable.

12. Then God kicked it into hyperdrive and ran really really really fast. The biker started to throw things at God. He threw like a spare set of house keys and a baseball card and a fluffy sequined pillow. God dodged the stuff but he grabbed the baseball card because he thought about getting into collecting them but then he thought better of it and tossed it.

12. The baseball card landed at the foot of an Indian who

shed a single tear but then God smited the Indian because the Indian didn't believe in God as per the requirements set forth by Jimmy the guy on TV that was God's flavor of the moment. The requirements namely being sending Jimmy your entire life savings.

12. The biker made a turn onto a different street. God nearly missed the turn but kept after the biker. God started to gain a little bit. The biker then hit his turbo over drive mega super fucking nitro boosters which were fueled by the tears of orphans and karate chopped a tiger in half while jumping over the Eiffel tower blindfolded.

12. God was nearly toast and also beginning to sweat a little bit. God ran up to a semi truck sitting in traffic that was transporting highly explosive liquid and jumped in.

"No time to explain, need to Huwah! Huzzah! Fhwah!" Exclaimed God and then shoved the truck driver to the curb and also kicked him just in the excitement of the stuff. Then God said, "Oh sorry, uhh could you uhh, how do you start this thing?"

"Oh you have to uhh here.. and this.. and then you put that thing there and turn this." Said the truck driver.

"Oh, thanks." God said and then he kicked the truck driver in the nads and drove

off.

"Oy my loins!" Exclaimed the truck driver and a single tear formed in his eye.

12. God started driving after the biker. At this point the biker was in a different continent but God was undeterred about things like facts and reason and logic. God would get that mean old biker and be the hero and stuff. It took God like two years of non stop driving while peeing into a bottle but he eventually caught up to the biker who at that point forgot there was even a chase.

12. God and the biker started driving down the freeway. The biker pulled out a missile launcher and started firing at God.

God was all like, "This time it's for real."

And God shifted into second gear to go faster and pressed his foot on the accelerator.

12. God put on a spectacular chase. He reached up with the biker and they were going over this really steep area and there was a ravine on the side. God tried to ram the biker over the ravine but the biker held on and started firing his missile launcher some more. He almost hit God but God was a pretty good truck driver. He even had an ironic truck driver hat that said 'Beaver Inspector'. The irony being doubly ironic because God actually was fully

certified and licensed to inspect actual beavers. God works in strange ways yo.

12. Back at the chase God rolled down his window and turned up the stereo in an attempt to psychologically screw with the biker. He started playing Baby Elephunt Wulk by Henry Muncini and grooved his head back and forth. God got out on the front of the semi truck filled with explosive liquid traveling at a thousand miles per second and started doing the pharaoh dance.

12. This upset the biker who at one time was a security guard for an Egyptuhn exhibition but had been fired for dereliction of duty involving a missing fruit cup. The biker turned on his own stereo really loud. Little did the biker know that God had actually intended him to do this and God started yelling stuff but the biker couldn't hear it.

"What? I can't hear you." The biker said.

God had a chuckle. At this point they were going so fast they broke through the speed of light and there was a loud booming noise. God's Birkenstucks nearly flew off. The biker's bandanna also nearly flew off but had been securely fastened with a series of twist ties should such an event occur.

12. The biker and God jumped

at each other in a total Matrux moment at the speed of greased lightning shooting guns at each other. The cameras wrapped around them in 3d while panning in. God had cool Birkenstucks but the biker had agility and experience as this happened all the time as a security guard for the Egyptuhn exhibition. God did a somersault and the biker did a pirouette. God was super impressed but they kept flying at each other and shooting guns. The biker pulled out a flamethrower and God pulled out a chainsaw and they hurtled at each other like two pieces of fruit that were traveling really really fast holding weapons in like the movie the Matrux. But with fruit.

12. As they neared each other at the last second the biker flinched.

"You snooze you loose," quipped God who was now wearing cool shades like Neu from the Matrux.

Then God snapped the biker's neck in two and broke his pelvis by verbally degrading it as it had particularly low self esteem and God totally could tell this because of the pelvis's posture and also God stepped on the biker's toes which really hurt because the biker had an ingrown toenail that he had to get surgery on but was saving up for it so it really

really hurt a lot.

12. God landed and the biker landed as well but the biker landed in splatters of blood and goo as God had chopped up the biker and chewed on pieces and regurgitated parts and spit loogies on the rest so that no one else would want to eat them. There was an assortment of splattering noises and the occasional tinging noise from the biker's piercings like he had his appendix pierced and also kidney stones make that kind of noise.

12. God held his glasses in his hand and put them on his face as he walked away.

"Booyeah, bitches." Said God as he started to walk towards the sunset.

Meanwhile the motorbike and the semi truck filled with highly explosive liquids collided and exploded into the biggest explosion ever. It was like even bigger than Mount Saint Helens. It was louder too. It was so loud this person went deaf that wouldn't even be born for 15 years. It was that loud. And really colorful. There were like reds and yellows and the occasional purple. Waves of polka dots and plaid colors rippled through the sky and into space. It burned up a flock of seagulls who landed like a perfectly prepared meal on a set of plates that had just been washed and even had a

little sprig of parsley for garnish.

12. As God walked away the credits began to roll. God continued to walk in his ultra comfortable Birkenstucks which had taken him forever and a day to wear in but now they were perfect. And ultra styling. They had been through a lot together, thick and thin.

12. But God was willing to make the ultimate sacrifice. God would auction his Birkenstucks on Ubay and donate the proceeds to starving artists who can't afford drugs.

Those artists need to get high to make art and they're too flaky to hold real jobs and not good with money and blow it on stupid crap and then can't get high which they need to make their poorly planned ironic ugly paintings that they make while high and then their roommate throws it out after the move back to California. Otherwise known as the greatest calling known to man, maybe even woman.

"Ha ha ha." God said while tearing up. "Booyeah."

12. As the credits drew to a close the lady back in the city was freaking out about her kitten, "Where is my kitten!? It has been 42 years. Has anyone seen my kitten?"

Just then the kitten flew in from the stratosphere at terminal velocity being

propelled there by the explosion and landed in the woman's arms inadvertently punching the woman in the boob.

"Oh my little kitten, I'm so happy to see you." The woman embraced the kitten and began to cry. "Thank you, whoever your name was.." The lady said.

12. The camera pulled down to the kitten who held up a Frunch fry and like he just understood something important and turned to the camera and said, "Frunch class!" The credits stopped and the last title came up, "The end?" As God slowly walked off into the sunset. But you know He'll be back. Back to the hood. Word. Or will he?

The New Fangled Kids On The Block These Days Always Riding Their Skateboards On The Sidewalk And Something About a Bucket! Testament

Chapter 1.

1. A period of time passed like gas from the ass of like a clock or whatever. It could have been three seconds, it could have been six minutes, it could have been six minutes and three seconds, it could have been five minutes and fifty seven seconds. It definitely wasn't 43 seconds. It could have been infinity, It could have been infinity plus three seconds. There are an infinite amount of numbers between one and two so it could have been like three infinities. It could have been 69 years. It could have been 420 years. It could have been

the square root of negative one time units. It could have been three divided by zero seconds. It could have been like infinity plus one. I could have been not three seconds. But in actuality it was like three seconds give or take a thousand billion years.

2. The story of Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee God had been told and retold and torched into the hides of baby puppies for a great deal of time units.

34. God had gone in and out of vogue and even when the Maduhna song came out went back in style but then Maduhna made a movie and it went wayyyy out of vogue So far out of vogue they had to drown the puppies who had the God things flamebroiled into their tuccuses. The puppies had since grown up into non puppy entities so it wasn't as tragic. Still though, you know. And junk.

3. The story of God and his wacky zany adventures each more spectacular than the previous, word! were echoed a lot, all far and wide, and low and high, and up and down, and square and pickle shaped.

23. Someone snickered at the pickle shaped echoing one once and they fell over and died which sparked a new found fear of God and a new

wave of merchandise was trotted out. Embroidered pillows and shoddy birth control products with God's name were sold mercilessly and without a shred remorse.

23. Except for Remorsey McRemorserson who always seemed to feel remorse over everything. Even the things he felt no remorse over. Until one day when like, he stopped doing that. He thought about getting his name changed but the hassle of getting a new license and updating his bank account information made him think otherwise so he went with a pseudonym but this proved to be trouble when he was trying to pick up a package from the post office. They let him off with a warning and he learned his lesson however nothing came of these events.

4. But the people were like, totally afraid of God. It seemed like God was an a-hole who would just mess you over for a cheap laugh and go around smiting people for no real reason other than no reason whatsoever. And the whole boob thing.

23. There were a lot of outdated laws like forced prostitution and the sale and/or taxation of Rockbadgers. Also not being able to eat Marshmullow Muteys was putting a serious dent in the corporate coffers so all the big corporations got together and

decided to do something about it. Something sexy.

4. "Yehaw! Let's go slaughter a pig, sooie!" Said the Rich Texun and he shot his guns in the air and paraded around yodeling at the moon. And then he totally did the moonwalk.

"I concur with the Rich Texun. This Thee Yee Oldenee Thymee Bookee Of Thee God 'n Shitee Testamentorium Emporium and Pickle Fairee God is cutting into our bottom line. I mean, people are afraid that no matter what they do they're royally f-ed. And the whole ritual sacrifice of goats and virgins is just grossing out the younger generation who didn't grow up with the constant threat of God smiting them whether they were good or not." Said a talking mongoose.

"Sooie! Yeeeehaw!" Agreed the Rich Texun who was riding a horse that was doing the moonwalk.

"I have an idea, let's rewrite the Bible 2.0 but make it so that God isn't a psychopathic asshole and pepper it with ridiculous miracles as well as a little bit of pansy-assed-you-should-be-nice-to-people-so-we'll-create-a-fucked-up-group-of-followers-who-believe-in-hokum-magic-and-act-nice-but-totally-support-war-and-oppression-and-hatred-thanks-to-the-Thee-Yee-Oldenee-Thymee-

Bookee-Of-Thee-God-'n-Shitee-Testamentorium-Emporium-and-Pickle-Fairee-God." said the talking mongoose who had nearly run out of syllables but thankfully didn't because that would be a mess. A verbal catastrophe was narrowly averted that fateful day.

12. And then some other shit happened.

14. "Can I be in it?" Said Supurmun.

"Uhhh.. no." Said the talking mongoose.

"Okay.. sigh." Said Supermun and he slowly walked away. After an awkward pause Supermun turned back and said, "Not even if I smear this chocolate syrup on my dirty bits?" And Supermun held up the bottle of chocolate syrup and tried his best to smile even though in his heart of hearts he felt no happiness. Only black. Possibly also a really dark shade of purple.

"Get the fuck out of here asshole!" Someone yelled and they threw a rock at Supermun's head but Supermun shot it with his eyebeam lasers at the last second. Supermun became teary eyed and moped out of the room.

".. Maybe I'll take up smoking.." Supermun muttered under his breath as he exited the building.

23. "Anyway, what were we talking about? Oh yeah." Said

the talking mongoose who then cocked a creepy smile cockedly and twiddled his fingers twiddly like Muntgumury Burns on the Simpsons Simpsunsly. The talking mongoose added, "Excellent." most excellently.

"But what about the dissenters, I mean, start out with a hate filled God of wrath that's only smitten with smoting, then add a soft God who has a bunch of namby pamby feelings mixed in with hokum miracles? Who's going to buy that?" A nagging dissenter protested.

"I am an apple." Said a talking apple.

12. Then out of nowhere a giant robot emerged from a garbage can and started shooting laser beams! It caused a lot of mayhem and possibly a little mania! At the end of the mayhem and mania people and talking inanimate objects started crawling out of the wreckage.

"Is everyone OK? I mean like physically not harmed from the random actions of the previous moments? Not like mentally because like, we don't have time to really discuss your baggage and I am afraid of human emotions." Someone asked.

"Yeah." Everyone else said. By some miracle of fate on that fateful day of fatefulness they were all OK. Maybe fate had something to do with it. But

we'll never really know.

"I ain't sayin' shit!" Said fate about whether it was fate or not. And then fate hopped on a unicorn and flew away. To Montanuh.

"Geez, what was that about?" Someone questioned.

"Oh, sorry. I forgot to pay my cell phone bill." A talking sock said.

"Well, maybe you should have remembered to pay it. " An irate talking plastic grocery bag irately interjected interjectioningly.

"Well maybe if you weren't a fucking fuckface I wouldn't have to fucking fuck you up." The talking sock shot back.

"You gunna step?" The pissed off talking plastic grocery bag said.

"Bring it!" The talking sock countered.

12. It looked as though the entire scene was going to descend into unholy chaos but then someone made a really loud fart. Everyone turned their attention to the farter who was none other than Farty Mcfarterson.

"People. We mustn't lose sight of why we are here." Said Farty McFarterson.

"Why are we here?" Said one person.

"I heard something about free tickets to Metallicuh." Said someone. "Yeah!" They agreed with themselves out loud.

"I am an apple." Said an

apple.

"Oh blow it out of your apphole." Said a visibly irate talking watermelon.

12. "Ahem. We are here to tell a story. The greatest story known to man, also possibly Rockbadger. But probably not, Rockbadgers tell some wicked f'en stories. Totally true too. Anyway blah blah blah, as well as subvert and manipulate the population, control everyone, lead people into pointless wars for my own personal profiteering, yadda yadda this, yadda yadda that, sell snow globes, and make stupid people do what we tell them. Mhwahahahahahahahaha."

Said the person who farted, Farty McFarterson, farting a little bit with each chuckle.

"I am an apple." Said the apple.

They all had a good laugh. Then someone punched the apple in his loins which were quite yearning.

"Oy, my yearnful loins!" said the apple.

They all had another good laugh.

12. And so a plan had been hatched like a plan that was to be hatched.

Chapter 2.

1. Once there was a man from Nantucket. And he liked to beat his wife. One day she couldn't take it anymore so she left him. The man was

angry at first and then sad. "Who will clean my soiled linens? You can't expect me to do that myself. Gosh darnit. Just isn't fair. Gosh darnit." The man exclaimed very gosh darnitedly.

1. Then one day the man died. No one ever figured out who did it but it turns out that the lampshade did it but was not implicated due to its ties with like, the guburnment and all. This lampshade was a mover and a shaker and had a great many ties to important figures as well as its personal charisma which was way charismatic. This lampshade had bedded several hundred bazillion women and went to church every three seconds to pray and stuff. So you see, the color of me, and of profundity, and Spuke Lee. The Spuke Lee. Wee.

2. Melanoma.

3. It was a dark and stormy night. And someone decided that it would be a funny thing to like, go to a grocery store, right? And buy all of the oranges they sold at the store. Because then like, someone would come in and want to buy an orange and there wouldn't be any oranges because he bought all the oranges and the person who wanted the oranges would be sad. Unfortunately this person was hepped up on the goofballs and didn't have enough money or any money

for that matter and it wasn't funny in the first place.

4. The oranges were pissed off for a myriad of reasons and even some raisins were a little bit miffed as well, and the oranges decided to revolt against their oppressors because they were sick of it.

1. Just sick and tired. Sick of the crap! Because that's what it is!

1. They were successful in capturing a woman by verbally degrading her so she did what they said because she had no self esteem. However this did not give them much to bargain with. She was a virgin so that was a little boost. Someone sent in a noted dignitary to negotiate the terms of the oranges ultimate demise. Maybe spray a little agent orange on the oranges because wouldn't that be ironic and tragic like fucking Shakespüre and junk? "What is it you want?" Asked the noted dignitary. There was silence. "Uhh hello? Is this thing on?" The noted dignitary questioned of his own larynx. "Huh. These guys drive a tough bargain." Said the noted dignitary who then morphed into a box of Robot Lincun lugs and exploded into a violent smattering of Jullo. It left a nasty stain.

1. The oranges remained undeterred and steadfast in their mission plan that they were playing by ear even

though they didn't have ears which made things a little tricky but these weren't any ordinary oranges, they were motherfucking oranges from Fluriduh and I think you all saw that commercial on TV. About the oranges from Fluriduh? No? What do you live under a rock? Well.. nevermind. I mean, I'd ask you to use your imagination but if you haven't seen the commercials that I'm going to reference it would be like, really hard and stuff. Like a real stretch. Like one of those stretches where you have to poop afterwards. And you poop so much you go poop twice.

5. One of the oranges did a backflip. Actually she fell off of a plate but made it look like a backflip so as to play it cool. Oranges were known to be characteristically superficial about what other people thought of them and this orange was no shining exception to the norm.

1. This startled another orange who started to cry. However this orange's cries soon turned into screams of rage as it thought about all the hidden repressed emotions it had built up through a lifetime of unselfishly serving the orange nation. The anger turned to more crying and then anger and then slight horniness and then back to anger.

1. It turns out the orange was bipolar and hadn't taken its medication. A cucumber decided that in order to further the orange revolution he had to take that specific orange out before it started crying again. Too late. The orange was already crying.

1. Disgraced as the cucumbers were a proud and noble race, the cucumber took his own life in the form of a smoking gun, that had just fired a bullet. More specifically at the cucumber in question. Cucumber brain guts and miscellaneous goo splattered all over. This distracted the bipolar orange who also had ADHD and forgot all about its bout of emotional emoting of emotions.

4. FYI emotional is a big word for emo.

5. "It's all about anal sex. Look at the constutution. Look at that one guy sitting over there. Look at the Wushingtun monument. Anal sex." Said a paranoid passerby. They looked around. "Sorry, we should go somewhere safe, someone could be writing this down. More specifically in book format. And that would be bad. For some reason or another." And they hurried off to their bunker and put on their aluminum foil hat. "Anal sex. M-yesss."

6. The oranges were in a 10 day standoff with all kinds of

military and police and hotdog vendor type persons and persons related entities and their personal assistants. The hotdog vendors were especially pissed off because of all the added hormones in hotdogs which was also the primary way that they were paid at the time. This caused them to have an excess of testosterone. Which is why you never see women hotdog vendors. They became men through the inadvertent hormone therapy.

7. "Lemme at 'em! I'll slaughter 'em alive with me own bear hands!" An ethnic bear said.

8. "No fair.. I called firstsies!" said a hotdog vendor.

"When, eh?" Said the ethnic bear.

"Just now." Said the hotdog vendor.

"You fail in life! The back of me boot with yuh, guvnah, on the bar-bee! Ya Skallywag!" Said the ethnic bear and then he slaughtered the hotdog vendor like a mofo in a grizzly display of bear grizzlitude and poorly researched and wrotened ethnic stereotypes.

"Whooooahhh guyyyssssss..." Someone randomly walked up and said just like I wrote just now. "Let's be rational here. Just what the gosh darned heck is going on anyway?"

"The oranges.. they .. uhh .. I dno .. something about the oranges." The mauled hotdog

vendor said with his last dying breath and then he died. It was very sad.

12. "Something about oranges!? That's it! I'm pissed as fucking fuck fuck fuck fuck on a duck!" Said the stranger who pulled out a giant machete and charged towards the fruit stand where the oranges was at.

But something unfortunate happened to the man at the last second. He slipped on a banana peel and chopped his wiener right off!

"Ouch." Said the man. "That was my wiener. That hurt."

"Yo, you gunna eat that?" Said a particularly effeminate yet overly hairy hotdog vendor who also was a noted poet.

"Well, I had considered it." Said the stranger.

"Too late." Said the tranny hotdog vendor.

"What do you mean? I mean, like, my wiener is still just sitting there on the ground. I'm the nearest one to it." Said the stranger growing a slight bit perturbed.

"Too late. That's what I mean. Too late." Said the tranny hotdog vendor.

"Oh. Jolly good show then." Said the stranger who looked at a photo of himself he had taken in the future in which he didn't appear in anymore. The stranger slowly faded out.

"Remember My Lai.." Said the stranger as he disappeared completely.

"I will," The tranny hotdog vendor said as they scooped up his wiener which for some odd reason was still there.

I think something about buck to the future time travel rules if you loose your genitals but then cease to exist they stay around especially if there someone is going to eat it soon afterwards. But not for procreation. Movie magic!

12. "Remember what?" Said an FBI dick who was doodling on a piece of paper.

"Something.. uhh.. milai. You should like uhh.. search Ask Jeevus." Said the tranny hotdog vendor.

"But I only have dial-up!" The FBI dick protested.

"NVM." Said the tranny hotdog vendor as it wiped the dirt and crap from the strangers time traveled penis. The tranny put it in a bun, covered it in the usual condiments namely dirt and crap and took a big bite. "Great Scott! How many fucking dick jokes are there going to frickin' be like, ever!? And this dick I'm eating right now and chewing and swallowing is delicious! And lots of junk!" The tranny exclaimed.

1. Everyone except one person threw up. The person who didn't throw up was named Joe. Joe had been there before. Down that road. And back. Joe played it cool at all times. Joe was an expert. Joe

had wikipudia tattooed on the inside of his eyelids.

"Joe knows." reassured Joe reassuring Joe reassuringly.

"Joe blows." said somebody else who made a blowjob motion with their hand and mouth and tongue.

"Joe .. uhh .. hey just shut the fuck up buddy." Said Joe. "I'm Joe. I go.. fuck.. yo.. .. u." Joe improvised.

34. Joe regretted leaving his rhyming dictionary at home.

"Now what are we going to do about this orange situation?" Questioned Joe.

Joe was always on top of the situation. He was never on bottom. Once he was a little bit to the left. But no one ever talks about that. Except Joe's detractors and they are few and far between. They mostly live in the state of Wyomung, which I think we all know, speaks for itself.

"Here's the situation, Joe." A cop began to inform Joe by explaining it out loud in English using his mouth very mouthingly. "We got some angry fruit. Well, maybe they're angry, maybe they're horny, maybe its a little bit of both. Maybe both of those feelings go together, with all the emotions in the world, like some kind of karma \$10,000 shopping spree that I thought I read about but in fact just made up for no reason other than I like to lie compulsively. A lot."

"Any hostages?" Asked Joe.

"One." Said the cop.

"Male or Female or.." Joe asked and gestured towards one of the hotdog vendors using like a masturbating motion for the male gesture and a boobies gesture for the female.

"Female." Said the cop who gestured with the boobies signal which is the international sign for female.

"Well, that doesn't give them much to bargain with as a matter of fact." Stated Joe matter of factly.

"I know, right? But she is however, a virgin." Said the cop.

"Ahh. Is she wearing tube socks?" Questioned Joe.

"Well, I don't rightly know." Said the cop who took off his hat, then shit in it, then scratched his forehead thinkingly and put the hat back on.

"I know the answer to that question." Said a person wearing a yellow hat. Joe signaled for the person in the yellow hat to come over and sit on his knee.

"Tell Uncle Joe what you know, you know?" Said Joe in a friendly manner. Joe forced a smile to further perpetuate his friendly demeanor.

"Well, you see.." The person in the yellow hat began. "The hos-"

"Huah!" Said Joe snapping the persons in the yellow hat's

neck in two snappingly.

"Well, why the heck did you do that?" A hotdog vendor shouted out at Joe.

Joe shot a super fiery vindictive look all vindictively at the hotdog vendor who ran home to their bed and cried into their pillow.

"Turns out these oranges are smarter than they look. See?" Joe ripped the person in the yellow hat's head off and it turns out that it was really a robot being controlled by an orange.

The orange pressed the abort button and took a cyanide pill and died. It was very sad.

"Real people don't wear yellow hats. Duh." Said Joe.

"Oh, duh!" Said the crowd and they all collectively smacked their foreheads simultaneously and took out pencils and paper and started scribbling notes furiously.

"Hmm." Said Joe.

"So what do you think we should do, Joe, you know?" Questioned an annoyingly inquisitive hotdog vendor.

"I don't know. I'm just a guy. A guy named Joe." Said Joe. And with that Joe flew off into the sky using his rocket boots.

"We'll always remember you, uhh.. whatever your name was!" Said someone from the crowd as they threw their underwear at Joe. The underwear landed on the ground spluttingly with a splutting noise. People began

to slink away from the underwear until it started crawling and then they ran like hell. Except this one guy. He died. It was very sad.

404040000. "That's it! Eureka!" Piped up a police officer. "What's it?"

Questioned the police officer to himself. "Wait.. oh.. nah."

Replied the police officer. "No wait, that's it!" The police officer yelled as he jumped up and down. "What? What is it?" Said the police officer to himself. The police officer began to whisper into his own ear. "That's so crazy.. it just might work! Huzzah!" The police officer ripped off his uniform to reveal another uniform exactly the same.

"Uhh huh huh huh, sorry. Huzzah!" The police officer ripped off his second uniform to reveal yet another uniform exactly the same as the previous two.

"Sorry. This time. Huzzah!" The police officer did the same thing. The police officer continued to rip off his uniform to reveal the same uniform while apologizing and saying "Huzzah!" for hours. The hours stretched into days. People stood around each time looking exited like it was going to be the one but then it was the same as before. Two months and three days and fourteen hours and 12 minutes and five seconds passed.

"No wait, here! Huzzabah!"

The police officer said and ripped off his uniform to reveal he was wearing a Chiquituh banana dress with one of those fruit dish hats. "With this I will infiltrate the oranges and rescue the woman and save the day! Huzzah!"

34. There was a lukewarm applause from the crowd as many of them at this point had died from exhaustion and/or boredom and a great many others were asleep. Two badgers dressed in matching clothes with their hands in each others back pockets were still quite attentive though, as well as a slightly melted ice cream cone.

32. "Kill the nonbelievers!"

The slightly melted ice cream cone shouted. People in the group began to look at the slightly melted ice cream cone oddly. "Oh wait, sorry, wrong group." The slightly melted ice cream cone said and began to hop away but he was half melted so it was more of a slopping motion. A slop hop.

12. The police office dressed at the Chiquituh banana lady began to mambo towards the oranges. It was a long and arduous journey riddled with twists and turns. A whole three feet over in some direction or other. Over the icy peaks of Mount Blahblablah and under the molten lava caverns of

Blahhetcetera. The Chiquituh banana lady cop stopped to get a shaved ice along the way.

"Mmm. That's some good shaved ice." Said the cop.

"Thank you sir, you have saved my business." Said the shaved ice vendor.

"It's the least I can do." Said the cop. And then the cop took a dump in the shaved ice machine ruining the shaved ice guy's business and causing the shaved ice guy to go into a downward spiral of depression and liking country music and ending up in an irate exchange with a person who had misdialed a telephone number and accidentally reached him.

23. The Chiquituh banana cop continued their stupendously not boring quest. They traversed the mighty plains of boring nowheresville. They passed through the basement of the 30 year old virgin who lived with his parents and quoted Monty Python a lot. That was especially hard to stomach. The Chiquituh banana cop thought about taking his life. Then he thought about the 30 year old virgin saying something like, 'He's not quite dead yet!' or 'Always look on the bright side of death,' and decided to trek on no matter how much the 30 year old virgin complained about how the towels that the Chiquituh

banana cop had brought weren't freshly laundered and his mother always freshly launders his towels.

1. It annoyed the spit out of the Chiquituh banana cop but then the cop started to mambo and it created a psychosomatic reaction cheering him the fuck up. He traversed the land far and wide and rectangle and papaya. Eventually he ended up at the fruit stand. Then he died. There was a great weeping for this brave cop who liked to dress up in women's clothes and dance in a Latin flavor for no apparent reason whatsoever at all.

44. Someone poured a shot of wheat grass out on the curb. "For my homey." They said with a tear in their eye. Everyone was so caught up in the poor cop's death and buying commemorative plates and embroidered pillows that they forgot about the siege at hand. With the oranges. Yeah. That was still going on.

6. "Oh my God! I'm pregnant!" screamed the virgin lady who had been taken hostage by the oranges many moons and a fortnight ago.

"But.. you're a virgin." Someone interjected.

"Uhh.. yeah" The lady said darting her eyes back and forth. ".. That. Ummm... totally.. and junk!"

"It's a miracle!" A mouse cried

out but it was too quiet and nobody could hear it.

"It's a miracle!" One of the hotdog vendors cried out.

"Hey! You stole my shtick!" Said the mouse growing angry. The mouse ran up to the hotdog vendor and tried to pick a fight.

"Ew! A mouse!" The hotdog vendor exclaimed and stamped the life out of the little mouse with his steel toed work boot which was like the standard operating procedure in that day and age. It was very sad.

23. It was a Monday. Mondays suck like you know? Anywhayzle, then a miniature ambulance operated by little mice in white uniforms raced to the scene and got out, put the squished mouse in the back of their ambulance and promptly drove into a tree and caught on fire. A couple surviving mice ran out screaming but then also spontaneously caught on fire. The whole event was captured on a cell phone camera and won the Nubel peace prize as well as the Nubel science prize for science because nothing much was going on that year thanks to a ban on doing stuff. Besides like, the discovery of the atom and the creation of peace on earth thanks to Joe as well as some other shit but still. And junk.

1. "Ahem.. I'm preppers!" Screamed the hostage virgin

lady screamily.

"Is it mine?" Said a toothbrush. This particular toothbrush was neither very bright or really really bright.

"Have we ever met before?" Questioned the hostage virgin lady.

"No." Said the toothbrush.

"I dno. Maybe." Said the lady.

"It's a miracle on 59th avenue and 67th street in Ridgeblurg Queens!" Exclaimed no one.

7. They all joined in a conga line. The congaed all the way down to electric avenue. And then they took it higher. Doo doo doo doo doo.

8. Preggers virgin lady decided she wasn't gunna raise no babbly with no baby daddy. So there was a reality show created that aired on the FUX network entitled, "Fucking Shit Stain Taint Time, Fuck!"

23. If the contestants weren't immolated by rabid rabbits and could eat a plate of grubs upside down while reciting the alphabet backwards as they were hosed with sulfuric acid then they could get a chance to be preppers virgin lady's baby daddy.

23. In the end there was a surprise twist ending where they revealed that Willie Nelsun was in fact, a robot. It was decided that a paper plate would be the preppers virgin lady's baby daddy but it turns out he was just in it for the craft food service table and

took off right after the show. Preggers virgin lady decided to shack up with a tennis shoe she had met at a Gruyhound bus locker that she frequently would frequent frequently.

22. "Oh tennis shoe, I will always remember you." Said preggers virgin lady.

"Uhh, I'm right here." Said tennis shoe.

"Oh yeah." Said preggers virgin lady. "That."

There was a pause. They looked deep into each other's eyes. Then there was silence. They continued their stare. There was a momentary pause. The stare turned into a death stare. Eventually tennis shoe blinked. Tennis shoe remarked, "Well I think I'm going to go to the bar. Uhhh.. see ya later skater."

Preggers virgin lady said, "Oh uhh, well, Ok, I guess I'll just um.. sit here. And rot. And stuff. You know."

Tennis shoe started towards the door.

"How long do you think you are going to be?" Questioned preggers virgin lady.

"Oh I don't know. I'm just going to.. go.. out." Said tennis shoe.

"Well, where are you going to go?" Questioned preggers.

"Out." Said tennis shoe.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" Said preggers.

Before preggers knew it tennis shoe slammed the door which made a slamming

noise. Preggers went to the door to see him exit but he had fled quite expediently.

34. "What a nice gentleman."

Said preggers. Preggers was overjoyed with the interesting things that had befallen her of late. She had completed a puzzle, been in a hostage situation which she was currently still in as the oranges had negotiated that they continue to hold her hostage or else, she had burned some spaghetti, she had mistakenly dialed the wrong phone number and been yelled at, she pooped her pants, she had gotten preggersed immaculately, she met tennis shoe, she was on the reality show which had a bitching ass wicked ass craft food services table ass, she had found a penny on the ground, she had set fire to a church, she had tripped on a piece of paper, and most importantly she had made the decision to fart.

7. Preggers farted. *Plop!* She looked down and there was a little groddy looking critter scampering scamperly on the ground. "Oh what a cute little dookie ookie pookie mookie. Yes you are, yes you are. You're a little dookie ookie pookie mookie. Yes you are. Yes." Cooed Preggers. "I am going to hug you and hold you and pet you and call you George. No wait, I'll call you.. Jebus. Baby Jebus. Has a nice

ring to it, or not. For whatever reason. And junk. The end."

9. Just then three dudes busted through the door and threw some stinky water and shiny rocks around wildly.

"We are the three dudes three! And we're here for the free Metallicuh tickets!" Said the three dudes who high fived each other chugging beers and kicking each other in their ample loins.

"Oh uh, um." Said Preggers.

"What the hell is that little turd! That thing's freaking ugly!" Said the three dudes.

"This is baby Jesus." Said Preggers.

The three dudes were then stricken with polio and fell to the ground bowing before baby Jesus. "We're not worthy! We're not worthy! We're scum! We suck!" Yelled the three dudes.

"Here. It's a half of a slumjum and a half chewed piece of gum." Offered one of the three dudes.

12b. And it was with this act of kindness that baby Jesus was showered with gifts and whatever. It was a great night and they sat around telling stories and high fiving and kicking each other in the loins and singing Metallicuh songs a capella whilst shredding on air guitar hardcore. Even baby Jesus got into the act when he barfed up a little bit.

"Awww." Everybody cooed.

"Just like my alcoholic

father!" One of the three dudes reminisced.

They partied it up super big time and the next day everyone woke up with a horrible hangover. Even baby Jesus was wearing little baby shades and looking haggard stumbling around muttering stuff, and had pissed himself.

34. It had been a grand old night but the three dudes had to bid farewell for they were on a mission to get free Metallicuh tickets. Because Metallicuh freaking rocks!

"Later little dude and chick lady." The three dudes said and they made the rock and roll Satan hand gesture. Baby Jesus made the hand gesture back and stuck his tongue out Gene Simmons style. One of the three dudes punched Preggers in the boob and they walked out.

"Well they seemed like nice gentlemen." Said Preggers.

2. Preggers was now faced with a difficult choice. She could either eat baby Jesus or order Sushi. She wasn't sure how to decide. She thought about flipping a coin but had no moneys. She thought about flipping baby Jesus but decided that he might skew with the odds. In the end she decided that babies had a way of getting stuck inbetween your teeth that she hated so she ordered Sushi. And it was good.

3. This would be the way that

it was and it was the way that it was for many a day. Even on a leap day. Which it wasn't. But if it were that would have been cool.

34. Preggers was constantly faced with dilemmas that would lead to baby Jesus's demise but ultimately opted against each one because no one wants baby schmultz stuck in their teeth. Not even Toothy McBabyshmultzrson. Especially not Toothy McBabyshmultzrson.

Preggers never really stopped to think about the converse side to this argument but then again Preggers never really stopped to think. Except that one fateful day.

4. Preggers decided it was wrong to constantly have to decide these decisions and opted to boot baby Jesus out on the street at the ripe old age of two seconds.

"Go on, git! Shoo! Scat! Scram! Eave-lay!" Preggers yelled at baby Jesus. "You get out of here now you hear? Just go on, man!" Preggers started to cry.

34. Later on Rikki Luke she would recall that she had some shit in her eye at the time. Preggers continued to verbally assail baby Jesus and plead with him to leave. Preggers didn't know that baby Jesus was too young to understand English but he was quite good at charades which Preggers wasn't good at

in the slightest bit.

4. Once in a restaurant Preggers tried to motion that she was choking but she was so bad at it several people started choking her instead. This would be only the beginning of mishaps involving Preggers. Once she wasn't even signaling anything and a plane crashed. Later she would recall that she wasn't very good at signaling things. There was a great study done on this phenomenon but it was too late. The junk and things had already been set in motion, super hardcore. And that means there's no going back now. They had been set in motion good. They had. Been set in motion. Good. Motion. Set. Booyeah?

3. What the heck, I just have to say it. I'm so exited. And can't hide it. Because I know I know I know I got poo. In my hair.

4. Preggers had a brief rebellious phase. She got her butt tattooed. Also she got a tattoo in a place no one would ever see. Her spleen. She was a rebel's rebel. But just for a day. This would have a lasting effect on Jesus who at this time was a growing boy. He was growing like a weed. Preggers tried spraying him with Rundup but to no avail. Jesus was a weed that Rundup wouldn't work on. Jesus was immune.

5. Jebus grew up with a great many people caring for him. There were as always the oranges who had continued to hold Preggers hostage for their demands which they were unable to externalize due to their poor abilities at communication and lack of ears. There was also a mirror that Jebus would dress up in front of wearing Preggers wigs and earrings and lipstick and makeup and lipsync to Olivuh Newtun-Juhn.

54. Jebus also watched a lot of cable TV. In a way it was his guiding light into the world. He watched UTV, UnE's Evenung at the Impruv, Mr. Belvudere, and the U! Network. Jebus learned a great many things about life thanks to the breast tube. He also tried watching the porno channels that were scrambled out but could only make out a nipple here and there when the scrambling somewhat stopped usually in inverted color and still somewhat distorted for about half a second every five minutes.

23. Jebus also knew the mailman and would pretend to be a dog and bark at the mailman.

"Woof woof." Jebus would say. "Woof woof, indeed."

23. Once Jebus was sitting in a dark room alone by himself being silent. Preggers thought this was really weird and went in her room and cried.

6. These things and other stuff would go on to lead the rich and interesting tapestry of life that Jebus would call upon later in life for wisdom and insight. Particularly the U! Tru Hullywood story documentaries.

7. At Jebus's age of 8 Preggers decided she really super duper shit hitting the fan for super real this time couldn't handle it anymore. She tried to run away but ended up in a closet. She was stuck there for at least 4 days at which time she learned how to whistle. Preggers enjoyed whistling and would go on to Broadway for her whistling talents. She left Jebus a note telling him to go live with his since missing in action stepfather the tennis shoe.

8. Jebus wasn't afraid although he should have been considering the arduous journey that had befallen him. And monsters. Jebus grabbed his half eaten slimjim and the somewhat chewed gum the three dudes had bestowed upon him and set out to find tennis shoe.

23. And maybe even find love. But probably not. Decidedly not.

9. As soon as Jebus set out he was met with exclamations, "Ahh! That kid's not wearing clothes! Ahh!" People cried out.

"I'm uhh.. a cop.. I'll uhh.. take care of this." A pervy

looking old guy wearing a trenchcoat yelled back.

"Oh no you don't! I saw a thing on UBC about old men in trenchcoats. They're not to be trusted. Except Culumbo" Said one person.

"Awww, fishsticks." Said the pery old man.

10. "There's only one place for this naked kid.. prison." Said someone.

45. The crowd picked the kid up, after putting plastic baggies over their hands that they had already picked up dog poo with of course, and carried him over to prison.

3. They left Jebus on the doorstep and rang the doorbell and ran away. The warden opened the door and looked around yonder parts and also yonder but yonder over thataway parts before noticing baby Jebus on the step down yonder.

"AWwww, what a cute little kid. 'Cept yer naked. And that's illegal. Humans should be ashamed of what they look like without clothes. It's just sad. Very sad. I mean you are. You're sad. Because you're naked. That's el muy freaking disappointing there, son. I'm afraid there's nothing to do about this except lock you up in prison and throw away the key. Forever." Said the warden as he scooped Jebus up, after putting plastic baggies that had already picked up dog poo on his

hands of course, and threw him on this Rube Guldburg type machine dealie bob that whirlymajiged Jebus around in a tremendously elaborate contraption spinning him too and fro as robot arms with white gloves bathed, combed and cut his hair, cooked a couple eggs and bacon and coffee for the warden, put comically oversized prison overalls on Jebus then poured water through a watering can on the clothes and blowdried the clothes so they fit perfectly and finally dropped him off after sliding down a huge and elaborately unnecessary series of tubes into a drab prison cell.

10. At first Jebus thought he was alone so he began to pick his nose but then he noticed that he was sitting next to somebody in very close proximity.

23. Jebus wasn't sure what to do. Should he continue to pick his nose with a haughty irreverence? Should he stop picking in shame? Should he flick it in the other person's eyeball? Should he eat the booger? Should he pretend the other person doesn't exist? Should he pretend he's crazy and eat his underwear? Should he mention about how he saved a bunch of money on his car insurance? Should he stick his hand so far up his nose that it comes out his butt and offer to shake the

person's hand? Should he offer the booger as an offering of peace and goodwill towards man? Should he teleport to a different dimension? Should he pull out a shank and cut up the other guy's face? Should he fasten the booger into a sled and go sledding? Should he smile and pretend nothing happened and introduce himself while holding his finger in his nose? Should he fart as well? Should he punch the other person in the crotch?

1111. By the time Jebus had stopped considering his alternatives and took his finger out of his nose the cellmate had died of natural causes. It was quite a coup and everyone feared Jebus.

34. Except one person. It was arranged that Jebus would have to fight this person as Jebus knew all about prison life thanks to his unhealthy addiction to cable television growing up, which he still had so it was kind of like a reality show acted out in real time without any cameras.

23. Jebus had developed an unhealthy twitch and prison folk began to refer to him as Ol' Twitchers.

1121. On the day of the battle royale, to make himself more intimidating, and also just because he was into it, Jebus rubbed poop on his face. As he walked down the corridor to the shower people cheered

him on. "Go Ol' Twitchers! You stink! Like human waste!" They cheered. Jebus kept walking. He walked and walked. He stopped for a minute to catch his breath. Then he kept walking. It was the longest three and a half inches he had ever walked in his life and Jebus vowed to get robot legs when he got rich and famous although it was a risky procedure.

23. Jebus just didn't give a fuck. That's how Jebus rolled. Totally. When Jebus reached the shower it was dark. He walked in and started soaping up. There was another person in the shower. It was the person he was to face in battle. They were behind in the shadows. "Sssshhello.." They said with a Cobruh Commandur snake like voice. "Ssss..." They added.

"You're going to go down assknuckle!" Jebus retorted.

The darkened figure stepped out of the darkness and obscurity into the light, literally not metaphorically. It was revealed in a shocking turn of events that it was in fact tennis shoe. His dad.

"Tennis shoe!" Jebus exclaimed. My uhh sort of father type figure thing!" Jebus wept openly because the soap had run into his eyes and it stung like a mother.

23. This kind of freaked tennis shoe out a little bit but he still wanted to seem like he

was supportive to keep up appearances. Tennis shoe patted Jebus on the back with his lace, after putting a plastic baggy over which had been previously used to pick up dog poo of course, and consoled Jebus although he quickly removed his lace when he thought someone was going to walk past the shower and he sort of rubbed the lace back through his hair.

"Oh tennis shoe! Oh tennis shoe! Look at you! Look at you! Something that rhymes with shoe! Something that rhymes with shoe!" Sobbed Jebus totally emo-like.

12. Tennis shoe was not a man of strong emotions and began to bottle up. He would later release these emotions through a secret hole in his esophagus into the river Stux which was named after the band Stux but spelled different with invisible letters. They embraced and continued to soap and shower each other off.

"Hmm, the inmates are expecting blood and a victor. What should we do, pops?" Said Jebus who was washing his anus. "Mm.. peanuts." He added.

"Well, I think we should hop on a magical unicorn and fly away to the land of lollipops and live happily ever after next to the lake of Hurshey syrup and hold hands and go, 'La la la la la la la la' for all

eternity." Said tennis shoe.

Jebus didn't realize that tennis shoe was being sarcastic and thought that his sort of father type figure had gone batshit insane or had a good idea. Or both.

"Huh, yeah we could do that.. or not." Jebus replied.

34. A unicorn was about to enter the shower area to take them away to the land of lollipops while shooting rainbows out of his butt but lost all faith after Jebus's remarks and killed itself in a grizzly display of self mutilation.

45. The cafeteria lady saw this and remarked, "Mystery meat!" And put her cigarette out in the unicorn's still twitching eye as she dragged it away by the loins. She did not put a plastic baggie over her hand. That's how she rolled. With her mind on the mystery meat and her hand on a unicorn's loin. That's the power of love. The greatest story ever told. The story of prison cafeteria lady.

4. Once she wrestled a wild boar just because she could. She always had a lit cigarette in her mouth and her lips were gray like the goose. She preferred it if people avoided eye contact and once got choked up watching the movie Titanuc not because the movie had an emotional impact on her but because she had accidentally swallowed

some fire.

23. Her favorite thing was mystery meat. She liked to pummel the meat into submission and do a suplex and a super spinebuster. Her specialty was the flying face piledriver which she did with amazing precision. Once a hippie crossed her path and she totally exploded his head solely with just a single pubic hair. She was tough as nails and would frequently eat nails just to toughen up her tough as nails persona.

23. When she was young someone invited her to prom but it was a prank and she showed up alone. Boy did she show them. She showed them and invented thousand island dressing at the same time. Good old prison cafeteria lady and her leathery visage that no one had ever actually seen and lived to tell about and also her almost inner beauty. Good on her.

23. She had briefly flirted with the idea of running for office but she decided against it after she had inadvertently slaughtered the entire voting public in a grisly display of mystery meatitude. Good old prison cafeteria lady and her stories and her raspy voice and her cankles of fury.

23. But that's for another time and another place. Like the present.

23. Yes, Cafeteria lady. She always donated the proceeds

to charity. Namely herself. She was a statesman and a gentleman and always took people's feelings into consideration when she was ruthlessly slaughtering them dead or alive. She was also a good dancer.

23. Prison cafeteria lady was the bees knees, literally as once she had raided a beehive and stole their knees and she didn't even want them. She just wanted to show the world how totally frickin' bad frickin' ass she was ass.

23. But she was ahead of her time and junk and people misunderstood her tactics of carnage and mayhem. She ended up playing the mole a lot in professional wrestling but would win matches after she killed everyone and ground them into a bloody pulp with her industrial sized grinder.

23. This is where she was heading to with the unicorn being dragged by his loin when he woke up.

"If you free me, I will grant thee wishes of which the amount will be the number three." Pleaded the unicorn. "Look at me, he he he, I'm a unicorn. So gay and happy. Wee."

"Too mother fucking late." Said Prison cafeteria lady and she got the unicorn in a headlock and slammed it against the ropes and beat its head into a pulp with its own

loin. Then she stuck her boot up its ass and ripped the poor unicorn in half with her own teeth which were reinforced with titanium. She suplexed the unicorn and punched it in the loin. The poor unicorn didn't know who it was up against. The hurted unicorn mustered every last bit of its strength and pooped a little rainbow in an attempt to soften Prison cafeteria ladies super rock hard heart.

23. Prison cafeteria lady paused. She paused. She paused to light her cigarette striking the match on the unicorn's mutilated horn.

"You snooze, you loose." Said Prison cafeteria lady and she grabbed the unicorn by the rainbow and raised the unicorn over her head and flying piledrived it into her industrial sized meat grinder. The unicorn squealed with pain and horror as it was ground alive, "I'm melting... I'm melting.." Its ground meat came out in a bright rainbow color which Prison cafeteria lady the ashed on with her cigarette.

12. Yep, that was Prison cafeteria lady. Fuckin' A.

1122. How much suck could a woodsuck suck if a woodsuck could suck poo? The answer is up to you. If you want it to.

1133. Somewhere out there, in a house by themselves, someone wept.

1323. Eat at Joe's

123123. I'm not constantly writing that because I'm getting paid by Joe's. I'm writing it because I'm getting paid a lot by Joe's. So there.

3232. There was a thing. No wait. Maybe there wasn't. I'm not entirely sure. You know what I'm sure about. I'm sure about how I'm not totally sure. Well, even that I'm not totally sure 103.2%. I'm sure about some things. Well, pretty sure. Not totally sure. Somewhat sure. Or not. Moop.

234. Moop moop moop? Meep! Meep!!! Meep Meep Meep? Do dee doo deet deet bleep bleep. Dinka Donka Doo. Derpa derpa derpa flerp. Fleep flop. Meep mop. Dooert blert bleyrt bleveraooop. Doop a doop a doop a doop. Blerooop. Blerrrrroopp. Bloop. boop boop boop boop boop ppob ppoob ppoobpoob poop po po po po popo mooo mooo fooof ofofofofo dink dong dinkd ong ling a blong Fong. Gnong. Fnong. Beap. Beaaaaoorrrp. Blearp.

11. Jebus turned to tennis shoe and said, "How are we going to get out of here?"

Tennis shoe smiled and replied, "Oh I have an idea. Trust me."

They left the shower and walked over to the cafeteria.

"Oh boy! Mystery meat!" Said Jebus.

11. They ate and ate and puked so they would have

more room to eat and then pooped and then ate and ate and pooped and ate and barfed and ate and barfed and made monkey noises and barfed and ate and ate and pooped and barfed and ate and barfed and barfed and pooped. They ate the whole pot of mystery meat. They even licked the pot which had never been done before in the history of man and/or sheep.

"Mm-mm. Tasty. Burp." Said Jebus his belly full of mystery meat. "Say, tennis shoe, why did you take off all those days ago and stuff? I mean, we made the best of it. Turns out cat brain is pretty tasty.. I'm just you know wondering.." Jebus said.

Tennis shoe had already been slinking out of the room. When Jebus looked up tennis shoe ran the fuck out of there.

"Huh well, let's agree to disagree." Jebus said.

12. And that was this. No.. that. This was that. No, sorry. Let's take that again from the top. That was this. Whatever.

434. Days went by in jail, even seconds. Jebus learned a great deal about how to pick locks and fashion a shiv and cat smuggling and racketeering and other illegal activities that were illegal.

34. Jebus grew. He got a tattoo or two. He got all buff and stuff. Jebus converted to Islum. He changed his name to Jebus. He got addicted to

painkillers due to the complications attributed to eating so much mystery meat.

12. Jebus made friends, enemies, lovers, chilluns, plastic explosives, cover bands, ironic t-shirts, the whole gamut. Jebus never ran into tennis shoe in the clink again and thought that it was odd once but thought better of it.

23. Once he almost started a riot. But then he had an epiphany. Jebus had been listening to Brutney Spears. He stopped the riot.

"Oops baby, I did it again." He started to sing and did a little dance routine. "Don't you see, it's just a metaphor for how history repeats itself! When will we learn? When will the insanity end?" Jebus questioned. You see, beside being able to do a backflip Jebus also had become a master debater.

123123. This change in Jebus brought notice to the warden who decided to put Jebus up for parole like especially considering he had been thrown in jail for no real reason in the first place.

"I think your time here has been good. We lived, we lied, we laughed, we loved." Said the warden.

"Yeah." Said Jebus.

"So I guess.. *sniff* *sniff* .. this is goodbye." The warden said as he began to tear up. "I promised myself I wouldn't

cry."

"I'll be back." Said Jebus consolingly.

"You're just saying that." Said the warden.

"No really, I mean it. I mean it big time. Super duper big time with a cherry on top." Said Jebus with a smile.

"I love you, man." Said the warden who hugged Jebus.

"No, I love you.. man." Said Jebus trying to not look too homosexual.

"Get out of here, man. Just go. Go on, git!" Exclaimed the warden passionately. And then with a tear in his eye the warden started stomping his foot on the ground and clapping in order to startle Jebus away.

2343. Jebus walked out of prison a free man. But was he truly free? I guess we'll never know. Or will we?

23. Jebus walked to a pile of ashtrays and rustled around in it. He then pulled out a flamethrower and equipped it in his weapon arsenal by first putting his already equipped rusty nail back into his munitions quarry.

22. Jebus walked back to the prison and burned it. Jebus burned it good. He burned his way through it by burning people mostly in the face and loin region. He burningly reached his way to the warden.

"You came back to see me! I baked muffins!" Said the

warden.

With a smile on his face Jebus exclaimed, "I told you I'd be back. Back 2 'da hood. Word." And with that Jebus burned the warden to a little pile of ash and then Jebus peed on the ash. "You got burned! With a literal interpretation of that sentence!"

33. Jebus did a backflip. The burnt corpses cheered him on and then suddenly he spit on them. Jebus was back. Back 2 'da hood. Word. Or was he really? Yes. Yes he was. He totally freaking was.

234. By this point Jebus was a badass mofo and stuff.

"But the fun is just beginning." Jebus added to the running dialog.

33. Jebus decided to kick things up a notch. Booyeah.

33. Jebus took up playing pugs and collecting beanie bubies because he thought that they were totally cute. Jebus, being the criminal mastermind he had become thanks to his lengthy and unnecessary incarceration, created a series of press releases that were picked up by the national media making people essentially dump their pugs and beanie bubies in plastic baggies and send them to an address.

33. The reasoning was this. People are sheep. Sheeple. There was a coded message every 6th letter in his statement that secretly

decoded backwards told people to do this thanks to a series of heavy elements in their toothpaste and in deodorant that put people under mind control.

2. This was how Jebus rolled. He rolled goodily. You better believe it buckaroo. All the way and back. He rolled like a freaking monkey who was cybernetically enhanced to roll. He rolled thusly and you better believe thisly. Believe it all the way to the bank. And the believe it as you walk to the store after going to the bank. And then believe it when you spend your money in the store and get your change and receipt and then exit the store. Believe it all the way home. Believe it as you open up your bag of crap. Believe it as you place each fried salty potato particles pressed into crispy craplike shape into your fat ugly stupid ignorant face. Believe it good. Fartknocker. Believe it as you fart and smell it and secretly think it smells good. Believe it like a dead guy.

343. Jebus rolled all the way to a pet store. He decided to buy some bunny rabbits and stuff them in his pants because he thought they were totally cute. This was a glorious display. That's right. Jebus wore pants. Robes were in back in this currently being refrenced daycycle but Jebus wore pants. I mean, where oh

where do you stuff your rabbits with a robe? You'd have to wear a purse for to the stuffing stuff and look like a girly-man was strictly a no-no in Jebus's book after the time he had served doing time and stuff.

23. Yeah, so, Jebus stuffed bunny rabbit after bunny rabbit into his pants until their eyeballs started exploding. But Jebus kept stuffing bunny rabbits still and stuff and their exploding eyeball goo started to pile up on the ground. The exploding eyeball goo started to gain popular support in the media and started their own interest groups of media watchdogs to shut down all anti-exploded bunny rabbit eyeball speech and thought. They succeeded in this for a great deal of time thanks to their amassing of capitol due to their healthy investments in political allies and tampons.

23. The spokeseyeball for the exploded bunny rabbit eyeball group issued a series of press statements.

"Either you are with us, or you are the terrorists." The exploding bunny rabbit eyeballs proclaimed to a cheering audience of paid croneys.

23. A dissenter was in the audience who started yelling and creating a ruckus but later it was revealed that the dissenter was a paid actor

created to make people feel as though all sides of their thought had been covered so they didn't have to think for themselves.

23. That was how the exploded bunny rabbit eyeballs rolled. Downhill. Eventually there were subcommittee hearings into the scandals involved with the exploded bunny rabbit eyeballs especially after one agreed to pose for Pluybuy even though it was under the legal age. It was argued that eyeballs incur the age of the person/rabbit/and/or/thing from whence they explode from not the age from whence they are expunged from whence their captor's eye sockets.

23. There was a great deal of protests from eyeballs the nation around, exploded or not exploded. One eyeball lit itself on fire in protest to the violence building up around this escalating event however the way it was portrayed only ended up furthering the violence it sought to quell with its act of violence.

23. The guburnment was forced to spray a mind control chemical in the air to calm the general public down as well as to increase DVD sales of primetime TV comedies and dramas that had hit syndication. Metal fillings in people's mouths were used to transmit secret messages

through magnetic vibrations. Tiny robotic bug shaped robots were sent out to spy on people. The people were too dumbed down from antipsychotic prescriptions and fluoride in the drinking water as well as aspartame and flu shots to react. Because the people were to be dumbed down and junk.

23. When they did react they were so well monitored thanks to their complicity in social networking sites and transparent communications it wasn't hard to round up the outsiders, the free thinkers, and throw them in a Wulmurt forever. The masses demanded this thanks to secret social programming.

23. Conspiracy people were sent out to create lots of misinformation as well. People who listened to these people believed them and exposed themselves for the guburnment to track and wreak havoc upon. The state smited. They smited them good in the name of good which was named Phil. What was I talking about? I forgot. Oh well. I guess it doesn't matter.

34. "Rockbadgers.. The guburnment? It all makes sense now!" Exclaimed Jebus. Who posted a myspuce bulletin to share his newfound insight into the meaning of humanity with humanity. "That'll show

them." Jebus chortled smartly
494. Then Jebus played a
game or two of solitaire. Or
three. Or four. Or 29,000. He
made kind of a grunting noise
when he got over 6,000
points once but ultimately
wanted to beat it in under 100
seconds.

4949. Then Jebus decided to
write a book.

"How hard could this be?" He
commented. "Fucking
schmucks write books. Even
stupider morons read them.
Ha ha ha."

He sat down to write.

Nothing.

Silence.

Jebus stared at the blank
screen. "OK, Just a little
writers block Jebus. Write
about what you know. Write
from the heart."

Jebus played around with the
size of the font, once making
it so big you couldn't even
spell "Poo" in a single page.

12. Then Jebus made a silly
hat out of a paper bag and
declared himself Pope
Poopyhat and pretended to
make out with the toilet or at
least he thought about it.

12. Jebus wasn't getting up
until he finished his great
Amurican novel. The greatest
story ever told. Starring some
foreign guy with a cool accent.
'Think Jebus, Think.' Jebus
thought.

34. He sat. He stared. He
started to wikipudia generic
words and ended up laughing
at episode synopses of
Seinfeld.

23. "OK. Write, motherfucker,
write!" Jebus exclaimed
trying to psych himself up.
"Huah!" Jebus said as he
flexed his muscles in front of
the computer like a
professional wrestler. "I ain't
afraid of you." Jebus began
berating the computer. He
drew a picture with ms-paint
that said, "Me computer super
loin licker." And changed it to
his background. "OK, think
here Jebus. Let's just write.
We'll fucking write. You and
me. Us. We. Write. Yeah."
Jebus remarked.

12. With that he decided to
write about the fact that he
didn't have anything to write.
'I don't have anything to
write.' Jebus wrote.
"Brilliant!" Jebus said as he
rewarded himself with a pat
on the back. Jebus ran spell
check and then word count.
"Alright. Only 99,994 more
words to go." Jebus remarked
happily. He sat. He waited. "It
will come Jebus. It will
come."

12. Then Jebus started
fantasizing about how he was
going to gloat about writing a
book. He wouldn't charge into
a conversation with it. Just a
sort of aside, 'Oh yeah, I was
busy writing a book. Yep.
Wrote a whole book. Full of

words. Yep. I know I'm cool. Thank you. No please, you don't have to lick that. Oh, thank you.' Jebus smiled.

12. Then he stared at the computer. "Stupid asshole computer. Fuck you!" Jebus said growing irate. Then he grew bored. He began to hum a tune. "That's it, music! I'll put on some music! Auditory inspiration!" Jebus turned on the radio. He began to flip the dial compulsively. He continued to flip and flip and flip until he decided to turn the radio off. "Too much of a distraction." Jebus said.

12. Then Jebus checked his email even though he knew he had no email because he had checked it just two seconds previously. "I wonder why no one has emailed me. Maybe I need to send out a group CC with a picture of me holding a gun to a dog. That'll get them." Jebus said. But he thought better of it. Jebus wanted people to email him on his own terms, not to seem needy. Jebus refreshed his email. Nothing. "Dammit!" Jebus remarked and slammed his fist on the table.

23. Jebus was super pissed and all but like tried to calm himself the fuck down through a series of slow breathing techniques he had seen someone do on a sitcom. Jebus calmed down. He sat. He sat there. He thought contemplatively.

"Hmm, well one little game of solitaire can't hurt." Jebus said as he fired up solitaire.

333. Three years later Jebus realized that he had been playing solitaire for three years. He had to take a pee. He peed something fierce. 'Might have been a Guinness book of worlds records pee,' Jebus thought to himself as he continued to pee.

23. And then he totally peed some more.

49. Jebus decided to go outside. "The light! I see the light! It burns! Oh the humanity! Oh the humanity! It burns! It burns with the pleasure of light! Light! Augggghhhhhhh!" Jebus yelled and then collapsed.

23. After a period of time Jebus woke up to a crowd of people peering down on him. "Oh uh, huh huh, I meant to do that. Ha ha ha." Jebus said as he got to his feet and brushed himself off. The people continued to stare at him. Jebus was uncertain what to do.

23. Out of nowhere Jebus broke out into an amazing song and dance routine! He did several backflips. Jebus started breakdancing. He started freestyling and beatboxing. Then he did the moonwalk. "Ta-da.." Said Jebus as he posed for the audience. The people were stunned. Soon their stun wore into applause. Women threw

undergarments. Men threw batteries. It was a pivotal display and soon Jebus was playing sold out shows at old folks homes and mall food courts around the globe which at that time was the state of Kuntucky.

33. Jebus released several best selling comedy records. He caused a controversy when he punched a sack of potatoes which he had mistaken for a sack of midgets. Potatoes were sacred back then and strictly off limits for comedy purposes and it would take several generations before they realized what he was doing was truly genius.

12. However at the time it plunged Jebus into utter obscurity. Especially the time he said that he was bigger than himself which was considered a blasphemy. People began burning Jebus merchandise and booing him and asking for the batteries and undergarments they threw back. Someone even made up an outraged folk song that rhymed mosquito with wifebeater and posted it on youtube but with a girl in a swimsuit lipsyncing along so it got like a zillion views. Freaking jerks.

34. That was the final straw, literally.

12. Jebus withdrew from society. Jebus wanted to find the real Jebus. Free from the

expectations of Jebus on Jebus, Jebus was able to focus inward. He took up transcendental meditation and got addicted to pain pills to counter his addiction to pain killers because of the one time this thing happened with his gimpy beard which had been injured when it was slammed in a car door.

35. Jebus threw up. "Eureka! That's it!" Jebus said as he stared at the barf on the floor. He stuck his finger in the barf and drew an inscription. "I've been around in my 6 and a half odd years on this planet. Sure, I've fucked my share of phillies. Women too. I lived. I laughed. I loved. I got sick. I smelled bad. Yeah I had a good life. But there's only one thing left to do. The only thing to do." Jebus shared with no one in particular except maybe the barf on the ground that he was now violently making out with.

35. Jebus then set out on an incredible spiritual and life changing mission that several times put him in near death situations but he persevered and bought a Guinea Pig. He named the Guinea Pig Ted. Ted was as sturdy as they come and enjoyed chewing as well as scurrying around and the Sunduy Nuw Yurk Tumes. For pooping on, natch! Ted was a good Guinea Pig and liked watching the Spanush channel even though he had

no idea what they were saying. Jebus set Ted up good with a cage and a waterer and a salt lick and some food and a place to go poop and video poker and a salad bar. The whole chicken enchilada with a side of chips and guacamole and salsa and two iced teas. The whole mother f'ing works. Ted was allergic to iced tea.

323/23. Then Jebus set about to hatch his other devious plan he had devised while visiting the salad bar. Jebus put a chair in the middle of his room, tied a noose above him, put a cyanide pill in his mouth, got a razor to slice his arm, and said his prayers.

4. He thanked himself for all of his hard work and stuff. He bid a fond farewell to Ted, he one true friend of an hour before, through thick and thin including that dead hooker's body they threw off a bridge and when Ted sprung Jebus out of that jail in Tijuana by driving a pickup through a wall of the jail after Jebus got in trouble when a cockfight had gone sour. Ted blinked. Jebus paused for a moment contemplating his fate. Jebus was totally fucking going to do it. No turning back. Everyone had been a fucking douche to him all his life and he was fucking going to show them. Jebus was going to show them hardcore. Make them think twice. Maybe even

three times. But not four.

23. Jebus's life raced before his eyes. Jebus thought about the good times and the bad times he had experienced or watched on cable TV. It happened in an instant. Total Recall. And like Jebus even remembered the time he tried on the ladies swimsuit and masturbated all over it for 15 hours at the department store and also defecating profusely. All good times. Good times. Goo times more like it.

12. Jebus shed a tear. Not that he had to cry or anything, he just had some crap in his eye. Possibly a whole habanero.

3. Jebus thought long and hard about stuff. No one loved him. No one even remotely liked him. People openly projected their hate towards him everywhere he went constantly. Even in his thoughts. Especially in his thoughts.

12. He was even a little unsure about Ted. I mean Ted was cool, Jebus just wasn't 1000% that Ted was on the up and up if you catch my drift.

12. Jebus began to whistle. He whistled a pretty tune. 'I wonder what that tune is?' Jebus thought. 'Oh well. Doesn't matter.'

12. Jebus thought about the time someone gave him too much money for change and how he didn't say anything. 'Boy they must have been in some trouble.' He also

thought about the time he robbed that bank, totally on accident. He was going to just get a hot dog but one thing led to another, and boom boom boom, you know.

12. 'Ha ha ha,' Jebus thought. 'Ha ha ha, indeed.'

12. Jebus remembered the time he got really stoned and watched the Spanush channel and laughed and laughed and laughed because they talk funny and boobs.

12. 'Ha ha ha,' Jebus thought. 'Ha ha ha, indeed,' Jebus thought, indeed.

12. 'This is it,' Jebus thought. 'My darkest hour. This is when the shit goes down. When the shit hits the fan. When they eat shit and die or something like that. Shit. Well, I guess this is it. No more fucking up. Well, maybe just one more time. Hit me baby one more time.. .. !!'

12. And at that instant Jebus had a total fucking epiphany! He spit out the cyanide pill, tossed the razors into the trash, took the noose off of his neck, put the explosives away (there were also explosives).

12. "I get it now Ted! Hit me baby one more time! Why kill just yourself when you can cultivate a cult like following by "saying" your into peace and shit and then kill yourself, but then come back to life.. somehow.. and cause everyone to go all batshit and kill other people based on

their selfish beliefs! It's so crazy, it just might work!" Jebus said excitedly.

12. "To the batmubile!" Exclaimed Jebus who ran outside in a tizzy.

12. After a minute he walked back in. "Oh yeah, we don't have a batmubile, Ted. Thanks for the heads up." Said Jebus to Ted the Guinea Pig. "Oh, I can't stay mad at you. You're just too cute. I'm going to get you a little costume. Yeah maybe a princess or a unicorn or the pope or a dingo or something cute like a republican. Ahh yeah. You're just a cute little wittle ookie pookie dookie mookie. Yes you are. Yes you are. You're a little pookie ookie mookie dookie. Mr. wister twister sister. Do doo doo doo? Doo doo doo doo. Mwaha. Mhwahahwhwhawh. Wahhhh. Wooo. Woo woo woo woo woo waa waa waa waa waa waa wee wee wee wee woo woo woo woo woo woo woozle woozle woozle woozle."

12. Jebus began to work frantically. He outlined a series of plans and then crossrefrenced them with wikipudia so that they would overlap at least three to five pagan religions before him. Jebus started to listen to Bull Maher and take notes. Just listening to what pisses the man off just so Jebus could turn around and do exactly

that, if not moreso.

12. Jebus was a man without a mission but totally like with a plan or stuff. 'Commit suicide but make it look like a martyr murder creating a huge fuckin rift between all the major religions. Fucking awesome. Fucking rad. Better than the Duh Vinci Code IMO. Like maybe the Duh Vinci Code but with Charlton Heston, natch! Ha ha ha. Suckers.' Jebus thought to himself.

12. Each day he grew more and more eccentric and soon he was walking around with Kleenex boxes on his feet and could not touch doorhandles barehanded or even shake people's hands. 'But no matter,' Jebus thought.

12. He had even created a robot clone of himself. 'The perfect trap,' Jebus thought. 'He didn't actually have to do any miracles. With a robot double clone, slight of hand, a couple paid patsies here and there. 'Eww, you cured my polio, thank you Jebus!' He thought to himself about a situation where he had paid someone to say just that. 'Mwhahahahahhahah!' Jebus thought uproariously.

12. 'But wait.' Jebus started to get even craftier and more sinister in the thought department. 'I need to throw in some really ridiculous crap. I need to like make it so completely phoney baloney that anyone wants to believe

it, sure they get a little bit of morality and values preached so they'll feel all nice inside, but also they'll get loosely worded bullplop so they could interpret it any way they want and still feel justified. They'll be killing each other on the streets over nothing! Aces! This stuff just writes itself,' Jebus thought. 'Especially when I naked. It a lot easier to write and work on bicycles when I naked for some reason. Ted doesn't mind. Ted digs it. He naked too. Well actually he's wearing a cute little catholic schoolgirl outfit right now but he naked on the inside. So adorable though. Cute little fur-barf-ball. I wonder where Guinea Pigs came from? I'll have to wikipedia that.. sometime.'

12. Jebus took a mental note to look at porn later. "Nah, well I got time. No time like the present. Ha ha ha." Jebus said as he fired up his 28.8k modem with and started surfing AOL. The modem made a loud screeching noise like the sirens in that one movie about Homer. Not Homer like the Simpsons although there was an episode about that. The one movie. With the stop motion monsters. Yeah not that Oh Brother Where Art Thou Crap. That was schlock. Good schlock. No, OK, bad analogy, I mean well it's a good analogy but like, freaking, this baby's

wasted on an idiot like you. Which is from the Simpsons although like they probably ripped it off from somewhere else. It works like that.

444. Post Modernism is a heady beast monster of a bitch whore jacking off in the back seat of a stadium at a monster truck rally.

32. Eat at Joe's

5959/54. Jebus and Jebot (Jebus's robot double clone) set out on a journey to capture the imaginations and minds of a generation and then royally fuck their shit up.

12. 'The journey of a lifetime begins with a single step,' Jebus thought prophetically. 'Yeah the first step when I kick the person who coined that in the balls.' Jebus added thinkingly, 'Booyeah!' Jebus and Jebot high fived.

12. "Oh shit, Almost forgot about Ted." Jebus said. He walked back to his room. "Bye Ted.. forever!" Said Jebus.

12. And with that they were off. After they were out of eyeshot Ted the Guinea Pig, who had previously since been entirely silent, sat up, took off his Guinea Pig costume revealing that he was in fact a famous professional basketball player.

"Goodbye Jebus. Wherever you may go. Godspeed you crazy diamond." Ted said. And with that he took his life. It was really super needlessly pointlessly retardedly grizzly

and I'll spare you the gory details. Just imagine a frog in a blender that's on fire covered in the acidic blood from Aliuns in those Aliuns movies while a Predatur's bomb is going off and several gay republicans who sponsor anti-gay legislation are performing sodomy and the Olsun twins are singing children's music. It was a million times worse than that. Like a million puppies being simultaneously suffocated with a million plastic bags. It was awful and aweinspiring. I won't go into it.

12. Someone caught a glimpse of it out of the window even just out of their peripheral vision and they vomited so hard they vomited their entire insides out, bones, guts, tickets to see Kunny G, everything. Then two people carrying a large vat of lard walked over the inside out vomit Kunny G tickets person and slipped spilling lard everywhere. Which kind of brightened the previously somber mood up a little. Except that the people were then unable to get up due to the slipperiness of the guts and lard and were smushed into flatcakes by a rouge steamroller.

12. A little girl saw this sight and wept openly.

12. Someone threw a shoe at her just to make it a little bit worse.

12. But I won't go into the details of Ted's horrible demise. I'll spare you that. It's just too graphic. All the pus and blood and bile and vomit and fecal matter and urines and eyeball goo and earwax spewing out of so many holes. It was like a huge rainbow colored excrement fountain. Then giant spiders came out of a hidden compartment in the floor and began to hump Ted's still slightly alive, just barely enough to recognize pain, body. They humped him until they broke his bones. Then they mended the bones and began to hump some more. It was hideous. I'm not going to get into it.

12. Suicidal slugs came out and committed hari kari by pouring salt over themselves when they were on top of Ted's openly wounded eyeballs. It stung like a motherfucker, but even more importantly to Ted it hurt psychologically. The fact that innocent slugs would kill themselves just to disgrace and hurt him. Ted wanted to cry but his eyeballs were so horribly mutilated it only shot excruciating pain waves to his brain. The entire time this was happening there was a naked deformed man hunched over in the corner masturbating violently. He came hardcore and it shot into Ted's nose and mouth making him choke and catch

STD's because the deformed hunched over naked wildly masturbating man in the corner totally had like some STD's and stuff. I'm not going to get into it it's just too horrible to mention.

12. Then feral cats began to wander in and lick up Ted's guts. Ted was still slightly alive although in pretty bad shape. Soon so many feral cats came in that they started having a giant feral cat orgy all over poor old Ted. The orgy went nasty and soon cats were clawing and biting everywhere especially Ted's genitals which still were able to feel pain. But I'll spare you the gruesome details. You really wouldn't want to hear this. Or read it. Or both thisit.

12. Especially if you were eating a sandwich because that's what happened to Ted. Yep. Pretty gross. It was a really good sandwich too. But more like a muhnwich. Or really half a muhnwich with a sprig of parsley for garnish.

12. When the police found the scene weeks later they just thought an abstract painter had been murdered and didn't even report a crime. It was very sad.

2323. Jebus and Jebot were on a mission. But this was a mission for a different chapter.

Chapter Dookdadoo

1. Jebus and Jebot were on a

mission. But this was a mission for yet an even different chapter.

Chapter Dookdadookdadook

1. Jebus and Jebot were on a mission. But this was a mission for yet an even differenter chapter. Again.

Chapter

Dookdadookdadookdadooka

1. Jebus and Jebot were on a mission. But this was a mission for no, just kidding, this was a mission for this chapter.. Psych!

Chapter Dook

1. Jebus and Jebot were on a mission. A mission from God and stuff. And that one guy who wore the shirt. An absolute mission of absolute importance. They were going to show them things. They were going to show them things good and stuff. All the way to the bank and back from the bank and then to the bank again and back and maybe stop and rest a bit and maybe go play some squash and then to the bank and then back and bank and back and bank and back and yadda yadda yadda etc. etc. blah blah blah blah blah.

12. They started out on their quest after they stopped at a convenience store for a sodie pop and some cigarettes as well as some packing twine and duct tape.

"Ain't nothing I can't not do with no duct tape!" Said Jebus super duper all like emphatically. "Booyeah!"

12. Then Jebus and Jebot did a high five and then down low. Jebus and Jebot were getting along swell although Jebus didn't like the noises Jebot made when he drank orange juice. Jebus decided to put up with it for the time being but made a mental note to bring it up during weekly group meeting time. Possibly let his shotgun do the talking. He shotgun was an excellent public speaker that had attended several toastmasturs meetings.

2. 'I mean, were all in this together, like n' shit,' Jebus thought. 'Except that guy over like yonder parts.' Jebus walked over to that guy and like kicked him. 'Take that guy,' Jebus thought. The guy started to cry. "Why you cry, guy?" Inquired Jebus.

"You just kicked me. It hurts." Said the guy.

"Well, why don't you join my band of merry men and we'll go around stealing from the rich and giving to the poor, no wait, I mean, we'll go around and manipulate and lie to the public and farm out big guburnment contracts to big business. But it's all a front for something even stupider still. Booyeah!" Said Jebus.

"Well, I don't know." Said the guy.

"I'll give you a \$5 gift certificate for the purchase of a new toaster." Added Jebus.

"I'm homeless right now and do not have electrical outlets, but score! Count me in because of the gift card dealiebob!" Said the guy.

"Sweet beans." Said Jebus. Jebus and Jebot helped the guy up to his feet.

"Say, just what is you're name anyway?" Inquired Jebus.

"My name is the Guy." said the guy.

"Then we will call you Guy, the Guy." Said Jebus.

3444. And they locked arm and set off skipping down the yellow brick road.

"La la la, La la la la la la la la la la la la, We are the three, the three are we, who are secure enough in their sexual identity to skip down the road locking arms and singing... La la la, la la la." They all sang and skipped along all like fucking merrily and shit.

12. Jebot sang out of tune because he was a robot and that's one of those things that robots can't do or more accurately can do just not very accurately. So don't ever ask a robot to sing unless you're trying to upset people or maybe unless everyone is deaf. Also the terminally ill. And those in comas. And the dead. Let's not forget the dead. Never forget about the .. uhh? But go ahead and forget about the Gruteful Dead.

Unless the Gruteful Dead are dead. Then don't forget about them. Not because they were the Gruteful Dead but because they are dead. Because they make a good audience for robot singers.

12. Unless the robots have emotion chips installed. Then they would start crying for all the dead unless the dead were criminals or in jam bands or something so long as the punishment matched the crime unless they were insane or framed or something. It's tough. It's a tough job being a robot. You wouldn't know. Or maybe you would.

2333. Sometimes I get so pissed on. People pissing on me. The pope pissing on me. Fuck, man. Shit. Fucking A Christballs. Yeah. I know what you're thinking. Let's go get drunk and punch people in the balls. We'll get to that later. After the break. Ladies and Germs, we'll be right back. In fact we never really left.

4. Have you ever wanted to punch people in the balls? Now you can with a degree from Upollo college. Our crappy community college will fuck you up in the head with some shit. You won't even know what hit you and then we'll kick you out on the curb and charge you a buttload of money and then you won't even be able to get a job anyway. And then the

irony will punch you in the balls.. metaphorically..... somehow. Upollo college. Woop dee doo.

4b. Car insurance. Ha ha ha! So funny! Ha ha ha! Car insurance is funny! Wooh ha. Ha ha ha. Car insurance. So funny. You know you want to get some. I mean it's federally mandated and if you don't have it you'll go to jail where you will get raped! Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha! Woop de doo.

4c. Are you depressed? There's a pill for that. Are you tired? There's a pill for that? Are you suffering from normal human emotions? There's a pill for that. Did you ever want to be a robot? There's a pill for that. Basically there's a pill for everything you know because everything is wrong with you. You have a complex. You have a complex. You have a complex. Look at the spinning symbols. Stare deep into my eyes. You will do as I say. Take pills to take away your personality. You aren't being productive with all those human emotions. We will make you better. Everyone else is because we made that up, we control the media. Be like we say everyone else is. Use your brain, but just that one time. And take the pill.

4d. Are you sick of commercials? Is your head hurting? Consider joining Suicide TV. We will air your

suicide on the TV. Weeee.

4f. This book was made possible by a large donation by anonymously named private front corporations. Like 99.9% of it because it's all written off pork. We really don't need the money. And also by viewers like you, thank you (snicker snicker).. chump.

4g. Buy this new thing! You're a loser if you don't! Don't have any money? You suck! You're a loser unless you're the .0000001% of the population that are famous. Be like them. Spend all of your money pretending you're a phony baloney made up impossible ideal. Do it, not for yourself, but because we said so and we control you.

5. Previously on The New Fangled Kids These Days Always Riding Their Skateboards On The Sidewalk and Something Else I Forgot Testament: Jebus and Jebot and Guy were skipping along getting ready to get drunk and punch people in the balls. On Fux News. Film at 11. Flim at 12.

6. "I have an idea," Said Jebus, "Let's get drunk and punch people in the balls! Maybe even start a website!" "Sounds like a smashing idea, I say, jolly good show, old chap." Said Guy.

"What are you.. a gay?" Questioned Jebot of Guy. Jebot was hardwired to be

homophobic but secretly super obsessed with staring at men's cocks.

"Hey now, that's not very sensitive. In fact it's kind of mean and intolerant." Said Jebus who was grinning.

"Jolly good show. Fancy a cup of tea on the barbee, Guvnuh?" Replied Guy.

"Transistors.. frying.. with homophobic.. anger.." Said Jebot who started smoking from his joints.

"Woah woah, calm down Jebot. Take your pill!" Said Jebus trying to mend the situation. "Guy, maybe you shouldn't talk like that. I think, and this is just a stab in the dark guess, you know, just throwing this out there, I could be wrong, you know, and stuff you know. But I think that Jebot gets a little, you know, like, upset at your accent. Just saying, you know, like, and stuff, so if you could like, and I'm not saying you know, like, this is wrong or anything, you know, live your life like you want and stuff, and there's no such thing as a bad answer and you know, stuff and junk, like, politics makes for strange bedfellows, totally, I get that, not that there's anything wrong with that, you know, sodomy, and shit, as well as a penny saved is a penny earned, I know this stuff, double your pleasure, double your fun, right, and plop plop fizz fizz oh what a

relief it is, as well as a bird in the feather is worth two in the stone, or something, and you know, and like, you know, but like if you could just tone it down and eensy weensy bit, just a teeny little scootch, you know with the accent and stuff, so like, Jebot doesn't like, you know, explode and stuff, that'd be great." Said Jebus. "Or not, you know whatever floats your boat. Because you're special. But yeah, if you could, yeah, you know, yeah. Yeah. Like."

"Oh. OK. Sorry. Didn't uhh.. didn't uhh, um, realize that. Sorry." Said Guy.

"It OK." Said Jebot.

"You know, like, spitballing and stuff. Basically." Added Jebus trying to detensify the moment with his ultra slick mastery of the native tongue.

"Yeah." Said Guy somewhat apologetically.

"Totally." Said Jebot somewhat acceptingly.

"Hey, lets go get drunk and punch people in the balls! Sooiie! Squeal like a pig! Uhh.. In the balls!" Suggested Jebus.

"Jolly goo- I mean, uh, umm, uhh, duhh, uhhhhhhh hhhhhhhhhh, uhhhhh, uhhh, uhhh, I mean, what I meant to say is, I mean, uhh, uhhhh. I mean.. .. I mean.. .. What I mean is Fuck!" Said Guy slowly digging himself out of a very deeply dug hole.

23. Everyone was staring at Guy. He began to sweat and get nervous. 'Play it cool, play it cool. They're staring at you,' thought Guy. And then he spit and grabbed at his genitals and suddenly everything was OK. 'Whew,' thought Guy. 'That was a close one. Perhaps a little bit too close,' He added thinkingly in his head area but otherwise silent to the others. 'Unless they can read minds?' Thought Guy growing paranoid.

6. Then out of nowhere Jebus's cell phone went off. "I didn't know I had a cell phone." Jebus said.

"Well, are you going to answer it?" Asked Jebot.

"Answer what?" Said Jebus, his cell phone continuing to ring and vibrate in a continually more annoying series of seizure inducing patterns and colors.

"Ding ding? Ringa ring dinga dong? Meep meep a deep beep? Celldogs?" Questioned Jebot. Jebot then began to pantomime all exaggeratingly gesticulating to Jebus that Jebus should pick up and answer his cell phone and added verbally, "Poi poi? Poi poi! Poi. Poi? Poi!"

"Huh? Oh, shit, yeah. Sure. Why the hell not?" Jebus said. He flipped his cell phone open and put it to his ear. "Yellow?" Said Jebus. "What? They what? In the? And? Then what? But how? Huh? ..

Can you hear me now? So they what? Seriously? You're shitting me! No shit. Fuck. We'll be there! Roger over and out! Badda boom badda bing! Ciao! Smell ya later? Uh huh? Yeah. Buh-bye. Buh-bye now. Bye-bye now. Yeah. OK. Alright them. OK. OK Yeah. Alright. Uh-huh. Yeah. OK. Yep. Yeah. Yes. Yes. OK. No. Yes. Yes. OK. Uhhhh.. Oh I'm going through a tunnel you're breaking up Kssshhhhhh. OK. Yeah. Really? They did that? Really? Huh. In the? They? Wow. OK. Alright. OK. OK. OK. OK. OK. Bye. OK. Bye. OK. Bye. OK. Bye." Jebus said as he rocketed his phone shut and put it in his belt clip.

12. He paused for dramatic effect. Or maybe it was gas.

12. Jebot and Guy stared attentively and hung on his every motion trying to discern the situation at hand which due to the exaggerated nature of Jebus's side of the phone call was of the most extreme importance ever.

"Well, what is it?" Questioned Guy not being able to wait any longer.

Jebus paused. "What?"

"It?" Said Guy.

"Buh?" Said Jebus.

"It! Ittttt!!! It!" Said Guy.

"Fuzzah?" Said Jebus.

"IT!" Yelled Guy growing upset.

"Woozle wazzle?" Said Jebus.

"IIIEEEYYYYIIITTTTT!!!!!!!" Screamed Guy at the top of

[illegible]

12. Jebot was fighting back laughing as it sounded like Guy was saying "Tit" a bunch of times but due to the extreme importance of the matter and the barometer of the emotional levels of the

surrounding parties like he thought better of it and stuff. However he did make a mental note to blog about it on his livejurnul later as it would be gangbusters. Prime for the ribbing.

"IT! IT! IT! IT! ITTTTTT!" Screamed Guy at the tippy top of his lungs so loud that it was really loud.

"Buh?" Said Jebus.

"Sigh, nevermind." Said Guy.

12. "That reminds me! Big shit! Important! No time! To the batmubile! Weeeooooo! Pshhhhhh!" Jebus said waving his arms around like he was some kind of bird. Maybe like, a pterodactyl. *Pshhhoooooom*. Or a flying squirrel. *Whhhhhhffooooom*.

"Uhhh.. Jebus.." Jebot interrupted quietly.

"Ohhh yeah, right. Dangit. We need to get one of those." Said Jebus realizing he didn't have a batmubile.

22. "Hey, what about that shopping cart!" Guy said enthusiastically hence the exclamation mark.

"That's so crazy, it just might work!" Jebus said. "To the shopping cart! Excelsior! Weoooo! MMMmm Pshhhh Tatatatatatat Mm Brrrrrrr Boom!" Added Jebus pretending he was shooting people with a machine gun and then throwing grenades at them and stomping on their eyeballs that exploded.

154. They walked up to the

shopping cart and hopped in. It took a moment but then they slowly came to the conclusion that someone would have to get out and push. Well, Jebus didn't come to that conclusion, he was busy picking his nose. But Guy and Jebot sat there gauging each other. Thinking who was going to make who do what. Who was the bitch.

"They'll probably want me to do it as I'm a cold unfeeling robot meant only to assist humans," thought Jebot, 'well fuck that. Fuck that right in the hole,' Jebot added in his thoughts thoughtfully.

Guy meanwhile was thinking his own selfish thoughts about himself. 'Why me, huh? Why me? Just because I'm the new one, freaking-a man, and I pointed out the stupid freaking gosh darn shopping cart. Buncha bullplop. Grade-a bullplop,' Guy thought.

155. Just when it seemed like Jebot and Guy were about to get into a full scale man vs. robot war involving all kinds of low blows and dirty warfare including flinging poo and used batteries which are the robot equivalent of poo, Jebus saw a cat walking by and busted out his twine and duct tape and fashioned it into a lasso and roped the cat.

12. The cat freaked out and started to strain against the load. It seemed like what Jebus was attempting was an

impossibly impossible feat but then Jebus pulled out his twine and duct tape and fashioned a whip and started whipping the cat ruthlessly and mercilessly and if those are both synonyms then you know, take your pick. Or both. Or neither. Whatever, Yo!(TM)

23. The cat began to pull very slowly. They started to inch along. Inch by inch as the cat strained with all of its might whilst also being whipped mercilessly by Jebus. The cat's meows for help were met with whippings for it to shut the fuck up. To the face. And other areas around the face and even sometimes not the face. But mostly the face.

17. They were on the road. Again. However slowly. But they were on the road. Again. It felt good to be on the road. Again. Da da do do do da.. something or other.. drugs. And I can't wait to be on the motherfucking road. Again. And again and again and again and Woops! I did it again.

13. "Great Mother of Scutt Baio! That's it!" Jebus yelled obviously having another epiphany or possibly an aneurysm.

"What it?" Questioned Jebot and Guy simultaneously of Jebus.

"This!" Said Jebus. Jebus lassoed another cat and then a rat. And a bat. And together Jebot, Jebus, and Guy began

ruthlessly whipping the two cats, the rat and the bat. And they started crawling about an inch faster than before.

1. One of the cats got injured when it chipped a nail and was let go because that would have been cruel and unusual punishment. It was replaced with a certain walrus whom had escaped from a carnival. This walrus could balance many an item on its nose, some say a virtual cornucopia, as well as a real cornucopia, as well as a cup of corn, but then the walrus would be reminded of it's previous cruel imprisonment when it was chained up and whipped and begin to freak the fuck out. Like bugging to the max. Especially in the fecal matter department. So Jebus made certain to not make the walrus share its nose talent thing when they lassoed it and forced it to pull the shopping cart with their bodices that were yearning and pining for the embrace of a tender young lily, especially Guy who pined in additive addition which is almost like multiplication but not really so much, but in a way sure why not? Also they chained and whipped the walrus because stuff. Just had to throw that in there as it didn't really fit into the previous sentence although I really wanted it to. Word.

23. Mrs. Grammar wouldn't

give a flying shit you know as they say and junk. Or, no wait she would. Mrs. Grammar (or Gramz da Naz-hole as we call her) -would- give a flying shit you know like as they say and junk. I remember this because I totally got it tattooed on my forehead forwards and also backwards as well as in pictogram form forwards and backwards and I am currently looking at it in a mirror and decidedly not doing any typing or anything. Forwards and backwards. But I do sometimes get it mixed up from time to time still. No one's perfect. Not even the person writing the word of God and Jebus and the Bible 2.0 and shit. Well, OK, maybe they are all perfect. And Mr. Purfect. He was definitely perfect. Super duper ultra freaking magnus perfect. Spot on as they would say in Utuh. Back in the day. But I digress.

234. Jebus, Jebot, Guy, Gary (they had picked up a hitchhiker who was heading nowhere fast), Mr. Cat, Mr. Rat, Mr. Bat, and Mr. Walrus set out on a journey of a Lufetime as would be aired on the Lufetime channel because one of them beat up on a woman.

23. There were peanuts and beverages served. The in-shopping cart movie was frankly just totally stupid. Gary and Guy took turns taking jibes at the actors on

the silver screen. Jebot was not programmed for such functions and tried taking jibes but failed yet this added to the comic derision. There were brief discussions that they should make a TV show where they mock a bad movie because to quote Gary, "Gary thinks that would be totally freaking bitching ass." They looked over at Jebus who was deep in thought. Or had gas.

123. Jebus's knuckles were white as he tightly gripped the controls to the shopping cart. There was a determined if not slightly constipated look on his face. Jebot, being the emotionally sensitive one of the bunch, approached Jebus but decided to soften the approach by approaching in haiku format.

"What is up, Jebus?"

What the, what the fuck, is up?

Jeb, what the fuck? Up?"

23. Jebus shot a dirty look at Jebot that could literally crush Styrofoam, but then he looked apologetically.

"Sigh, I guess I owe it to you all to explain. This shopping cart has one of those wheels that makes it go *eaahhhhhhhh* a little crookedly to stage left." Jebus said as he motioned by leaning to the right which is stage left, don't ask. "We're on

a collision course of certain catastrophe. Seeing as we're going as fast as we are, maybe .1 or .2 miles per hour, the results would most certainly be catastrophic. Totally freaking catastrophic. In the face. And possibly some other parts. For certain."

"Oh no! We're doomed!" Cried Guy. "I had so much to give! And I never got to redeem my gift certificate!" Guy added.

"Dammit Guy, pull yourself together man!" Said Jebot slapping and shaking him violently like a violent shaker or like something else that fits that description. Probably not a pile of poop. Unless it was evil poop. You never know.

23. "I'm Gary." Said Gary feeling a little left out of the action. "Gary just wanted to say something. Go.. Gary!"

"Dammit, man, pull yourself together!" Said Jebot slapping Gary like the stupid little bitch whore he was. "All of you! Pull yourself together!" Jebot said as he put Gary and Guy into a headlock. He started slamming their heads together and on each beat he said and slammed, "Calm.. the.. fuck.. down.. you.. fuck.. ing.. ass.. holes.. fuck.. ing.. stop.. freak.. ing.. out.. and.. shit.. you.. stup.. id.. fucks.. please.. be.. nice.. er.. and.. more.. con.. sid.. er.. ate.. and.. also.. where.. did.. I.. put.. my.. keys.. I.. mis..

place.. ed.. them.. a.. coup.. le.. hours.. ag.. o!"

"All of you! Shut the fuck up!" Said Jebus excitedly.

"Sorry." They all replied and looked down at their respective feet.

12. Except Gary as he had a poor self image about his feet so he looked at Jebot's feet. 'Jebot sure got some feet on him. Tasty.' Gary thought. Jebot felt the awkward tension in the form of Gary's half erect loin rubbing into his shiny metal ass and tried to change the subject.

23. "Is there anything I can do to help?" Asked Jebot.

Jebus paused and thought. "You aren't by any chance.. a Pleasurebot?"

"Uhhh, well, you see, fancy you should mention that, because it errrr, umm, uhh, umm.. .. No?" Said Jebot.

"Sigh, then no." Said Jebus. "Dammit." He added and he spit on the ground.

3. "Gary is a Pleasurebot. Meep meep long time." Gary chimed in trying to help.

"Firstly, you're not a robot. And secondly, you have ugly feet." Retorted Jebus which shut Gary the fuck up. Gary looked down. But not at his feet. They were ugly. That was the cold hard sad ugly truth. And the truth totally like all hurt like and all like stuff. Metaphorically.

"Gary could be a robot." Muttered Gary under his

breath mutteringly.

"What did you just say?"
Questioned Jebus. Gary stood silent. "What did you just say, huh? Bub? Buddy? Guy?"

"Why you talking to me?"
Said Guy.

"Not you, Guy. I was just saying guy. Not Guy." Said Jebus.

"Ohhhh.. my bad. That's been known to happen." Said Guy.

"Yeah, so anyway, what did you say?" Said Jebus directed at Gary.

"Sigh.. nothing." Said Gary.

"That's right." Said Jebus.

"That's freaking the frickity frick right, motherfricker."

They continued for a period of time traveling at the crazy fast breakneck speed of slightly under .2mph maybe even a little less veering ever so slightly to the right which was stage left, don't ask. It was a collision course with certain catastrophe. For certain.

7. Jebus tensed up. His body tightened to a severe level of really tightness. His sphincter and bowels particularly flexed rigorously into a tight little wad. He let out a little toot. Jebus tried to play it off like nothing had happened. Eventually the horrendous stench of Jebus's flatulence reached the other members of this fascinating and not all all boring journey that would most certainly go down in history for some reason or another. Or not.

"Oh cripes man, who the flip flop flipping farted and flip? Smells like a dumpster collided with a dead guy. Past his expiration date." Said Guy.

"Whoever smelt it, dealt it." Said Jebot.

"Was it you, Jebot? Was it you?" Countered Guy who knew the rules of calling out a fart but tried to play it off anyway.

"No." Stated Jebot.

"Oh yeah?" Continued Guy on the rampage.

"Yeah." Said Jebot.

"Gary named Gary. Just saying. Gooooo.. Gary! Weee!" Gary piped in feeling left out in the moment.

12. "That's it, man! That's freaking it! I can't take it anymore! YAAAAAaaaaA!" Screamed Guy becoming ever so slightly upset.

"Bring it!" Said Gary.

12. "Alright kids that's it! That is is! You want me to stop this thing? I'll fucking do it!" Said Jebus who was clearly a little miffed what with the yelling and the stress of the continually closer collision of certain catastrophe.

"Wait, can you stop this?" Questioned Jebot.

"Oh yeah, right, No. Forgot about that. My bad. For rizzle." Said Jebus.

11. "Gary and others screwed! Screwed!" Yelled a clearly hysterical Gary.

"Get ahold of yourself, guy!"

Yelled Jebot who proceeded to begin slapping Gary.

"Ummm..." butted in Guy.

Jebot's robo-head snapped to the attention of Guy with the fiery stare of like three normal angry people. Jebot set his slapping hand dial to super-duper-upper-muper-bitchslap.

".. Nothing, heh heh." Added Guy trying to cool down Jebot's robo-jets of fury and fire. Possibly even fiery fury, has a nice ring to it. But Jebot had reached critical hatred mass and began to spew. Jebot spewed forth with a vengeance. And then some.

"Phew. I feel better now. Sorry about that guys." Jebot apologized remorsefully.

"Tell that to my eyebrows!" Said a clearly perturbed Guy who was missing all three of his eyebrows.

"OK, sorry Guy's eyebrows. Oh wait. You don't have any. Thus making your request null and void. Apology retracted." Replied Jebot.

12. "Jebus!" Exclaimed Guy in frustration.

"Yes, my chillun?" Said Jebus.

"Nothing, I was just really upset and well, that just sort of came out." Replied Guy.

"Taking my name in vain. I like that. It's got a nice ring to it. Way a lot like better than Rockbadger." Said Jebus.

23. And so it became known when someone was really PO'ed they would use the exclamation *Jebus* in vain like

a swear word. Except Jebus, he just had to say "*Me*." Also if someone was solely in the company of Jebus they could say, "*You*." But groups of two or more in the company of Jebus had to strictly use *Jebus* unless they distinctly motioned at Jebus while saying, "*You*." And everyone was looking. If a blind person was in the group of two or more with Jebus then it was still to be played the same way with the pointing so as to flush out the blind person who would have to out themselves as blind as Jebus was known to suffer from intense fear and irrational hatred of blind people which is technically known as "Stevewunderophobia."

Which notably enough also meant an intense fear or Stevie Wunder, who was blind, so it makes crystal clear sense. Duh.

12. Once someone asked Jebus to heal their blindness, which was the standard practice of the day to ask Jebus something for nothing, and Jebus performed this miracle, as was the standard practice, but the person was actually Jebot pretending to be blind. Still, during this act of ye olde Majick, Jebus was so sickened that he vomited profusely and several people walked by each holding various piles of things like whiskey bottles, guns, and

babies and slipped on the barf and dropped the things they were carrying.

33. Anyway, Jebus, Jebot, Gary, Guy, Mr. Cat, Mr. Rat, Mr. Bat, and Mr. Walrus were all like, you know. Still.

"Jebus!" Exclaimed Gary at the impending doom.

"Yes, what is it my child?" Answered Jebus.

"No, sorry, Gary just taking your name in vain." Replied Gary.

"Oh yeah, right. Got to remember to get used to that." Said Jebus. "Hmm, maybe if there were some kind of cue, spoken or otherwise. Yet the time for debate is not now because.. LOOK OUT!" Cried Jebus.

12. They were very nearly close to running into like a collision of like certain catastrophe. Certainly. For real. And stuff.

45. Jebus woke up in darkness. 'Where am I?' He thought. 'OK, think, Jebus. What is my name?' Jebus thought. 'Hmm. Maybe I'm Peepee-hole McDickerson III. No, that's not it. Hmm. Maybe I don't have a name? How could anyone not have a name? OK, you know what. Name's not important. Where am I?' Jebus tried to open his eyes. Stinging pain. Jebus felt something wet and metal. Tubes. Mechanical noises. Jebus slowly opened his eyes. It was blurry. There were

figures crowding over him speaking in an unintelligible language. Slowly Jebus's eyesight began to return. He was on a metal table hooked up to a series of tubes. There was a giant machine with all kind of shining lights and electrical thingies. Jebus tried to move. He was restrained. The figures over him began talking in an exited manner. "Who.. who am I?" Questioned Jebus of his captors. One of the figures pulled out a huge syringe and stuck it into Jebus's neck. Jebus fell asleep. Crashing. Crashing noises. Yelling. Horse neighing. Jebus begins to come to. Then he snaps open like a thingie.

456. "Jebus! Jebus! Jebus!" Exclaimed Jebot excitedly, "What? What is it?" Said Jebus.

"You just blinked." Said Jebot.

"Yeah you're eyes moved shut really quickly and then they opened. What's up with that huh?" Said Guy.

"Oh, uhh.. I.. My name is.. Jebus." Said Jebus warily.

"Duh." Said Jebot.

"No time for shenanigans, look out! Gary and others slowly going to eventually run into that bush at some point!" Cried Gary.

"Brace yourself for impact!" Stated a melodramatic Jebot. About a minute later, which seemed like 10 seconds

because it was so exiting, except to Jebot who had an atomic clock installed, and also to Gary who had to take a wicked pee, the shopping cart carrying its cargo crashed catastrophically with a certain certainty that hadn't been quite that certain before, for certain.

1232. *Boom*. That was the sound of the crash. The animals Mr. Cat, Mr. Rat, Mr. Bat, and Mr. Walrus (whose real name was Magillicutty but this wasn't known as the Walrus hadn't said anything about it because it hadn't really come up in casual conversation, mostly he had just been whipped a great deal) realized there was going to be a crash and had walked to the side of the shopping cart and stopped. But the shopping cart had kept going and slowly but surely right as rain it crashed hence the "*Boom*". It crashed good. There was a great explosion which was explained earlier with the whole "*Boom*" thing.

23. The explosion rocketed the shopping cart's contents of peeps throttling them in slow motion into the bush propelling them at an ever faster pace. In slow motion. But super fast. Hurling their hurtled masses in a twisting contorted convoluted mess of hair, robot parts, fecal matter, pugs, and spilt milk. Which most certainly, would then be

cried over.

23. Jebus, Jebot, Guy, and Gary smashed into the bush with a thudding noise. *Thud*. The bush took on the four heroic figures like a fat guy taking on cheeseburgers. Mmm... cheeseburgers. BRB. No wait, too late. Alas. Anyway, *smash, boom, crash, bash, boom, crash, bing bong, bing bong, bing bong, meep*. The intrepid four landed. They then collected themselves and assessed the damage making sure to take pictures and fully document the whole thing for insurance purposes.

44. "Is everyone, OK?" Said Jebus. "Guy, you OK?"

"Yeah, fortunately my adult diapers broke most of my fall. And the rest was like my femur bone which is shattered in a thousand places, but like, no worries. I'll get a new one." Replied Guy.

"Jebot, you OK?" Said Jebus.

"Jebot function." Replied Jebot.

34. There was a pause for a minute while nothing happened except they stood around and blinked.

"I'm Gary! Wooo! Gooo.. Gary!" Said Gary. Then Gary started to itch. "Man, Gary is itchy." Added Gary.

"Yeah, I'm itchy too." Said Guy who started to itch.

"Jebus, according to this data sample I scanned with my positronic neural network, we

landed in Poison Ivy." Said Jebot who itched as well even though he wasn't itchy, he was programmed to try and fit in to the crowd by imitating herd behavior.

"Poison Ivy, huh? Gary wonders what that tastes like." Said Gary who tried eating some of the bush. "Tastes pretty bad. Gary thinks Gary might be dying." Gary added addingly.

33. "With a taste of a poison paradise, don't you know that you're toxic.. Eureka! That's it! It's like, we need to stop poisoning our bodies and poison other people's minds with dogmatic hyperbole!" Said and enthusiastic Jebus. "That we stole from other people before us to begin with!"

"Ha ha ha." Said Jebot agreeably

"Ha ha ha." Said Guy agreeably

"But wouldn't that be wrong? Gary?" Questioned Gary who was swiftly held down and punched in the kidneys like, by everyone including a passing nun convention. Swiftly. "Oh, Gary meant to say forthwith and henceforth further shall be known to all that on this day Gary retracts his previous statement and thusly, Ha ha ha." The others let up on Gary. "And also, may Gary please have his spleen that on this day was exited from his body through

Gary's oral area due to a series of furiously fast fist poundings back?" He added.

12. Jebot reluctantly gave him his spleen back as he had plans to sell it on the black market and make a quick buck. Then maybe he could afford those robot legs he so coveted. Gary swallowed his spleen. "Ahh, all is well again. Fwiends." Gary held out his arms. They all embraced except for Jebot who thought it was kind of faggy.

23. Such was the way of Jebot. He was hardwired as such from an early age and such and so forth hitherto and etcetera yackity smakity and blah blah blah and also blah as well as blah and sometimes also blah. But not really, he was just kind of a douchebag.

345. Just then Jebus began to cry. He teared and he wept. He also cried. He sobbed. He also leaked fluid from his eyes and such and so forth. When questioned about this Jebus replied, "It's my book and I'll cry if I want to. Cry if I want to. Cry if I want to. You would cry too if it happened to you. Dicks."

345. With that Jebus began to fly around through the sky in a magical display of flying. But the evil King Poopoopee McPooperson III who was nicknamed Chet didn't like this. Jebus had violated Chet's airspace that was declared a no-fly zone even though he

actually hadn't told anyone about it or even thought of it. He thought of it a little bit later because he was jealous. Such was the way of Chet.

"Look at me, I'm flying like a unicorn! Wheeeeeee!!!!" Said Jebus who soared high in the air like a unicorn.

"Ha ha ha. Gary sees that you're really doing it. Wee." Said Gary pending perpetual fear of being beaten up.

"Believe it or not I'm walking on air!" Said Jebus. A little light went ding! and lit up over his head signaling he had an epiphany.

23. Jebus quickly returned to ground to share it with his Apostles: Jebot, Guy, Gary, Mr. Cat, Mr. Rat, Mr. Bat, and Mr. Walrus. Chet had already fired his boomerang with TNT at Jebus but it missed as Jebus had landed and then flew back towards Chet to explode in a comical fashion. Violence is funny. Wee. Chet died. It was very sad.

23. "Great news guys, I just wait a second.. that was just a prime time TV show, not Brutney Spears, wait, hold up. False epiphany." Said Jebus. "Go back to your usual, you know, whatever the fuck you do." He added.

33. Little did Jebus know but the evil spy Lord Snorg had been watching them and stole Jebus's false epiphany using his false epiphany sniffing machine which also let you

smell into girls locker rooms, and sold it to a cracker factory who came out with a way of injecting a little bit of air into chips making them seem crispier. Chair ups. Or Air chups. Whatever. Lord Snorg would appear later surfacing for air and subsequently try and sell his life story for a ridiculous amount of dough, and even a little cash, much of his story being fabricated. Which is like, totally lame.

45. At this point in the Jebus camp people had come to doubt him. He had failed to produce an epiphany and his production rate was on the decline. There were talks about what to do in private.

12. Mr. Bat was exceptionally harsh on Jebus. Mr. Bat drew a picture of Jebus in the dirt and shat upon it. He shat so fiercely he had trunk butt for a week afterwards. That was the severity of the matter. Really super duper uper ultra severe and stuff. For real.

23. They decided to take Jebus out and not as in take out to eat. The other kind. The angry mob walked to meet Jebus carrying various implements of destruction including but not limited to a sack full of aids infected porcupines and a potato. A pretty moldy potato.

23. Jebus was sitting under a tree picking his nose as he was wont to do. As the angry mob approached him Jebus

pulled out a particularly big booger and pointed it at the mob as a peace offering. The mob, excluding Mr. Bat who realized he was outnumbered and backed off, began to weep openly. They licked upon the boogies of Jebus and wept. They wept and they licked. They licked and they wept.

23. Then a guy in a wheelchair rolled up. "Hey, what's going on?" Said the person in the wheelchair naturally curious at the weeping and booger licking.

"Get him!" Cried Mr. Bat who was a little upset he didn't have a chance to kick any ass. The mob descended upon Mr. Wheelchair like a dog descending upon some cat crap.

"Woah, boy there. Umm.. nevermind?" Pleaded Mr. Wheelchair but it was too late. The angry mob was thirsty for blood as Gaturade had not been invented yet.

565. They bludgeoned and beat down Mr. Wheelchair until he was black and blue and green and brown and red and yellow and orange and teal and periwinkle and puce and purple and lavender and pink and white and magenta.

"Hey looks like a rainbow!" Noted Guy who was particularly adept at color theory as he had spent a period of time in art school but ultimately dropped out due to lack of focus and

pending legal disputes.

"Yeah." Agreed Jebot who was busy putting Mr. Wheelchair's kidneys into plastic baggies.

89. "And now," Declared Jebus, "We dance!"

The mob then began to dance. And dance they did. They danced good and into the night and the next day. It was a veritable dance-a-thon. They danced hardcore. At one point it seemed like someone was going to give up dancing but it turned out they just invented a new dance move, the fakey. It was a joyous moment and they all ended up on the cover of New Dance Move magazine. There were talks of being featured on the front of a prestigious cereal box and a movie deal based on the moments, but it fell through when it was revealed that nobody really gave a shit. Not even two shits.

12. The dance ended with a fistfight but such as it was in that day that people fought. For men were men and women were notably not present and fights were fights and you could drive around with a beer in your hand and it didn't matter as long as you were white.

234. "What are we fighting about?" Asked a naturally curious Guy as he pounded his fist into Mr. Walrus's blubber.

"I don't know." Said Jebot as he punched Guy in the face

and knocked out one of Guy's teeth. "I just don't know." Jebot added.

"We fight because we saw it on Jurry Springur." Said Jebus who was karate kicking Mr. Cat in his furry cat balls.

"I would have to respectfully disagree with you on that." Replied Mr. Cat who was scratching Mr. Bat in the eyes.

"I think that we have a hereditary and inherent need to fight." Added Mr. Cat as he jabbed Mr. Bat with a pointy stick.

"So you are saying it's nature instead of nurture where our needs to do physical harm to our fellow man come from?" Said Mr. Bat as he smashed a chair over Gary's head.

"Gary! Woo!" Said Gary. Suddenly the fight came to a stop as everyone stared at Gary. "Oh, huh huh, what Gary meant to say was that Gary thinks that it could possibly be a product of both nature and nurture that causes us to fight as well as a host of other sources like the lizard overlords who live 100 miles inside the earth and control our minds with mental telepathy as well as own the major media sources." Said Gary as he threw Jebus through a window smashing the glass everywhere.

"Conspiracy or not, let's not let ourselves get bogged down in semantics. Ultimately

whether it is in our genes or because of the jeans we wear the fact is that we are here right now and this is the present situation of violence before us. How it came to that point is irreverently irrelevant in my book." Said Jebus who was cutting Guy's foot off with a very blunt butterknife.

"Yes, but in order to understand the present situation wouldn't it be wise to take into consideration the past and how it came to pass?" Said Mr. Walrus who was busy raping a tree. Mr. Walrus had poor eyesight and refused to wear glasses out of vanity so these kind of innocent mixups happened to him a lot. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean, history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus. "I mean,

history has a tendency to repeat itself." Said Mr. Walrus.

"Woah, Deja vu." Said Jebus.

"You know what. Violence is bad, mm-kay. Can't we all just get along?" Said Jebus who had Mr. Cat in a headlock. To Mr. Cat's protest Jebus began instigating noogies. "Now say Uncle. Say it." Added Jebus. Jebus was about to give Mr. Cat a wet willie but at the last second Mr. Cat relinquished.

"Uncle! Uncle!" Cried Mr. Cat in protest.

"Too late." Said Jebus and he wet willied Mr. Cat good. "Ha ha ha." Added Jebus. "Ha ha ha indeed."

"Let's agree to disagree." Said Mr. Cat.

"I disagree with that, Mr. Cat." Said Mr. Rat.

"I agree with Mr. Rat, Mr. Cat." Said Mr. Bat.

"Wait, what the fuck? I was raping a tree! Why didn't anyone tell me?" Said Mr. Walrus who oddly enough didn't stop. "Yeah you're a naughty little Douglas Fir. Aren't you? Aren't you? You like that, don't you? Don't you?" Mr. Walrus added. Which begs the question: If a tree gets raped in the forest by a walrus and doesn't make a sound, was it consensual? Was the tree asking for it by wearing a thong and hoop earrings? Does the punishment fit the crime? What time is it? Who are you

people? This isn't a bathroom. No.. no! Well, OK. Just this once. Don't tell anyone. Hey, who invited you, bub? That's it. Pool's closed.

12343. With that statement the "pool" closed up metaphorical and otherwise.

23423. Anyway, Jebus and his crew of rowdy and randy merry men were getting rowdier and randier by the minute. It seemed to be spiraling out of control. Someone had to do something. But no one did anything. Which I guess stopped the spiraling. And so it was. Until it seemed like someone might do something. But they backed out at the last second and did nothing. And so it was. Again. And again. And so forth. And, yes, again.

123. Eventually Jebot decided to take action. And action he did take. "Hey, so when are we going to do all that stuff, you know, that they do in the Bible 2.0 e.g. performing miracles and preaching things and getting followers and then recapping the whole thing and then prophesying the future and all that?" Jebot said.

"Oh yeah, well, I had scheduled a day spa, but you know what, fuck it, I'm feeling saucy.. let's do it!" Said Jebus. "Yeah!" Everyone replied and they all jumped up in the air and the camera stopped freeze frame with them all

looking triumphant and faded out to black.

2.3. Then a voice over came on and announced, "And so it was that Jebus and his Apostles 7 also known as the Fabo 7 set out and did some stuff." There was a montage of things happening. Jebus performing miracles like turning bread into toast, healing the sick except for those who died, Mr. Rat getting an ice cream cone, Jebus's followers growing in numbers thanks to internets grass roots efforts, Mr. Walrus in drag lipsyncing Linduh Runstadt, The Fabo 8 (another Apostle named Greg had joined the ranks) doing the wave, Mr. Cat depansing Mr. Bat, Mr. Rat dropping his ice cream cone and making a face for the camera, Gary mooning a group of schoolgirls, and etcetera. One most notable of things that happened amidst the stuff was the story about stuff that follows. Booyeah."

Chapter 293939207333.3433
The search for Spork.

1. Jebus and the Fabo 8 were climbing a mountain so that they might listen to Jebus talk while on a mountain because you know, just because. But this was no ordinary mountain. It was a super awesome mountain. Then just like that this thing happened.
2. "Wait a sec, guys." Said Mr.

Cat.

"What up, Mr. C?" Said Jebot who had taken up talking like he was a homeboy. All homeboy like and junk.

Mr. Cat was searching around frantically. "Dammit. I lost it. No, no, no, no. This isn't happening. Dammit, dammit. DAMMIT!" Exclaimed Mr. Cat.

"Maybe you stuck it up your butt?" Said Mr. Bat mockingly.

"Hey, man, Gary thinks this is serious." Said Gary sensing the severity of the situation.

"There's no such thing as a bad answer." Retorted Mr. Bat.

"Gary'll answer you with Gary's foot in your ass!" Said Gary seeking to escalate the situation with Mr. Bat.

"Actually I checked. Yeah it's not up my butt. Dammit. This is not good." Said Mr. Cat.

"What is it?" Asked Mr. Walrus. Mr. Cat didn't reply. Mr. Cat looked really upset.

"What is it?" Added Guy.

"Yo, yo, yo, wassup yo? What it is? Sheeit. Word." Added Jebot who was going by the name G-bot.

"Huh?" Said a clearly confused Mr. Walrus.

"What I'm sayin is, shee-it homie, wudup wit dat?" Added G-bot reassuringly and he grabbed his crotch.

"Oh.. uhh.. umm.. OK. 32. I guess?" Said Mr. Walrus.

"Dangblastit. It's gone. This is

!!1!!1!!!!!!11!!!!!" Screamed Gary clearly not following his own advice. G-bot kicked Gary in the nuts.

"Oy! Mis huevos!" Gary moaned as he writhed around on the floor in a fetal position clenching his hands over his genitalia. "Gary genitals! They are a source of pain for Gary! Gary is not happy with the current situation Gary is in!" Gary added.

34. This helped lighten the mood but Mr. Cat was still extremely distressed as evidenced by his recently updated facebuk status. There was no joy for Mr. Cat. He wanted his fucking God damn motherfucking piece of shit piss in my ass fucking dickneck spork back.

34. "Well, have you tried looking over by that rock?" Asked Jebus.

"Well I don't see how it could possibly be over there. But since you are Jebus and all I guess I'll do you the service of proving you wrong yet again." Mr. Cat said as he walked over to the rock. "Hey what do you know, there's a spork. But is it.. my spork?" Mr. Cat said. He began a series of labor intensive tests. Mr. Cat looked at the spork. Mr. Cat licked the spork. "Yep. That's my spork." Mr. Cat said happy to be reunited with his spork. Mr. Cat stuck the spork back in his butt. There was kind of a splurting noise as this

happened. A single tear formed in Mr. Cat's eye. Everyone got a little misty eyed at this most emotional of reunions.

4. Especially Greg.

Chapter Foofofofofooffoooo

1. Then Jebus found a little bag of pills on the ground.

"Woah look at that, a little bag of pills." Said Jebus.

"Drugs are bad, mm-kay?"

Said Mr. Bat who always relished raining on anybodies parade for any reason. Especially the hypocritical ones, and this was one of those because Mr. Bat was the biggest pill head doper guy.

"Yeah, I know it says that, but, c'mon... C'MON? Eh? Eh?" Said Jebus suggestively.

Mr. Bat was undeterred in his shitting of there upon.

34. "OK, you know what? Today is opposite day, so like, drugs are OK today." Said Jebus reassuringly.

"Yeah, but if it were really opposites day wouldn't it be impossible to say it's opposites day?" Said Jebot whose logic circuits were patent pending.

"Yeah, um, well by that logic, then you are saying it's opposites day because you couldn't say it. So it is opposites day." Claimed Jebus.

Mr. Walrus was confused and made a scrunched up face to reflect this.

43. Jebot offered his reprisal,
 "But-"
 "Shut up." Said Jebus.
 "It's just-" Said Jebot.
 "Shut up." Said Jebus.
 "But-" Said Jebot.
 "If ands and butts were candy
 and nuts then um, shut the
 fuck up." Replied Jebus.
 5. "Complied. Initiating shut
 up sequence." Said Jebot.
 "Thanks, now.." Said Jebus
 "Shut up sequence initiated.
 Shut up will occur in 10.. 9..
 8.. 7.." Interrupted Jebot.
 "Dammit Jebot! Shut your pie
 hole!" Said Jebus.
 "6.. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 2.9.. 2.8..
 2.7.." Jebot kept stating
 undeterred even with the
 anger karma floating towards
 his chi.
 "Cram it!" Said Jebus trying
 to keep his anger in check but
 failing miserably.
 "2.6.. 2.5.. 2.4.. 2.3.. 2.2.. ..
 2.19.. 2.18.. 2.17.." Continued
 Jebot. Jebus began to turn
 puce. It's a color. Look it up.
 Just because it's not in your
 huge Crayoluh box doesn't
 mean it's not a color. See, it's
 a type of rock. From
 volcanoes. And before the
 advent of unicorn poop they
 originally made colors by
 smashing up rocks as well as
 organic materials. So nyea
 nyea.
 "Jebot! If you don't shut the
 fuck up, I swear!" Said Jebus.
 "2.16.. 2.15.. 2.14.. 2.13.. 2.12..
 .. 2.11 .. 2.1 .. 2.." Said Jebot.
 There was silence. Everyone

was staring at Jebot
 anticipating his move. Was
 two the end of his shut up
 sequence? We may never
 know. " .. 1 ... 10.. 9.."

34. "AAAAAAHHHHhhhhh!
 Ballsack!" Exclaimed Jebus in
 a rare sign of anger. Jebus
 was known for his cool guy
 demeanor and this intrepid
 outburst all totally frightened
 his disciples. They had never
 seen this side of Jebus before.
 They were afraid. Very afraid.

"Like, calm down Jebus, Gary
 means, Jebot is a robot. He's
 like, got these like circuits and
 stuff. Logic. You know." Said
 Gary trying to cool the
 situation down.

"I'll logic you! With my fiery
 fists of fury! And the wrath of
 my grapes!" Said Jebus
 gesticulatively.

"Woah there, Gary's a lover,
 not a fighter." Said Gary.

"8.. 7.. 6.." Continued Jebot.

44. "That's it! Let me at him!"
 Jebus went off the hizook like
 something that could also be
 described as going off the
 hizook and like, stuff.

44. The rest of Jebus's
 disciples had to restrain Jebus
 from kicking the spit out of
 Jebot who had stocked up on
 a veritable shit ton of spit at
 the spit store which was
 amazingly enough aptly
 named the Spitenporium
 Warehouse Factory. They
 were having a sale there
 called "All the spit you can
 shove." and Jebot was known

for his shoving. Once he shoved this old lady. He would have totally set the world record had the old lady not been home schooled. So yeah the point being that there was a lot of spit in Jebot somehow prime for the kicking out of thereupon. Like three peoples worth. I saw this TV show on Upera once.

"4.. 3.. 2.. 1.. 0.. Super silent silence sequence initiation complete." Said Jebot. His lights flickered a little bit. Jebot fell silent.

34. Slowly Jebus began to calm down. The others loosened their restraint on him except Mr. Rat who had a firm grip on Jebus's loins. Jebus didn't mind. Jebus brushed at his clothes off brushily and then mimed straightening his collar as he did not in fact have a collar.

"There. Now, what was I saying? Dammit, I forgot." Said Jebus, "Oh yeah, I was saying we should go online and get a positive ID on these pills and-"

"Jebot is now 100% shut up as per his sequence. Totally silent. Not a peep. Nada. Zilch. Zero. Quiet. NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA NA.."
Interrupted Jebot.

"Fucking I don't believe it!" Said Jebus who pulled out a cafeteria tray he always kept inside his garments just in case he needed to "be at the salad bar".

"That's it! It's go time!" Said Jebus who started after Jebot in a freaking super hizurry.

13. Just as Jebus was about to smash Jebot's robo-brains in Jebot completely powered down and went silent. Jebus was like an inch away from smashing the shit out of Jebot ultrafreakinghardcore. Jebus being the forgiving bastard asshole mother trucker as well as attending that salsa dance class that one time which was really more like he went in there to use the bathroom but he never fails to bring it up when hes trying to get his mack on backed off plus some words that complete the beginning of the sentence into a thing like.

"Turn the other cheek, Jebus. Turn the other goddamn fucking piece of ass cheek." Jebus chanted trying to calm down.

31. Jebus couldn't take it anymore. He grabbed Jebot by the lapels and shook him wildly. "Were did you learn this? Huh? Who taught you this? Huh?" Questioned Jebus.

"I learned it by watching you, Dad! I learned it by watching you!" Countered Jebot.

4. This totally floored Jebus who just sort of looked like a jerk. Realizing that Jebus had dug himself into a hole he decided to keep digging.

4. "I brought you into this world and I'll take you out!"

Jebus's followers gathered around and sat down Indian style with their leg meat. "You see, Jebot was driving me crazy because he's a fucking cunt asshole. But really I shouldn't lose my cool, because get this right, I should be driving him crazy. Get it? Brilliant!" Stated Jebus. And then Jebus added, "And that's why abortion is bad.. mm-kay. I was going to abort Jebot. And that's just crazy stupid."

4. Especially Greg.

1. "OK, this is how the shit is going to go down." Said Jebus extending a metal pointer and slamming it on a map. "Jebot, you'll be positioned here waiting for the signal. Gary, you and Guy create a distraction by making out here. Mr. Bat, Mr. Cat, you guys will be on reconnaissance. Mr. Walrus I want you to drive the van. Mr.

"Man, Jebus sure does take getting some nachos at the mini-mart seriously." Said Mr. Cat.

"I don't get why he always makes me make out with Gary. I mean, he's just going in and buying nachos." Said Guy.

[illegible]

[illegible]

face. It's fucking stupid. You have a stupid face Greg. You're shit. Fuck you, Greg. Fuck you. Eat shit and die. That goes for all of you. You all suck big dick. You just slobber all over it. You're all just like mmm.. big dick. I want to suck that. Fuckers. Stupid fucking fuckity fucking fuck fucker fuckity fucker fucking fuck fuckers. I'm so sick of it. It's fucking dumb. Get over it. No one cares. It's dumb and it sucks. It sucks and it's dumb. Y'all are fucking morons. Seriously. Look at yourselves. Fucking pathetic. Oh look at me, nya nya nya, I'm soooo important, nya nya nya. What the fuck ever. I'm gone. I'm out. I'm through. I'm kaput. I'm no more. I'm ceasing to be. I'm Audi 2000. I'm hit the net. I'm finito. I'm through with this. I'm over. I'm done. I'm ended. I'm brought to ruin. I'm having a surface coating or finish applied. I'm having reached completion. I'm no longer effective, capable, or valuable. I'm washed up. I'm concluded. I'm completed. I'm terminated. I'm at my limit. I'm ceased to be. I'm having cessation. I'm closed. I'm closing. I'm closure. I'm at the state of completion. I'm consummationed. I'm ending. I'm at end of the line. I'm having finished. I'm gone baby gone. I'm a period at the end of a sentence. I'm

stopping. I'm at my stopping point. I'm at termination, the terminus. I'm winding-up. I'm wrapping-up. I'm on permanent pause. I'm no more. I'm an ex-me. I'm jumping off the plane. I'm humping lady death in respects to this engagement. I'm mad as hell and I'm not gunna take it anymore! And you know what the worst part is? *Sniff* *sniff*.. I never learned to read!" Cried Jebot.

23. The crowd was silent as Jebot hunched his head into his lap and began to whimper and cry. It was very sad.

78. Eventually a brave soul stepped out of the crowd to console poor Mr. Jebot who was down on his transistors.

"Geez, somebody has some sand in their vagina." Stated Mr. Bat.

"Yeah, somebody call the Waaaaahhmbulance." Added Mr. Cat.

"Yeah, sounds like a certain somebody had a certain something crawl up their ass and certainly die. For certain." Added Mr. Rat

"Yeah, you have a small penis size!" Said Mr. Walrus.

"Ha ha ha." They all pointed and laughed at Jebot.

"Wait, lets be fair here. Maybe Jebot does have his panties in a bunch. Maybe he does have sand in his vagina. Maybe he does need to call the Waaaaaaahhhhhmbulance.

Maybe he did have something

crawl up his ass and die. Maybe he does have a small penis size. Um, I forgot what my point was." Said Guy.

2. "Ha ha ha." They all pointed and laughed at Jebot again. Someone threw a rock at him. Jebot wasn't sure which hurt more: The pain of the rocks being thrown at his face and genital regions, or the pain in his heart.

2. The thing about stuff is, like, you know, things. I mean like sometimes. Not always. This is sort of mildly important.

3. They say that Rome wasn't built in a day. But the word Rome was, and in a way, that's what Rome is. A word. So yeah I guess Rome was built in a day. Actually maybe it wasn't. Maybe it took them a week to come up with just the letter R.

8. Maybe they had a thousand monkeys typing at a thousand typewriters but what would it be like if there were no letters on those typewriters. What if the monkeys didn't have hands. Would they have to use their stumps? Would they use their tongues? What if they were typing on electric typewriters but electricity hadn't been invented yet? What if electricity had been invented and then they electrocuted themselves using their tongues to type with? How many monkeys does it take to get to the center of a

Tutsie pop? What if it were all just an illusion created to test the effects of having the letter R in the alphabet? How many monkeys need to die before people realize? When will the insanity end? When will it begin? What is the meaning of stuff? Does stuff exist? How can meaning be attached to stuff? If a thing is in the woods does it have a meaning? Why? Why not? Why don't you have the answers to everything? Did you miss that one day in school when they explained it all? Did you pretend to be sick? What is are the statistical and socioeconomic factors involved in the use of the letter R? Why are things rated R? Why do pirates say R? What if like, the letter R was secretly God and it was all a conspiracy by the people jealous of the letter R? What if stuff and things and junk? The answers to these burning questions and more can be answered by asking another question. Or maybe also by providing an answer. When is an answer really an answer. What do you think about things?

3. It's not cool to punch people in the loins. But it is kind of hysterical.

4. I'm bored and sick of writing this bullshit.

5. And the book trudged on whether anyone liked it or not. And they most assuredly

mean compute. I mean that does not computer. Shoot. I mean that does not compute.

8. Then Jebus did some stuff. Some other people did some stuff too. As they say, "Woop dee freaking dippity doo dah day." And stuff.

8. Then Jebus said, "Nude beaches are way nicer than their non-nude counterparts. They're less crowded, the sand is nicer for some reason, possibly because of the freely waggling around dangly bits, there's more shade. I think it has something to do with religion and like religious people having tons of kids and being like, Mexicun or Mormun or stuff that starts with the letter M. Murplicans? More like Murplicants. Booyeah! For this reason nude beaches are strictly not allowed mm-kay?"

8. Then Jebus blah blah blah. And like also blah blah blah. Jebus said, "Blah blah blah." And someone else said, "Blah blah blah."

4. Then something happened. Woop dee freaking dippity doo dah day all the way to the hay and the way. Chika chika chik-ah. Doo bow bow. Chika chika chik-ah. Doo bow bow. Chika chika.

8. Then yadda yadda yadda. Jebus yadda yadda yadda. Etcetera blah blah blah. Also doo dee doo dee doo dee doo. Blerp blerp blerp.

8. Then South Purk was on. I

hadn't seen that one before. Ha ha ha. Film at 11.

8. Then there was a commercial break. Blah blah blah blah blah. Doo doo doo doo doo. Jebus is just alright with me. Jebus is just alright oh yeah. Jebus is just alright with me. Jebus! Doo doo doo doooo doo doo doo doooo doo doo doo doooooo doo de doo de doo de doo doo.

8. Ha ha ha. Doo doo. You should have called this one lawyer. They could have gotten you the settlement you needed. Do you have a structured settlement and need cash now? Life insurance. OK, so like old people are up at night watching TV right but I highly doubt they're watching South Purk at 3 in the A.M. in the A.D... mm-kay? My grandma always called them 'damn fool cartoons.' OK South Purk is back on. Thank Jebus! Thank you Jebus! Woop de freaking doo. Ha ha ha. Joke. Funny joke. So funny. Woop de doo. Anyway.

8. So I kept writing. I wrote and I wrote and I wrote. I just kept fucking writing. I wanted to stop because I had been writing for like a while. So I stopped and went to bed.

23. And then I returned, played some solitaire and continued writing. I wrote about nothing. It was a very long and boring and droll read full of stupid. There

wasn't even any kind of interesting language. It's almost like listening to ambient music. Maybe if you hate yourself you'll keep on going through it. But it just sucks. It stupid. It stupid and sucks. Big butt. Mury-Kute and Ushley. Sigh.

8. Drinking a beer in the middle of the day is OK if you're writing the Bible 2.0. Otherwise it is wicked and you will burn in hell.

4. Jebus never drank a beer in his life. He subsisted on roots and dirt because Taco Bull hadn't been invented yet. Not just any dirt though. Clean dirt.

4. Jebus cleaned the dirt with an assortment of over the counter chemicals and also had connections with dealers of the best grade-a primo clean dirt guaranteed to fuck your ass up beyotch.

6. Jebus hated dirty dirt and shunned it as filth. "Don't fill your body with filth. Fill it with clean dirt. Grade-a primo clean dirt guaranteed to fuck your ass up beyotch." Said Jebus once when asked about what I was writing about at the current moment which I then finished writing and moved on to the next stuffs.

7. Jebus was a super duper clean dirt freak. You could almost say he was a dirt Nuzi but he never committed no genocide against no unclean

dirt. I mean plans were drawn up but Jebus was forced to scrap them and burn the evidence due to his big ego causing him to get provoked into a two front dirt war with Dirtistan and Dertopia, and ultimately lead to his plans demise.

34. There were many a dirt dealer jealous of Jebus's power over the opinions of others about dirt. Some people thought dirty dirt was OK. Others still thought that they could make a pretty penny peddling dirty dirt as there was a bountiful supply of it namely in Cunadiastan. It was simple economics. Supply and demand. Dirt in, dirt out.

23. Jebus wrote several best selling books about dirt. "Dirt. WTF?" and "Eat clean dirt or you will burn in hell for all eternity?" were a couple of them.

899898. He was embroiled in a conspiracy once as Jebus was heard on a radio show claiming that people who only ate clean dirt would create a race of super humans that were super smart and stuff citing a study by the center for clean dirt which was seen as promoting the study in self interest which it totally freaking was, booyeah! Jebus later retracted his statement but the damage had been done, bro.

23. There was a great dirt

uprising and things escalated to the point that there was almost a dirt war over dirt which would have totally used dirty fighting tactics even in the clean dirt camp who were ironically the dirtiest of fighters with their dirty weapons of mass dirtstruction, but people backed out from total war at the last second citing the fact that getting in a war over dirt was fucking retarded.

12. Jebus continued his crusades with nary a folly until one day there was a scoop on UMZ someone had caught Jebus on a cellphone video drunk and bloated laying on his side eating dirty dirt. However it was a conspiracy to bring Jebus back into the spotlight by Jebus's promotional agency who had subcontracted the publicity stunt to a viral marketing agency. And stunt it did. This one guys growth and he was always short. It was very sad.

23. No one ever really knew the dirt behind the PR stunt and thought that Jebus was a hypocrite until he explained that terrorists had forced him to eat the dirty dirt. Then Jebus got fat and bloated and addicted to pills to counteract his previous addiction to pain pills that he was taking to overcome his addiction to pain killers.

23. He gave botched

performances of his past hits in white jumpsuits covered in sparkling sequins. People continued to worship him even in his decline because he represented their youth and they didn't want to admit they were old and super frugly. They had spent enough time in therapy and on medication repressing all the bad memories that they had a fostered a completely hypocritical and ignorant view of their youth and by jove, had to totally keep it that way or you were not following the herd mentality and should be shot. With a rainbow or something.

34. Not following along meant you were anti-dirt. You anti-dirtophile. Try to think for yourself. Stop it. Just freaking stop it already. Stop thinking. It's not good. Do what we say. We say this, we say that. We waffle all the time and it's up to you to tow the line. Tow the line of your own ignorant hypocrisy.

"Because why?" You might ask but probably not. Because if you don't then you won't fit in. And you have to fit in. Why do you think God made left handed people. Actually he created them in a lab to purvey his global conspiracy of mind control. They're secret agents who fit in and bully people into conforming because everyone wants to bang someone who looks like

really young. And everyone knows left handed people don't have souls anyway. It's the perfect crime. Mhwa ha ha ha.

8. Jebus got greedy with his power. He wanted more and more and continued to lower his standards until even his reflection in the mirror questioned his ethics and morals. Jebus has his reflection assassinated and covered up in such a glaringly arrogant way that conspiracy nuts collectively blew the biggest load in the history of man as documented in the book, 'Wank wank, WAAAH!' which was on the best seller list for like two weeks. Back then two weeks was like the equivalent to like 13 weeks. A veritable best selling book's baker's dozen.

8. Then Jebus picked up a guitar and started to play. He was pretty good for a beginner. Jebus played Crud as they were the chosen band as he had put it with the fact that they were 30 year olds singing lyrics to appeal to 12 year old girls. This sent the world in a tizzy collecting all kinds of Crud memorabilia and Hut Tupic's the world over were inundated by dudes wearing their baseball caps backwards. It was a catastrophe and a triumph no matter which way you look at it.

23. Someone yelled Freeburd!

at Jebus and he happily obliged. That's the way Jebus rolled. He rolled with the punches and turned things around instead of berating and belittling his audience. 23. Jebus also berated and belittled his audience. Jebus was a complicated and interesting fellow. You should read a book about him sometime. It would probably be a pretty fascinating book.. NOT!

23. OK, it might be a boring pile of fucking suck bullshit, but still. Sometimes a boring pile of fucking suck bullshit can be fascinating, like if you are being tortured and you either have to read the book or get your fingernails ripped out and jammed into your eyeballs. That would hurt. Either way.

23. Jebus began to play a solo on his guitar. He played the most wickedly awesome solo anyone had ever heard. Jebus also covered Metallicuh. The crowd went wild. They had to be hosed down with molten lava. And then Jebus did an encore.

8. Jebus flipped the bird at someone. This was a strict no-no at the time but that was Jebus for you. Always bucking the trend. He was a total trend buckner as well as a master debater.

23. As Jebus liked to say, "I'm a total trend buckner and a master debater" Although he

was also very humble. He published a book of recipes for a 100 ways to make different kinds of humble pie. One of them even used cinnamon. And it tasted good weirdly enough. Freaky.

8. Jebus took some time off to reflect. He went for a walk. On that walk he saw a bird. Jebus looked at the bird. 'Look at that. It's a bird.' Jebus thought. Then he kept walking. He walked for a while. Then he came upon a bench. Jebus sat down on the bench. Jebus then rested his feet. He read the graffiti on the bench. Then Jebus pulled out a pocketknife and carved in his own little scrawling. He wrote, 'He I sit broken hearted, came to learn the meaning of life and only sharted. In my mouth.'

12. This brought a smile to Jebus's face even though it totally wasn't true. Jebus totally knew the meaning of life. Jebus was wicked smart. He could burp really loud. He was also pretty good at hackey sack which he oddly called footbagging. Once this one time Jebus walked around wearing plastic bags over his feet. When questioned about this Jebus told the questioner to mind their own beeswax.

12. That was the way it was. And it was. And sometimes it wasn't. Once it sort of was but not really. Jebus also liked to bathe. Sometimes. Other

times he didn't care. Jebus could sport the au natural style. Other times Jebus would shave his balls and legs.

12. Once Jebus rode his bicycle all the way across the world in a single second. Jebus could shoot lasers out of his eyes but he never did. Jebus was also the best at thumb wars. Jebus invented napalm. It wasn't meant to harm other men, just ferrets. Jebus had it out for ferrets and that's why ferrets are illegal in Nuw Yurk Cuty.

12. Jebus also liked to hum. Oh, Jebus was an excellent hummer. He could also do that thing with his tongue that made it kind of round. Jebus had amazing control of his tongue. It was almost like his tongue had a mind of it's own.

12. Jebus this, Jebus that. That that that. This this this. Also stuff. Wee-oo Wee-oo. Dipity doo. Derpa derpa derp a derp.

8. Jebus loved jokes especially dead baby jokes and Helun Kellur jokes. In fact, it's a little known fact that Jebus actually crippled Helun Kellur at birth just to have something to joke about, and he was also kind of high at the time and getting high makes Jebus a little emo. Jebus would get high and listen to Neutral Mulk Hutel and cry just because it was so fucking

beautiful, man. Other jokes Jebus liked were ethnic jokes. Jebus thought lesbians made excellent stand up comedians.

12. Jebus was a colorful character filled with lots of interesting facts. A veritable walkerly walking wikipudia. Encyclopedia Jebusicon they used to call him. Just don't get him talking about electrical engineering or physics. Jebus will talk your ear off. It's fucking annoying. I mean it was cute once, but like the 15 millionth time, you know what, fuck that.

8. Jebus also liked to party. He was known to always have a party hat and a mix tape on him. Jebus was an excellent mix tape maker. He went all out on the label art and totally made interesting mixes. If you read the titles of the songs it will make you laugh with their linear coherency.

12. Jebus found the time to do this and other things, like kick boxing and stuff. Jebus was against violence but loved to kick the shit out of pretty much anything for any reason whatsoever be it reasonable or not.

"It's all good," He used to say as he was castrating a guy or punching them in the face so hard that they would die. "Ha ha ha, weakling." Jebus would add.

12. One day someone caught Jebus off guard when they smashed a desk over his head

but it was actually staged on a professional wrestling show. Jebus totally loved professional wrestling and wrestled as both the mole and the hero. Jebus would use wrestling as a way to get his message of hope and love and peace to his fellow man. As well as kick the literal fucking shit out of people.

12. Jebus broke his scapula 76 times and was forced into an early retirement after he lit Santuh Claus on fire on live TV. Jebus was out of control at the moment from all the 'roids and was trying to make a point about how you shouldn't do that by showing it. Needless to say most people were really shocked and even a little horrified. Jebus was down and out but not for very long. Jebus was a survivor. Jebus would make a comeback.

8. And comeback Jebus did. He came back hardcore. In your face. Booyeah. Twice. Booyeah. Wassup. Yo yo yo. Word.

8. Then Jebus took a nap. He was sleepy from the beer he had in the early afternoon. He was very sleepy. Getting very sleepy. He was asleep.

"ZZZZzzzzZZZZzzzz." Jebus said the letter Z-ingly. He also added, "ZZZZzzZZZZzzzzZZZ."

12. The nap refreshed Jebus and he was ready to set out upon his next daunting task. Eating the world's biggest

hoagie. And he did it in one bite. That's how Jebus did things. In one bite. You wouldn't want to be Jebus's toilet, that's for shitting on a shingle sure.

8. Jebus was known for his excellent interrogation skills as well as his abilities to disguise himself and go incognito deep behind enemy lines. There was a really interesting story about this filled with murder, mystery, intrigue, drama, espionage, banana cream pies, racist epithets, and a surprise twist ending that will shock you but you know what, I'm not getting into it. Go out and rent the freaking movie, buttmuncheyes.

8. Jebus then got into ventriloquism and miming at the same time. Jebus was the first and only ventriloquist mime. Jebus was known to be a consummate character actor and stayed in character all the time. He even slept with the ventriloquism dummy's butt stuffed up his arm.

23. People didn't really know what to make of this phase of Jebus. Long time fans felt abandoned by his lack of talking and excessive face painting. Other people were just plain old creeped out by mimes and ventriloquists, let alone a combination of both of the two things.

23. Jebus being the kind of guy he was kept the the act up

though as well as the shtick. He lost most of his long time friends during this period and fell into a deep depression as was reflected in his face paint expression which was kind of a frowny face with a little tear.

23. Then one day he read an article about psychosomatic psychology and changed his face paint upside down from a frown to an upside down frown. This helped a little bit. Eventually it got so bad his ventriloquist dummy guy committed suicide. Jebus was the prime suspect. He was however later cleared of any wrongdoing as he was attending an opera at the time.

23. The case was ruled suicide but remains a mystery to this day. Many a conspiracy wingnut sits around and theorizes about the true nature of this mystery. There were claims of a third gunman or a possible CIA mind control plot. Oluver Stone made a movie about it and it sucked balls and didn't explain anything. What's up with that guy?

12. At this point Jebus realized that the whole thing had totally jumped the shark and decided to go down a new path after a year of milking it with a touring stage show, as that's how Jebus rolled, yo.

12. "Jebus did what Jebus wanted and fuck y'all!" was Jebus's motto until he

changed it. Then he changed it back. And then he changed it again. And then again he changed it back again. And then again he changed it again again again again. Again.

12. At this point people didn't know what to expect.

They said, "Oh boy! I wonder what kind of crazy wacky zany antics that Jebus is crafting up next!"

8. Jebus blinked. This was strictly prohibited as the ruler at the time couldn't blink and was also allergic to bees. He was not exactly the funnest person to go camping with. They threw Jebus's ass in jail. Booyeah. Jebus felt bad. Not because he felt sorry but because he was in jail. He didn't like it there.

"I'm sorry," Jebus said.

1. So they let him out. He didn't tell them that he wasn't sorry for blinking he was just sorry he had been thrown in jail. This was a clever omission on his part and technically not lying. But it is lying for anyone besides Jebus. Lying is bad, mm-kay?

8. Crazy eights. Woo.

8. Jebus was pregnant. But it turned out he just had some gas.

88. Jebus was pregnant. But it turned out he had eaten a cat in his sleep. Well more like a cat had crawled into his mouth and through his esophagus and into his

stomach. Jebus didn't have anything to do with it you sicko.

888. Jebus was pregnant. But it turned out he really was pregnant and they made a really funny movie about it. Weee.

8888. Jebus was pregnant. But it turns out he wasn't.

88888. Jebus was pregnant. He went on Mury to find out who the baby daddy was but the guy they tested wasn't the baby daddy and the person suspected of being the baby daddy but wasn't did a happy-in-yo-face-I-don't-have-to-pay-child-support-and-that-makes-me-happy dance.

12. Jebus was invited back on the show a couple months later and the new person suspected at that time of being the baby daddy expressed extreme emotion under the pressure of being a stupid person on TV and being manipulated on Mury and tried to say the right thing which was whatever anyone had said on Mury before him that was thought to be the right thing to say. It turned out that he wasn't the baby daddy but he promised to take care of the baby no matter what because he loved Jebus and the baby and they were going to have a family once he got over his addiction to heroin and crack and pedophilia and gambling and compulsive lying for attention

and baby murder.

4. But then Jesus gave himself an abortion on the show and gruesomely ate the fetus. It was ratings week. Needless to say the ratings shot through the roof. The wrong roof. In the wrong direction. Such is life.

8. Jesus.

8. Jeeeeebbbbuuusssssssss.

8. La de dah de doo doo blah blah blah. Stuff stuff stuff and stuff. Also blah blah blah. And stuff. Woop de shoop shoop. De doo doo dahh.

8. What can be said about Jesus that hasn't already been said. Words words words words words words word. Yeah. And he was a statesman and a gentleman and I salute his war on terror. He also smelled pleasant or totally didn't. Sometimes stuff. Sometimes not stuff.

8. Jesus thought about lots of things. He wondered about them. He was also curious. Jesus liked to ponder. He was the thinking man's Jesus. Sometimes he would be deep in thought but also sometimes he would just look like he was deep in thought but he was actually just pinching a loaf. Jesus liked to drop the kiddies off at the pool in public places like roller rinks.

23. This fact is what distinguished Jesus from the apes. Jesus was very distinguished from the apes. However Jesus was a

combiner, not a divider, and fostered many amicable relations with the humans and the apes. The movie rights for the crap I just wrote about were optioned but the story ended up getting totally distorted through asinine use of creative interpretation. Many decried the abomination that was the movie but saw it three or four times. One person watched it five times in a row while ingesting psychedelic drugs. Later they would regret this. But at the time they thought it was pretty cool and walked around a parking lot talking about how cool they were after the movie.

8. Jesus decided he would keep a diary. However after a couple days he got bored with it.

8. I don't know. I just don't know anymore. Like blah blah blah. Duh. No one knows for certain. Stuff that in your pipe and shove it.

8. Booyeah.

8. 8.

8. 8. 8.

8. 8. 8. 8.

8. Etc.

8. Why was 6 afraid of 7?

8. Because 7 had a history of domestic violence and being in and out of mental institutions after his experience in the Gulf war and was drinking heavily while not taking his medication and claimed to

hear voices.

8. 6 was also kind of a pussy. 6 tried taking self defense lessons but dropped out. 6 liked to walk around with a trenchcoat and carry a knife but didn't really know how to handle it properly. Once at a party 6 who had changed his name to Leraunt got his ass kicked when some skaters were picking on him and he pulled out his knife. 6 however was a 30 year old who lived with his parents and people hung out with him because he could buy them liquor.

8. 3 didn't want to be mentioned as they thought being talked about at the same time as 6 and 7 would tarnish it's impeccable image. 3 threatened to send its legal team to come over and personally lay the smack down in both a physical, lawitude, and metaphysical sense. However as of this moment we have new information on 3 and why it doesn't want to be talked about. New revelations we've dug up that will shock and confuse you into submission. New things like **knock** **knock**, one sec someone is knocking on the door. Ow! Ow! Ow! Stop it! No, don't! Oh dear God! Ow! OW! My epidermis! Not my precious epidermis! I'll do anything you say, just leave my beautiful precious epidermis

unscathed! Uncle! Uncle!

Ahem. I meant to say that 3 is a stand up person and shall henceforth never be mentioned again. Also please let go of my nipples.

8. 69 uhh heh heh heh. 69. Heh heh heh.

8. Then Jebus got a huge ego. "I'm bigger than Jebus!" Jebus declared.

Oddly enough, people weren't shocked. They were on shock fatigue from the previous revelations of shock and awe that revealed itself to them through cable news TV. They laid on their couches mumbling to themselves and watching CNNNN. Jebus was pissed and decided to figure out what it was all about.

23. Jebus was shocked by the news and quickly got caught up in the the revelations unfolding before him.

"I'm so shocked." Said Jebus. "Totally shocked." Jebus laid on a couch and watched CN'n'N'n'NN. What an ironic turn of events.

12. Jebus decided to flip to Animul Planut and watch a documentary that was on about meerkats.

"Awww," Jebus said, "They act just like us! How cute. I just want to pick them up and hold them and pet them and name them George and they will be my friend and I will love them and hug them and hold them and blah blah blah blah. Goo."

12. Then there was a commercial and Jebus went to the bathroom. When he returned there was a really funny car insurance commercial on.

1. "Ha ha ha." Said Jebus. "Ha ha ha, indeed."

1. Jebus thought about turning the TV off but then he almost thought he saw a boob for a split second and surfed around for something to masturbate to but the best he could find was a cooking show hosted by a robot.

"Oh well, mmm.. bacon." Jebus said as he fapped violently. And as he came he totally yelled, "BACON! BACON! BACON!" Like that commercial with the dog for the fake bacon lookin' dog treats. I think they were called something but I'm too scared to write it out loud. It was very sad.

1. Jebus felt slightly ashamed afterwards and stared at his balls for at least 10 minutes.

"Wow, like no one ever stares at their balls. It's fascinating. I mean people are always talking about their balls but do they ever take the time to really get mentally intimate with them? No. They don't. Stupid dummy dumdummy head people. They should know. Someone should tell them. I just can't think of anyone who would. People are afraid. They're afraid of change. Well I'll show them. I'll show them

good. Right after this documentary on how they make donuts is over. Mmm.. woah, they're showing Scooby Du for 24 hours straight, score!" Jebus said.

1. And lo, for he watched the Scooby Du marathon. At one point he got up to wikipudia Scooby Du and it was a great joy to him. Jebus filled his head up with loads of random trivia that no one in their entire life would ever care to hear. But Jebus didn't care. Jebus was a sponge of information. Ask Jebus about where babies come from. If he doesn't spit on you you might just be privy to one of the most fascinating stories involving lasers and cats and genocide and how donuts are magically made. Booyeah.

8. Some people don't like pigeons but those people didn't take into consideration that pigeons might have feelings of their own and also that pigeons may not like the people who don't like them. It's a downward spiral of selfishness and hate and like and stupidity and stuff.

8. Gophers. Woo.

8. Woo. Gophers.

8. It just had to keep going on and on. Like, for freaking ever. There was a bitter personal struggle to even continue. There was a consideration of shaving ones eyebrows off.

23. Jebus never made a

statement either way but what is known is that he did like to watch Star Truk: TNG and Whupie Guldberg did in fact not have eyebrows on that show. Jebus must have been cognizant of this fact. So it's safe to surmise that you should shave your eyebrows off. So we can all have a good laugh at your expense.

8. Then Jebus spent several hours looking at pictures of cats on the internets Jebus LOLed heartily and declared that day to be Caturday. And set out to inform other people. He sent out a mass email CCing everyone in his address book but failed to provide a link. There were several replies asking for the link that also CCed everyone else. Eventually a spammer was notified and sent everyone emails for loin pills.

12. Even a clam received the message for loin pills. The clam was stoked because he wasn't even sure if he had a loin or possibly multiple loins. He was a clam. The pills didn't work for him. He was a clam. He started an online petition for Clams Against Loin Pills Unless They're Going To Work. He was a clam. Unfortunately there were no other clams on the internets as clams are mollusks. He was a clam. Then he punched someone. Who he punched was not certain but was certain was it

would be hard to punch someone without having arms. He was a clam. He was also a connoisseur of the finer things in life. He was a clam. He liked to talk about his cell phone plan like it was interesting. He was a clam. He showed everyone the apps he had downloaded to his cell phone. He was a clam. He was a leader, a lover of men. He was, well you should know by know. If you are however just joining in would you please consider making a donation. Please donate a hairbrush in your pooper. Wee. He was a clam. He was a clam. He wasn't not a clam.

"I ain't not no clam. .. Not!"
The clam said.

The clam was very clammy. He released an album but it was violently decried everywhere except Germuny. The clam was huge in Germuny. He toured there and became good friends with many a Germun. The clam lived to the ripe age of two seconds. The clam was a great multitasker and also miracles and stuff. This explains how he was able to do things that normally take longer than two seconds. He was a clam. He was such a clam. He was a super duper clam. Actually he was a pretty ordinary clam. An ordinary clam by day and superhero by night. The clam dated a cat. This was frowned upon at the time but later

would be cited as a harbinger of peace and tolerance and interspecies friends with benefitorship. The clam wouldn't settle down. He was a wild clam. The clam would throw parties but he didn't really have a place to throw them so he would throw them in Wulmurt and they would kick him out but people would watch the youtube videos and leave supportive comments. The clam was a clam. He was so a clam. He was. He just was. Don't ask why. I swear. Don't ask why. You don't want to open up that bag of worms. You just don't. It's like that one story. Do don't do it. You want to do it? Don't.

8. "Ohhhh, my ass! It's on fire!" Said Jebus. And his ass was on fire. He had a fiery ass. Because of the fire.

8. The letter 8. Think about it. It's everywhere. How many presudents have there been?

8. How many fingers do I have? 8. How many am I holding up right now? Well just the middle one. Sucker. Ha ha ha. 8 times though. Woou.

8. They say all dogs go to heaven. Except this dog.

"I'm taking it downtown, booyeah!" Mr. Dog said as he cocked his shotgun. "All I want to do is a boom boom boom and a zoom zoom! Uhh.. to clarify I meant that boom boom boom with my shotgun and a zoom zoom

with the bullets in your face. Heh heh." And some stuff happened, like, totally. Or did it?

8. Boy that crazy number 8. Woah boy, the stories I could tell. But I wont. I'm not telling you shit!

Chapter 8. The great story of the number 8.

8. The number 8. Man, that crazy number 8. That crazy ass fucking number 8. He still owes me \$50. Ha ha ha. I'm going to break his fucking knees. 8 sucks.

Chapter 8. The not so great story about something other than the number 8.

8. Kate was irate. She was late for a date. "Why am I always late? It must be fate." Surmised Kate.

At the date she ate and ate and ate. "Oh, I hate how much I ate." Said Kate. Then Kate, being irate, began to berate her date. "I hate your psychological state. You are not my soul mate. With you I will not procreate."

Kate's date was filled with hate. "I'm going to update my facebuk state to say that you need to loose weight." Said Nate as he picked up a crate and began to wait in hopes Kate would take the bait.

"Even the secretary of state of the capital of Kuwait doesn't have to be in this slave state." Stated Kate.

"Yeah well maybe you're just a fucking cunt!" Said Nate. The end. Forever.

Chapter the something or other something something blah blah blah stuff chapter?

8. Then proceeding to continue to kick a dead horse. Kick, rinse, and repeat. Don't forget to breathe. To forget means death. Important rule, it is. Important rule, is it? Impotent Pimp Imps Important Dimpotant.

8. Also don't forget to wipe your ass. If toilet paper isn't around try a page from your high school yearbook or maybe a magazine. Maybe the Constitution of the Unitud States of Mexuco. Maybe just shit in your underwear, take them off, and leave them in your Grandparents house.

8. Poop. Ha ha ha. Wee.

8. Wee. Ha ha ha. Poop.

8. Ahhh, We have fun.

8. Everybody dance now!

8. Do doo dah dah. Doo doo doo doo dah dah dah dah doo dah day oh don't ya know on the bayou. Billy bloop bloop doo doo doo dah blearp.

8. Then the lawyers showed up and they were all like you can't do that and you can't do this and so they sucked the life out of everything and then they had nothing left to suck so they sucked each other and then they realized that they were wrong for grifting the system with their superior

brains and decided to take off their clothes and run around like monkeys and fling their poo and they also wore their ties on their heads like a headband and there was a great party and the party raged on and on as lawyers can tell some funny jokes but it takes a while because basically its decorated with superfluous language that I could and will describe as floofy however the interesting thing is that they actually became nice people after everyone was dead including them and I know that's a bit of a stretch of the old imagination but if you will indulge me in this egregious run on sentence that I hope to keep running on forever like that flame over JFK's grave and also stuff but also stuff and but so yeah here's the deal thingie is that stuff happens but whether it happens for a reason or not is up to your own personal interpretations as you are not a dog or maybe you are a dog or maybe you wish you were a dog or maybe people just call a you a whiny sniveling bitch behind your back because bitch means like a dog or something if you look it up in the dictionary which is always fun to look up dirty words in the dictionary and snicker at them and also pronounce scissors skissors and popcorn cockporn which is like the

funniest thing in the world besides like stuff that actually is funny and stuff but like I mean like the thing is it all depends on your perspective like if you haven't ever heard anything funny in your entire life and you never laughed and then someone said something funny would you laugh at that or not you see this is an interesting question I am posing but I don't think that you would laugh and stuff because like how could you if you never have before and also what if you were raised on just really dumb jokes and then someone said a really smart joke would you get the joke and laugh or would you just sit there and not think it was funny you know because basically like what I'm saying is it all comes down to perspective man you know like basically you think some stuff is a certain way and you think that's how everyone else thinks but maybe other people think that you're a stupid dick but they don't say that to your face they mostly say it behind your back a lot and mock you because they think their way superior to you and probably a little bit jealous but it depends if you are a stupid head or not I mean if you totally suck and are a worthless piece of poop then like totally they are in the right I guess but it also

depends if they are dumber than you usually they say the smarter people are less likely to judge their own intellect and capacities as good as they are and the dumber people think they're fucking awesome but you know that's not always the case and stuff sometimes it can be the other way around you see I mean if you were the best at something that could be measured then you could be pretty cocky and arrogant even though there could be someone better than you but they didn't know it or maybe they had other shit going on or they were poor or something because you know life works in mysterious ways you know I think like isn't that like a UU2u song because if it is they are a great band especially that one song they did where it was on TV and stuff as they are really smart not like smart smart but pretty smart because it's hard to say you know like smart and stupid are like the same word so basically what I mean is that stupid people are drawn to something because it's smart enough to seduce them into liking and it that takes some smarts but the fact that only stupid people like it means that it was probably stupid and the people making it were stupid or maybe they were smart and realized that being smart is stupid so they

used their smarts to make something stupid to appeal to stupid people but anyway you know the whole thing is subjective as one thing that's smart to someone is stupid to another person but you know like it's fun to just be wildly ignorant and say hurtful things and lump everyone into this or that and pretend everything is black and white because really there is no such thing as gray unless you are talking about the color gray however I guess I'm just a little jaded because the gray crayon I had was the first one to break and so I got pissed off and threw them away and forever and stuff and now I pretend that gray doesn't exist and there's only black and white and you can't mix black and white because I said so and you should listen to me because basically I've got like a degree in this kind of stuff so I'm an expert of sorts and I'm also like the person who basically invented polio and the cotton gin so I've got some credentials that you don't have so shut up and listen to me right so now if you are listening to me right now just nod once if you are and if you aren't then don't not do the stuff and so OK good if you are then you are an idiot because you can't listen to words it's like impossible unless you're taking some kind of abstract

creative liberty with words by associating two things together and putting stuff together in your own mind to find a common distinction which is smart and that's strictly wrong and stuff and those people will be jailed and whipped and forced to listen to bad music that they don't like and banned from ever winning any board games so if they ever come close someone will come up and topple the board game dispersing the pieces everywhere and then whipping you senselessly until you bleed blood and then they'll pour salt on the wounds and laugh at you if you cry and also cry at you if you do something funny so you better buck up and fly straight because nobody wants to see someone get whipped unless it's like that one guy on that one show that I saw a documentary about and stuff how they at one point did something at least I think because basically I read about it somewhere I think or I don't know but if you look at the bigger picture it usually ends up ruining the little picture but maybe ruining the little picture is a way to make the little picture better by which I don't really know what I'm getting at but you know like the big picture usually isn't as good as the little picture and ends up

ruining both but maybe if both of them are ruined then you will come to a realization that looking at something was stupid in the first place and just close your eyes completely forever and then that would be funny to be blind but have the ability to see but consciously make the decision to be blind all the time though it would be hard at first but after you become comfortable with being blind it would almost be like seeing because you were comfortable with seeing and now your comfortable with being blind and thats like who you are because you supersede the disability and it becomes an ability and you are no longer really blind and you are something else like you are enabled but without the initial prejudice of being blind and I can totally just see like the doctors being all like open your eyes just open your eyes dammit and your like but I see fine and stuff I don't want to know that I am seeing things for the first time since I actually saw stuff with my eyes but it got boring and I got used to it which relates to seeing the little picture and then looking at the bigger pictures if you can't see the pictures physically can you really see them basically I mean people could describe the pictures but they would just be saying how they see

them so you wouldn't really be seeing it in you own eyes but you could take what you know about those people and sort of form your own opinion about the pictures which really begs the question about what were these pictures in the first place like I mean were they pornographic because if they were that would be bad but one person's fine art is another person's porn and one person's infomercial or cooking show is another person's porn because it really depends on your perspective in life and how you ended up at that perspective and also maybe has something to do with the chemicals in your body and brain that can influence how you feel and react as well because someone with like a bunch of extra chemicals might feel things stronger than others or maybe they just get used to the feelings and then detach even more all I know is that drunk people are annoying unless your drunk and then still they can be annoying depending on a lot of stuff because it all really depends on a lot of stuff and its almost really impossible to define things in a complete sense as stuff changes which makes it hard to really say well this and that and not the other I mean like the macurena was cool when it came out because people were

doing it all the time and it was huge and now its just like something lame people do at baseball games and stuff and maybe they aren't lame people at all maybe they are the real geniuses and should be awarded all the awards for being smart because they don't think about smart things and maybe that is what being smart is you know like maybe smart actually means stupid and stupid means smart and when they were writing the dictionary they just made a mistake which would be a stupid thing to do but maybe that means it was a smart thing which means it was stupid because stupid means smart for the moment of this conversation so like basically if you like don't know and especially if you don't care maybe that means that you do know as you know that you don't know and don't care and that can be an answer and just as well may be the right answer as there is no such thing as a bad answer unless it goes against the popular thinking of a powerful group of people who can ruin your life for having opinions so steer clear of things that can get you in trouble and keep your nose clean and don't really think about anything and also walk around pretending to be blind as that would be pretty funny and maybe an interesting

experiment in you know what it would be like to be blind I mean like blind people are cool especially people with those eyeballs that they can take out and show their empty eye socket as that's gross and creepy and funny at the same time because you know well that just kind of goes without saying but what does need to be said is that nothing needs to be said and shouldn't be said because like wouldn't it be interesting to have a thousand page book that was just blank you know I mean you might just think it was stupid and look at it and flip through it really quick in a couple seconds and call it bullshit and then throw it away but what if you just sat there and read it page by page cover to cover you might learn something important and it might just open your mind to the meaning of nothing which no one can really define what it is because if they do suddenly it means something and so what I'm saying is that by explaining what nothing is it negates the real meaning of it a book about nothing has to be something there is always something in any kind of effort to create even if its something like nothing you know like I mean words are something and paper is something and so if you wanted to be a real douchebag just point out something that

someone else came up with but not at smartly and then use that as your argument without really coming to those ideas on your own or anything and then to be a counter-douchebag then consider throwing things at sed douchebag in question like verbal insults or chairs as in my perspective a chair might be more effective in conveying your feelings as it is a real physical act whether you can describe the act or not so it stands on its own whereas words are structured and fit into a box because there is a finite limit to what you can do with words and you can also use words to deceive and lie and be sarcastic and other people can have a different opinion entirely and then not understand your words because they come from a different place or learned in a different way but having a chair thrown at your head while being able to be described a million different ways like an act of hate or love or disgust depending on societal terms and norms will at least be something that doesn't even have to be put into language which is hard to just write about but if you imaging a chair flying at your head then you can think in logic or emotion or words or non words but that doesn't stop it from knocking the shit

out of you and maybe breaking your glasses which is more than any words could do like so throw chairs or don't throw chairs you know like so let's take worms for example because they don't speak English and they can't throw chairs so what are worms really it almost sounds like worms don't exist if you think about life in terms of absolutes of chair throwing and English and I'm not anti-worm or a worm denier although there is information out there which is in English and possibly written by a chair that was being thrown to discredit worms but the fact remains that worms are basically dumb compared to things that speak English and throw chairs like robots but really much can be learned for worms as they might be the ultimate passivists and peace lovers on the planet or maybe if they had the ability to throw chairs and use English they might be just as bad so I guess the only way to get to the bottom of it is to create a strain of talking earthworms that can throw chairs and see what happens which would be a definitive act much like throwing a chair in the first place so really what does that say about eating worms in the first place you know I mean you probably wouldn't die and people would pay attention to you but what

would happen if the worms grew and could throw chairs then you would be in deep trouble for eating their kin because most things don't like their friends being eaten but will eat others so its kind of an eat or be eaten chain of sour worm chair throwing which makes worms pretty low in the chain because they eat dirt and you are what you eat so maybe worms are just dirt to begin with but a rock would totally smash the crap out of a worm in a game of rock paper worm scissors so you see the holes in the logic that if a worm is dirt which is are little rocks and a rock would smash the shit out of a worm then a worm maybe doesn't eat dirt but also the problem with rock paper worm scissors is what if someone has a bigger rock than the other persons or what if someone has scissors made out of paper or what if the worms are an advanced alien species that can shoot lasers and travel through time or what if the rocks can travel through time or what if the paper is wet you see if the paper was wet it wouldn't be very good at anything but if the rock was wet it might slip and hit the person using it on the foot and that would hurt the person and they would probably swear or maybe they would grab their foot and jump up and down until they

fell through a window and out of a skyscraper 1000 stories and then fell into a pile of rocks you know that would hurt and even possibly hurt the rocks as maybe rocks have feelings like pain and lust and you know rock kind of feelings and also what about the rock dudes in TMNuT they were totally like the robot dudes in GIJUE they were really hard to beat at first it took like a thousand guns to kill just one but then after a season they would just keel over when someone blew on them so it goes to show that things change and maybe rocks will be used as paper someday because they used to be used as paper so maybe there should be more clarity to what the hell is really going on because I'm not totally convinced there are even two ways to necessitate the use of either in the sentence anyway and also what if the scissors were made out of wet macaroni noodles then they wouldn't be very effective unless the rocks were made out of mashed potatoes and the paper was made out of sauce possibly that layer of skin that accumulates over sauce when it has been sitting out in this case then the whole thing sounds like a pretty tasty meal and might even be healthy for you so eat your rock paper and scissors and grow strong bones and grow

up and die anyway sucker ha ha but thats kind of a pessimistic way of looking at things unless your into dieing then it would be optimistic you know wouldn't it be better to be happy about dieing like when data planned that funeral for someone on Stur Truk TNG and had like a big band play happy music and stuff because he was a naive innocent robot and stuff that was a good point it really makes you think about stuff you know until the commercials come on and then you just sit there and watch them like a robot because it was all really a metaphor for you know watch the commercials you robot look up to this robot and do this robot and robot robot robot robot robot and such and so forth and stuff but also lets not forget to mention that most metaphors are used loosely and liberally and really don't stand up very well when scrutinized too heavily which really seems to go for everything basically I mean what the fuck do you really know I mean think about it what do you really know because like something could happen tomorrow and they would come out and say this thing you thought you knew was totally wrong and stuff and you would have to be like well I guess I was wrong and should revise my opinions

that are always absolutely correct thusly you know or you could just choose to not believe the people who were saying that it was wrong in the first place because it might have been a hard arduous path getting to the point where you were certain you knew something than then when they pulled the carpet out from underneath you and you would be better off just denying that it happened and that you didn't fall on your ass and that you meant to do that and that you didn't like that carpet anyway and any other such type things that obscure the nature of the situation like a conspiracy or maybe it was someone else's fault but you know throwing chairs is the way to go because think about it if someone was going to throw a chair if you said something irresponsible then you would think twice before you said that but also it might get out of hand as the people who could throw the chairs the hardest and the fastest and the farthest would naturally come to power and the people who sucked at throwing chairs but were smart enough to manipulate the people with the chairs could get the best chair throwers on their side and then all heck would break out as the average chair throwers would find themselves

outgunned and outsmarted and that wouldn't be very fair but its hard to say that anything is fair like even the word fair isn't fair for some reason I mean like I don't really understand why the word fair isn't fair I don't know well I guess it's part of the word unfair which is totally not fair and also its in English so if you don't speak English than you wouldn't know that fair meant fair or maybe you did speak English but didn't know what fair meant than that wouldn't be fair and really if you are talking about being fair you would probably have to qualify it with extra words like balanced and maybe explain what fair is because one persons fair is another person's injustice which is an interesting thing because that one chick who was supposedly lady justice in Rome or whatever was blind because justice is blind but I think that gets distorted today we should forcible blind people in the business of justice and then see how many of them keep doing it you know because that would weed out a lot of people but like the original lady justice was blind and like no one else really is so it isn't fair the whole fairness thing isn't very fair for several reasons like for one fair is also the same word as fare which is like a fee that

you charge someone for a service but what if you didn't want to pay that then that wouldn't be very fair an fare also is like a place where they have rides and carnies are the least fair people in the world with their rigged rides and their smooth talking somewhat toothless trying to bilk you out of your stupid money which almost makes them fair because they really aren't which nears being an absolute which is really kind of the only way something could be fair if it were absolute consistent and exact but nothing really is that way although it's nice to say that and give people a false sense of hope and puff them up and then throw a chair at them which you should have just thrown a chair in the first place rather than hurt them both emotionally and physically but really that's not the whole side of it because it's like impossible to get to the whole side of everything you know it's like the word perfect you know I don't think people really understand that you just can't ever use that word people are just lazy to say something like well that fits with the variables I have presented to me or that's better than the other options but perfect you know like nothing can really be perfect except for God and the Bible 2.0 and Jebus and Mr. Purfect

and even the word perfect can't be perfect for some reason or another but possibly the other reason and I know you might be saying you're a douchebag for pooping on my stupid petty ideas about the world and screw you right now or you also might be saying hey you are awesome I would like to buy you a beer sometime but what if I threw a chair at you instead of all that thinking and petty crap you would have to either get out of the way or get hit with a chair and then no matter what you said you would be like pretty upset unless you grew up with a history of chair throwing and then you would probably just feel at home and I would be glad to oblige you in that respect as well as also take you up on that beer offer I could use the exercise in beer drinking and also I would appreciate the effort unless there was an ulterior motive to your act of generosity of which you are already suspect because you can't trust anyone unless they are perfect then you can go ahead and trust them and you better trust them because that also means they have perfect aim and they can throw chairs perfectly and you wouldn't want to cross them when the great chair throwing revolution comes along because either you are with

the chair throwers or you are against the chair throwers even if you don't want to contribute to either side you are still part of it and will probably get a chair thrown at you anyway because the only way the antichair throwers can fight back against chair throwing is to fight fire with fire as in throwing chairs of their own to stop the chair throwing madness once and for all and then destroy all of the chairs in the world or try and bolt them down like they do at McDuhnulds which makes you wonder who's side McDuh's is on there because you know people are going to get pretty upset not being able to pick up and throw their chair when it comes down to the fact that chair throwing will be a necessity in the future and stuff especially when the fad wears off and people are sick of the constant threat of having a chair thrown at them and just want the freaking chair throwing to freaking be over with and that would be nice wouldn't it but you know what *BAM* with a chair they will be hit because like that one thing that one guy said about vigilance with the glasses that one guy I think he was like immortalized as a duck in a comic strip or played saxophone or something like that but I don't really know all I am saying is give chair

throwing a chance you know because it might solve all of the problems people have like if you had a chair thrown at you then you would probably stop and think about what caused that and maybe try and rectify the situation or not you know maybe you would take a more selfish stance like why did someone throw a chair at me and stuff but maybe it wasn't you specifically you were just in the wrong place at the wrong time or maybe to someone else it was the right place at the right time and still someone else thinks oh it's beer thirty time to get wasted and run around with my pants off and make obnoxious noises and stuff and yet still another people might be a vegetable and not able to think which is kind of insulting to real vegetables who can be very smart and articulate and have contributed a great deal to modern society you know take for example the still life right what would a still life be without like some vegetables in it it would be a boring old basket and no one wants to see a painting of a basket when they've got the real thing anyway that would just be dumb in that way that someone might think it was smart in art school because of all the ego stroking of people who are taking your money

and afraid to tell you anything is stupid as well as the copious amount of drugs everyone is on so don't make a still life painting without the fruit and vegetables because they are smarter than you think especially smarter than human vegetables and so I think people should stop calling human vegetables vegetables because it's insulting to the real vegetables and they might get upset and do something about it someday as you never know when your going to have a chair thrown at you basically it could be later it could be sooner it could be on a Tuesday or it could be right now but you wouldn't see it coming if there were real vegetables behind it because they are smarter than you think because think about it the more you talk about stuff the stupider you get and vegetables don't say much making them smarter than the people who go around saying they are smart and saying a bunch of stupid stuff and also don't forget that chairs are made out of plants sometimes so maybe that's karma you know what goes around comes around and getting hit in the face with a plant who was so smart that it got someone else to do all the dirty work for it and take the blame is pretty devious so just open your eyes and stuff

that's all I'm saying you know is don't be so mean and buy me a beer and watch out for chairs and throw chairs if you feel like but warn me first if you're going to throw one at me because I told you all about this stuff first and I called firstsies just now so you have to pinkie swear not to throw a chair at me but if you do you also have to realize that I've been preparing for this for a long time and my retaliation will be swift and fierce so be rational about it or suffer my irrational wrath as I'll do it but only if provoked which I am leaving open ended and stuff but don't even go there OK right because like going there would be bad for you and your head and basically what I am saying is you wouldn't like me when I'm angry and also let's just drop the whole dialog we are having here and stuff and focus on other things like I don't know um like the weather or something because the weather is cool unless it's hot then it wouldn't be very cool unless you meant like the jazz meaning of cool like hip but not like the literal hip but more like hip like cool you know like jazz man the weather is like jazz the clouds are like the saxophone you know because sometime he has to lay down some heavy shit but other times its just light and fluffy and then the

sunset hits and its just like so beautiful at that magic hour yeah that's jazz right being aged so fine like wine still sweet after all these years and still intoxicating making you bloated and pale faced barfing at a toilet slowly killing you with each drink and drink you will from a plastic bowl because the other dishes are dirty because you were too busy listening to jazz and drinking from that cup to notice the bevy of small animals living in your apartment because you were too high on that jazz that intoxicating jazz that jazz and the crack cocaine you smoked made you do it didn't it but it made you go out and kill those people it was jazz man and the crack and the fact that you were picked on growing up for liking jazz because nobody likes jazz like you like jazz because nobody knows what it is to see pain and come back and then go bah do dah dee skiddly doo dah pow see that's just a taste of jazz a taste so sweet once you get it you'll be hooked for life you'll be listening to that jazz like there's no tomorrow and there is no tomorrow there's only yesterday you know I don't know what that means but it sounds cool and that's jazz that's cool you dig that man see we're talking jazz here the jazz that runs through your veins and tells

you things like you should kill the babysitter that's jazz that's telling you it's wild and free and crazy and running around naked on a cold northeastern winter night that crazy jazz with no clothes on running around naked like a naked person running around all naked that jazz man because you'll be hooked like the pirate dude in petur pun and that'll be fine because lady jazz likes to stay up late at night doing ba dee boo dah doodle doodle doo da dee dee doo you hear that jazz man making his noise blaring his stuff and all being all jazz like with his jazz instruments and his jazz hands and his jazz haircut and his oh yeah you know what I'm talking about I'm talking about jazz like it's my second cousins step sister's friend's friend and she had something interesting to say and I as interested and I listened to her and she talked and I listened like I listen to jazz but that doesn't make sense see you don't listen to jazz you feel jazz inside you rumbling around from your larynx to your balls you feel the jazz pumping and pulsing like a bad meal at a cheap Chinese food restaurant you feel that jazz going around and coming back up with a huah dee boodle boodle blurp blerp dee dee and a huah yeah jazz man you don't get it mixed with country because

people will beat the shit out of you and there's nothing worse than watching a hip cat into jazz get angry because they're so cool daddio they're mellow and talk all like you mistake jazz and country and they'll flip their switch and turn on that electricity and maybe the outlet has too many things plugged in and it sparks a little and that's what will be flying around when you cross old lady jazz she'll cut you good and sell your organs on the jazz market man yeah she'll be like a kidney for Cultrane and for Blakuy the trachea and well we don't even have to say whats going on for old Hancuck now do we because you know the answer is no we don't but what we do know is that jazz man it's a living breathing walking talking scatting chatting dude man but just don't try and try it like a dude in a court because jazz don't play that gig right like jazz will sit that one out on the sidelines and let old grandpa gangsta rap take the fall there and stuff because jazz doesn't do time because jazz is time and it's also jazz so free floating around like infinity that jazz that crazy zany jazz is all you need and maybe some electricity to listen to the jazz and possibly a safe haven to consume sed object'd'art and then you'll be cool daddio you'll be a real

swinger swinging around on that jazz and that jazz will be swinging back like some kind of jazzamatazzattack.

Chapter Booyeah

1. Jebus was known to be afraid of the impending and very real threat of zombies. He was a fan of zombie movies and they always scared him no matter how many times in a row he watched them. Jebus once saw a person dressed up like a zombie and he almost messed himself.

"People coming back from the dead, that's just creepy. Ewww. Groddy." Said Jebus who began gagging like he was totally going to throw up but then thought better of it as he had eaten an overpriced omelet for breakfast and wanted to get the most bang for his buck and if he barfed he would have to then eat the barf back to get his monies worth of vital nutrients.

23. Jebus hearkened back to the simpler days when he was into eating dirt.

"Whatever happened to that?" Said Jebus. "I miss those days. Those were some good days."

23. Jebus vowed that when he got his hands on a time travel machine to go back to those days and relive them after he went back in time and killed his enemies before they were born. Jebus was vengeful like that but not really. He just

liked to think that he was. Jebus was really a nice guy deep down inside which does not explain the next chapter.

The Next Chapter

1. Jebus walked into the store. The employees had no clue what was about to transpire. Jebus liked it that way.

2. Jebus walked up to the buffet and pulled out his cafeteria tray from the secret compartment in his robe.

"Heh heh heh." Said Jebus sneakily as he cut his way into the line and began to fill up his tray.

3. An employee took notice.

"Is that Jebus, the son of God, stealing our pickles?" The employee who's name was Jed said. Jed decided to approach Jebus and confront him. "Um, excuse me? Are you going to pay for that?" Said Jed.

Jebus was undeterred and replied, "I paid for it by paying for your sins in blood my son," while still filling up his tray with various items at the buffet, especially the cottage cheese.

12. Jebus loved cottage cheese and peaches. Together.

Jebus added, "For Mosus said unto Ezequiul: Jebus is the way and the light. Let not unto others um blah blah etc. Ephesiuns 69:420."

"Oh gee, sorry." Said Jed realizing the folly of his ways. Jebus quickly shoved the contents of his tray into his

robe and headed for the exit of the store.

He turned back to Jed and said, "You are forgiven."

4. And then before exiting Jebus noticed a rack of sunglasses. Jebus grabbed a pair of sunglasses with a *yoinking* noise and left the store slamming the door behind him with a slamming noise. *Slam!* Duh duh duh, duh duh duh, that was the noise!

5. A manager approached Jed, "You know that's coming out of your paycheck." Said the manager.

"Damn." Replied Jed.

6. Jebus walked into the parking lot. "Suckers! Heh heh." He said as he put on his newly acquired shades.

7. Jebus hopped on a motorcycle and began to rev the engine loudly and do donuts in the parking lot making smoke come from the tires as he peeled out. Someone approached Jebus. "Hey, that's my bike!" Said the person.

Jebus zoomed off yelling back, "Ephesiuns 69:420!"

The person was not happy with the situation of Jebus stealing his motorbike and muttered, "Stupid Bible 2.0." To which Jebus immediately replied loudly, "EPHESIUNS 69:420!"

"Sorry." Said the person feeling bad for being so selfish.

8. Just then they heard a loud screeching noise. Jebus doubled back on the motorcycle going faster than ever and plowed straight into the guy instantly destroying him and making a loud *SMOSH* noise at the same time. Blood splattered on Jebus's face and he was glad he had acquired the shades as he would have gotten blood in his eye and that would have been bad.

9. Jebus had a good chuckle as he drove off into the sunset.

"Ha ha ha." Said Jebus.

The end. Of the story. Not the end of Jebus. No, lots more really interesting things happen to our good buddy Jebus. Really interesting and fascinating things. Weee.

The Nexter Chapter.

1. "OK, shitheads, listen up. This is important. You, dickneck, shut your piehole. And listen." Said Jebus. "Now, this may be the whiskey talking but I love you guys. I mean it. You guys. You are guys. And I love you guys." Jebus said.

23. Then Jebus burped and it had some barf that came up into his mouth. He tried to swallow but had to spit out the barf which led to him gagging hardcore and he ended up hurling way more on top of that. Then Jebus passed out in his own vomit

and started snoring loudly and making whooping noises and screaming at the top of his lungs in his sleep.

12. His disciples talked about at least rolling him over so he doesn't die but then they remembered earlier that night when Jebus had taken a dump in their fishtank and decided to see if Jebus 'felt lucky'. One of the disciples noted that he himself also 'felt lucky' as he farted into Jebus's mouth and then proceeded to get high fives from his discipbros. Then someone put their balls on Jebus's forehead and had their friend take a picture of it.

23. This ball forehead guy was always doing that. He was a jerk and I don't like him. Not that he ever did that to me, just I just think he's an asshole. For the limited scope of the story though it's pretty funny. Then someone drew 'I EATS COCKS' on Jebus's forehead as well as some pointy horns and a swastika. They proceeded to cover Jebus in shaving cream and honey and coated him in styrofoam doodles.

12. There was talk of duct taping Jebus to the ceiling but they had already duct taped so many other people as it was quite a raging party they were at that there was simply no room to duct tape Jebus to the ceiling.

"Hey I got an idea, why don't we duct tape everything to the ceiling, like the tables and beer bottles and vomit and fishtank and us and stuff, get this, except Jebus. The dude will freak when he wakes up, he'll think that like he's on the ceiling but it turns out we're on the ceiling! Ha ha ha." Said one of Jebus's more conniving disciples.

12. So they set out on a mission to royally mess with Jebus and mess with him they did. Unfortunately someone had also superglued Jebus's eyelids shut and so when he did wake up he began thrashing around and wailing about his newfound blindness condition which he was upset about due to the thing about the blindness mentioned previously and also it would just be really sad. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Jebus had a raging hangover and thought he might have been caught and drugged and tortured for some kind of guburnment conspiracy so he did what any living deity would do, he pulled out his samurai sword and began flailing it about wildly as he couldn't see anything because he thought at the time that he was blind or inside a really dark room but later realized he just needed to open his eyes which was a powerful metaphor to him and he vowed to

remember it for later but he didn't write it down so he forgot however at this current moment Jebus was swinging his samurai sword around wildly slicing and dicing anything around him to the agonized screams of his friends and disciples being horribly mutilated and decapitated and other kinds of 'ated' words.

12. Jebus was certain that the headache and blindness were proof of a guburnment conspiracy that possibly went up all the way to the top. Maybe even higher. The screams of agony Jebus heard calling out to him to stop his slaughtering were merely a psy-ops mission being perpetuated by a hologram robot. 'All those years of watching the Scu-fu channel and listening to Alux Joenes, middle name eatat, have finally paid off,' Jebus thought as he continued his bloody massacre.

12. It took a while and Jebus thought about many a thing during this process. He thought about Juhn Voight's career. He thought about the physical and sociological impact of rising corn futures in the global economy. He thought about what it would be like if he really did turn out to be blind and not like that thing that happened to Luke Skywuker in that one movie where oh no wait that was

that other Indiuunu Junes guy yeah and he shot that one person that was freaking awesome! Beylat!

12. But one thing Jebus didn't really get was the force, yeah he read about what it is like midichlorians and junk, but it seemed like some kind of life energy that had a set path because the masters of it sort of knew what was going to happen in the future, but really the things it did, made you good at shooting weapons with your eyes shut, made it so you can jump really far, shoot lightning, throw things with your mind, control weak people's minds, and you know, OK some of that stuff doesn't really relate to the other stuff, and like if there's some kind of universal thing to it how come everyone who gets a little taste of it acts entirely in their own selfish interests to exploit their power. They say the dark side of the force was bad but what about the so called good side, antiguburnment people who were held accountable to no one, made up their own rules as they went along, and pretty much acted as selfish and will-kill-your-ass-the-instant-you-cross-me-as-the-dark-side-people-anyway. At least the dark side respected the wishes of the international guburnment. What was the bad thing if the dark side won the battle? They were building

stuff. Employing people. Shit got delivered. Way better than those good side force people who lived in caves alone and otherwise hung out with furry hippie critters and probably did it with them. Sexually. With their loins.

23. Jebus decided that it was kind of stupid to poke at the holes in Stur Wurs logic as it seemed that the guy who made that got popular because of all the stupid inconsistencies sending nerds panties a-bunching and Jebus wasn't a nerd heh heh heh he told himself as he continued to flail his samurai sword around wildly.

12. After a period of weeks Jebus eventually realized that he could in fact open his eyes to see the he had ruthlessly slaughtered all of his followers as well as his pet goat, 'The poor poor thing,' Jebus thought as he began to weep for his fallen goat friend. 'She was so good to me,' Jebus thought and he reminisced about all the fun things they had done together. The time they both pooped on the the crusty old dean's lawn. Boy they laughed about that one for like weeks afterwards.

"Good old goat, I'll miss you. I'm so sad after all these years I never even got to name you. So sad. So so.. sad. Indeed." Said Jebus who was super duper bummed out. "I want

ice cream."

12. He was also kind of a little bit bummed about loosing all of his followers and disciples.

"Man, that's going to take me like, freaking forever to get all those followers and disciples back, dammit. And my poor goat, my poor poor goat. No one could ever replace you." Said Jebus.

12. Jebus went out and got some ice cream. He felt a little bit better. He vowed to get over being such a grumpy gus and maybe poop on the crusty old dean's lawn for old times sake. A piece of Jebus died that day or weeks or whatever and Jebus vowed to always remember that uhh.. thing, the uhh, umm, the uhh.. aw forget it. But it was too late. He already had. In fact he forgot to remember to forget.

23. Jebus thought he might have some condition so he made a note to go see a doctor about it but totally spaced it right after he made that mental note. That's the way Jebus rolled. He'd lose his head if it weren't attached to his body, although once he did lose his head for a period of weeks even though it was attached to his body. Jebus rolled like this. Jebus rolled like that, dawg.

"It's like this and like that and like this and uh?" Jebus said forgetting what kind of point he was making as evidenced by the "uh" statement at the

end of the sentence.

24. Jebus was a normal human being like you and I and Gilberto McCheasyfries and The Holy Toaster. He had to poop. He had to eat. He had to breath. He also had to go shopping. On one such occasion he decided to go grocery shopping. He walked to the store.

12. Everyone was looking at him weird because he had a beard and was dressed a little different. Jebus felt awkward and vowed never to go shopping at that store during the middle of the day when all the judgmental asshole troglodyte bucketfaces were doing their idiot day walk routine.

12. Jebus got a plethora of groceries. A veritable cornucopia of different items each more interesting than the previous, word! Jebus got nutulluh because he was feeling like splurging and he really liked nutulluh. He got the standards, bread, peanut butter, honey, and ketchup.

12. Jebus thought about getting some Mac and cheese but decided he might as well just go get that at a later point because they sold it at the bodega up the street anyway. Jebus got some spinach and two different kinds of lettuce to make a bitching ass salad. Jebus was into salads.

12. Jebus also got some oatmeal. Jebus liked oatmeal.

Instead of cooking it Jebus would let it soak in the fridge overnight and eat it cold. It was just as good in his mind and saved the painful chore of cleaning a sticky pot. Jebus liked to put cinnamon in the oatmeal because he heard that cinnamon was good for you. Jebus got some other stuff as well like brown rice and carrots. He had about four bags.

12. Jebus vowed to eat in and save some money especially considering he had splurged with the nutulluh. When Jebus got back he ate some eggs and toast and oatmeal. It was a good meal. Jebus felt good and had energy throughout the day thanks to his good healthy breakfast. After a period of time Jebus was hungry again so he thought about making a salad but felt a little bit too lazy at the moment so he munched on some blueberries.

12. Then Jebus's roommate came home and decided to make blueberry pancakes but had to go out and get some blueberry jam and butter. Jebus vowed to make a kick ass salad for dinner though because he had bought Frunch salad dressing and those fake bacon bits that were actually salt and soy and red food coloring.

12. Before his breakfast Jebus had gone out and gotten a coffee but the coffee was old

and the burner it was sitting on at the bodega hadn't been on so it was room temperature.

"Mmm, stale cold coffee." Jebus said.

His breakfast had made him tired and the coffee wasn't really helping.

12. Jebus continued on anyway. The work had to get done and if he didn't do it nobody would. Jebus took a bath because the shower was broken at the time and he was too lazy to call the landlord to come fix it. Jebus didn't mind baths although he realized that it was harder to fully clean his ass so he scrubbed extra hard.

12. Then Jebus thought about watching all the Stur Wurs movies in a row because he was bored and he figured this would make him super duper bored. Jebus was like this. A normal fellow. He watched sitcoms and laughed just like his fellow man. He did have superpowers though like being able to see through walls and shoot lasers but he liked to downplay this as he didn't like to stand out of the crowd.

12. Jebus was about as conformist as they get and totally was into whatever other people were into. Jebus would get on myspace and look at people's likes and dislikes and gage his own personality accordingly.

12. Jebus loved to talk about reading lots of important philosophers and stuff and counterculture books even though he never really read them. He just liked to look smart but not back it up with any kind of real effort fortunately everyone else Jebus associated was this way as well.

12. Jebus also liked to buy music on Ituuns to listen to on his Ipad especially the songs that were featured on Ipad commercials which Jebus saw a lot of because they aired a great deal on his Teevoud episodes of Duh Duhly Show which he really liked to watch. Almost religiously you might add. Duh Duhly Show is how Jebus got a lot of the political information in his time and he thought that he really pioneered it after he saw a news report about the phenomenon and got into it.

12. Jebus was a pioneer that would find things that were already popular and get into them and then claim that he was the originator of the fads he espoused. Jebus was like that. A real original person. A pioneer. A free thinker. A radical. Jebus went out and bought a Che Guevuruh t-shirt at Hut Tupic which was one of his favorite stores at the mall.

12. He also liked Spuncer, the pet store, Prutzul Tume,

Zumiuz, and Burnes and Nuble. Jebus loved to get a big book preferably full of big pictures or a time tested best seller of the suspense genre and a cup of Double Half Calf Cinnamon Mocha Latte with a spritz of caramel with a scone from the Sturbucks and sit and pretend to read. Jebus was an excellent pretend reader.

12. Jebus liked to read for real too and by read he meant download audio books to his Ipad. Jebus was quite a reader and read lots of stuff like the Hurry Putter series. Jebus thought it was really cool and wished that he was a witch.

"That would be cool. I'd be all like pshaaaaa woooo." Said Jebus who was making swashbuckling sword fighting motions.

12. Jebus also really liked the Pirutes of the Curibbean movies and got into a heated debate once with a friend about who was hotter, Urlando Blum or Juhnny Dupp. Jebus thought that Juhnny Dupp was way hotter but his friend countered that Urlando Blum was also an Elf in Lurd of the Rungs to which Jebus countered that Elfs were kind of fruity to which his friend countered that Urlando Blum was as straight as they come. His friend went on to add that if he were a chick he would totally do

Urlando Blum over Juhnny Dupp any day.

12. But in the end they both agreed that if they were chicks that they would both probably do either one because that would be totally hot and they would probably have lots of sex with lots of celebrities but then settle down with one of them like the young guy who was dating Sumuntha on Sux in the Shity.

"He's smoking." Jebus added to the conversation which he liked to call a "convo".

12. Jebus had to leave the debate as he had an appointment to get his roots touched up and also a pedicure. Jebus took great pride in his toenails because they looked really hot. 'Maybe even hotter than Keaunu Ruve's toenails,' thought Jebus.

12. Jebus was secretly disgusted with his body especially his toenails and that was the real reason he got pedicures every week but he tried to play it up like he was fucking awesome to everyone else but secretly he had his doubts.

12. Jebus decided that this meant he was depressed so he got on lots of anti-depressants and stuff. This helped take the edge off of Jebus's real emotions and he felt better because he liked to fit in with the crowd and the pills helped him be like everyone else.

4. Then Jebus saw a shocking video on the internets and got worried that he was having his mind by controlled by aliens through cell phone towers and chemtrails and other electronic media.

"Everyone is a fucking zombie, wake up people. 9/11 was an inside job!" Said Jebus as he handed out copies of Alux Eatat Joenus dvd's to old ladies riding the subway.

Jebus would then proceed to breakdance to the next subway car and continue this form of hip hop buskering enlightenment. Jebus saw himself as a revolutionary who was going to wake up the people to CIA mind control plots and aliens and stuff. He was really into it. It all made sense to him. An elaborate conspiracy. Just follow the clues. It was as simple as that.

44. Then one day Jebus had a cold. He stayed in bed and watched movies and played video games. It was good fun. Jebus vowed to have more fun in life and unbunch his panties which had become bunched up very tight as well as to pull the stick up his butt he had inserted after he saw that one Michul Mur documentary telling him to do this.

12. It was very liberating for Jebus to be liberated from the liberal liberators.

"But how can I liberate the others from the liberal

liberators?" Postured Jebus aloud.

Jebus planned on making a youtube video composed of clips from other videos set to a DJ Shaduh song.

"This will fuck those motherfuckers up." Said Jebus. "Booyeah."

12. Little did Jebus know that this act would ignite the imagination of the world and blah blah blah until stuff happened and it was awesome and interesting stuff and boy you should have been there and stuff and also things and sometimes on Tuesdays but Wednesdays were actually taking off and there were also a siesta on Thursdays and don't even fucking ask about Fridays you nob.

12. Jebus and stuff and also things. Woo. Woooo. Jebus. Jebus. Jebus.

234. Jebus needed to go see a dentist but he didn't trust them. He had some pretty wicked breath and no one wanted to tell him but whenever he would crowd over people and blather about whatever stupid shit he was talking about they would try and hold their breath and ultimately collapse and die from the horrible stench.

12. Jebus didn't really get what was going on but he realized when he was talking to his pet gopher and it keeled over in his own hands that something was wrong. So

Jebus went and asked his best friend at the time about what it might be.

1222. His best friend was nicknamed Pube. Pube was afraid to tell Jebus had had horrible breath. Jebus kept prying for some clues or information from Pube about what would cause these things but Pube was defiant by gasping answers inbetween holding his breath as much as he could. Pube had a great idea. He went and got in once of those airtight suits that they wear in contaminated zones like in the movie U.T. at the sad part that was sad and continued his conversation with Jebus.

"I don't know what you're talking about Jebus." Said Pube.

"Yeah I know, right. Well me neither, I just get this feeling, like there's something wrong with me, something that's causing this stuff, but I just can't put my finger on it. You know? I just don't know what's going on. Everyone tells me it's all good and I like believe them but there's something in the back of my head saying something like, you know, like, shit's fucked up. You know?" Said Jebus.

His breath had gotten so bad that it had eaten a hole into Pube's airtight suit and was eating away at his flesh.

"Ahhh! My flesh! Your horrible fucking stinky poop

death breath is eating my flesh alive! I'm dying! Help meeeee. Help meeeeeeee." Pube said as he clawed at Jebus and then died.

"Huh, wonder what that was about." Said Jebus obliviously. "Oh well, hmm I'm hungry. Maybe I'll go get some raw fish and feces and wash it down with tepid waste water. Mm-mm." Said Jebus.

1313. Jebus decided that he needed to get healthy. He weighed about 40,000 pounds at the time. So he jogged for 3 seconds and took one of those pills you see on advertisements on TV. The ones that cause heart attacks. Well, the pills totally worked and Jebus got in mad crazy shape with exercise and a healthy diet and the pills all in about two seconds he lost the excess weight so quickly that the excess crap rocketed out of his butt while jogging and he set the world land speed record.

12. Jebus was like this and totally would pull some crazy stunts in his day. Jebus would always say, "You know you just have to put your mind to it and you can accomplish anything. But I mean me and not you. I can do that but you can't. You suck. Don't even bother trying. Loser." And then he would clarify, "And I'm not like doing that to motivate you with reverse psychology. You really suck.

Think about it, what have you ever accomplished? And you've got such a huge opinion of yourself. Fucking just give up now. It's over. You suck. The only hope for you is the less you even try and the more wildly ignorant and into yourself the better you are especially if you never associate with anyone who has ever actually done anything and if you do attack them and show them how horribly ignorant and stupid you are and make them leave hoping that they never see you again and you have won. You are the winner. But fuck you, get off a mah lawn." Said Jebus as he cocked his shotgun.

Chapter Robo

234. Jebus was known the world apart at least in the parts that were known and knew of him that he was a total fucking badass mofo. Jebus could often be heard uttering his catchphrase, "Shee-it." And generally causing a mother fucking ruckus and so on and so forth.

12. Once he shoplifted the Wu-tung clun's 36 chumburs CD even though he had it on tape (bootlegged out of the back of a van of course).

12. Jebus was totally ripped as in shredded and would kick your ass even if you were his best friend. That's how he rolled.

23. As he would say, "Shee-it." And say often he did. Because that was what he said.

23. But little did people know that he had a softer side to his rowdy rough and tough bad guy demeanor. People who were really close to them and hadn't been pummeled into a puree of blood and guts and sparkly glitter would be happy to point this out if they hadn't had dirty socks and underwear shoved down their throats earlier.

12. Jebus needed corrective glasses but was too vain to wear them so he frequently would mix things up. Shoving his filthy socks and underwear down people's throats, which were really freaking filthy as he would wear them for weeks straight, was the way he thought that you did laundry. People would try and tell him otherwise but whenever they opened their big fat mouths Jebus would shove some filthy poop streaked goat cheese smelling underwear in their pie holes.

12. But Jebus was secretly a nice guy and liked to write poetry that reflected his more somber thoughtful feeling and kind side. He wrote poetry about pretty little flowers and pretty little puppies rolling in the pretty little flowers and the darkness of his soul and how it pined and yearned for

destruction and such and so forth.

345. Something about a shoe?

12. Jebus once tried to publish his works but was refused entry into the publishing house so he lit it on fire. Nary a single soul was spared as he also was holding up a soul catcher as he was into new age at the time. He enjoyed his energy crystals and tried to get into yoga but was too distracted getting turned on looking at the various almost disturbing poses the yoga instructors would get themselves into.

12. Then Jebus would hang out by himself at a bus stop and comment, "Exiting, isn't it?" to which he would counter, "Yes. Yes it is."

And then he would light buses and cars on fire with his mind so that he was not a suspect in the countless homicides that occurred told and untold and retold and bridge tolled. There was a plea to find the perpetrator of these crimes on TV but Jebus made the host of the shows head explode on live TV creating a media blitz that ended when someone created the word distraction which was really distracting.

2. Jebus also had super organs. His pancreas was an internationally acclaimed welterweight boxing champ with a perfect record. Jebus's uvula ran for congress and won but threw it away at his

acceptance speech when he went on a tirade of racial epithets. His uvula was like that. Jebus's colon wasn't very notable but did once win a free bottle of sodie pop in one of those under the cap giveaways. Jebus's ovaries were super accomplished publishers of children's books. Jebus's left eyeball did stand up comedy and wrote several noted screenplays. Jebus's tongue was a noted humanitarian and stuff who spearheaded the effort to end world hunger and also invented the cure for polio. Jebus's spleen was a nun. And some other junk like totally.

3. Jebus was asked numerous times to pose naked for like, numerous magazines on like, numerous occasions and also for the Presudent of Meatopia and also once by a crazy homeless guy. Jebus thought it was flattering but smashed their heads with his fingers because of the nature of the matter.

4. Then Jebus would laugh and laugh and laugh for hours at a time until he forgot what he was laughing about and then he would laugh some more because he forgot and then he would remember and then laugh some more. It was a downward spiral of head smashings and laughter that was immortalized by the smash Broadway musical Thuh Liuhn Kung.

5. Jebus also collected pet rocks. He had quite a collection and he liked to throw them at people who were pissed off at first being pelted with a rock but soon warmed up to the charm of a pet rock. They however were boomerang pet rocks so after they won the person who had been pelted's heart over they would return to Jebus after kicking the person in the shins. It was very sad.

5. Jebus also liked to collect albino tigers and was considered to have the most complete collection in the world especially after he sent out his secret cabal of geisha ninja assassins to dispose of the other collectors. When the story hit the press it caused a plunge in collecting of albino tigers and the prices dropped dramatically with a loud *wooshing* noise which allowed Jebus to snatch them up for veritable pennies on the dollar.

"Ha ha ha." Said Jebus. "Ha ha ha indeed."

12. "Sigh." Jebus also said. Jebus was bored. He just didn't know what to do next. So he did what he does in that instance. He consulted his horoscope. Jebus was totally into reading his horoscope and on several occasions got his star chart made which helped guide him in periods of immense struggle like the one he was currently facing

being bored and all.

"You feel great and you can tell that your good energy is just right for whatever you feel like doing today. In fact, you take so much pleasure from everyday activities that you might just stick to your schedule!" Jebus read aloud syllable soundingly because hoked on phunix had wurked fur him.

12. Jebus realized that his horoscope was totally right and he was not in fact bored he was feeling great and could tell that his good energy is right for doing whatever he was doing today and it would be so fun that he would stick to his schedule. His schedule being penciled in for a day of utter boredom, followed by some stretching, followed by more complete and utter total fucking boredom.

12. But Jebus was bored. Nothing would cheer him up. He thought about going on a crime spree but decided he was just too bored to commit felonies. Even misdemeanors seemed tawdry and droll. Manslaughter? More like Manslaughter and stuff. Jebus thought that maybe going to see a movie would cheer him up but thought that all the movies that were out were schlock except this one indie movie but it was playing in a theater far far away.

1. So far that Jebus would have to leave his house. And

that was bullshit. It was very sad.

12. Jebus thought about watching TV but decided that it was boring. Jebus was so bored. Even mindless violence couldn't cheer him up. Jebus thought about getting drunk but was literally too bored to even bother getting drunk.

12. Jebus just sat still and stared at nothing. He thought it might be weird if someone saw him just sitting there but he vowed if anyone did see him he would smite them later after he had perked up. Jebus needed a distraction but found himself with none. He sat. Nothing happened. He continued to sit. At one point he shifted his weight around a little bit. Jebus considered putting his feet up on the end table but decided that he was too bored to even put his feet up.

12. Jebus thought that it would be cool if he just died just from sitting there being bored. That would be cool. People would respect that. That would be something. Women would throw undergarments and vital internal organs. That would be fun. And all Jebus had to do was sit and be bored to death. He was already halfway there.

12. Then he started to think about other stuff. He just sort of sat there and stared

occasionally thinking about things. Past relationships. Dreams. Stories. Funny moments from TV shows. Stupid people. He tried naming all of the types of cereal he ever ate in alphabetical order but got into a mental fight with himself over what constituted cereal such as if granola was cereal or whether any oat based products were allowed, especially ones served warm.

12. Then Jebus thought about the weather. He thought long and hard about the weather. 'The weather is interesting,' he thought. 'I wonder why no one ever wants to get into a drawn out philosophical discussion about the weather with me,' Jebus thought. 'They must be pussies. Fucking pussies.'

12. Jebus thought about the time he got stoned and watched all those videos of animals surfing and skydiving. That was freaking hilarious. But it all came to pass. And Jebus found himself at an impasse bored out of his gourd sitting waiting for a slow death from his boredom.

12. Then Jebus thought he might have cancer. But he thought better of it. That would be too easy. Then people would care about him. That would be something. Jebus thought about going around telling people that he

might commit suicide just for the attention. 'Nah, they'd probably just try and egg me on into doing it and then I'd be found out for the charade that I am. Dammit. Dammit it all. God I'm so bored. Bored bored bored bored bored bored. Even the word bored is boring.'

12. 'Nobody likes me.' Jebus thought as he checked his phone to make sure it had a dial tone. It did. 'Even the telephone solicitors don't want to talk to me I'm so boring.' Jebus checked his email but no one had written him in a week. No comments on his myspace, no friends either for that matter, even Tum wasn't his friend he's so boring. Jebus thought about posting a bulletin but was just too bored to even think of anything to write.

12. Jebus thought about clearing his head out and thinking about nothing. He tried hard. He closed his eyes and tried. But the stupidest songs would creep up in his head. Stupid pop songs from the 90's. After several hours of 'We didn't start the fire!' and 'Unbelievably woooo da na na na nana' and 'I kissed a girl something or other cherry chapstick,' OK that song was actually from the 00's but Whatever, yo (TM).

12. Jebus almost had his head cleared out but then he couldn't stop thinking about

the color black he was seeing with his eyes closed. He would see little trickles of color and light. It was almost like he was flying through space. Jebus tried to stop focusing on what he was seeing but he had trouble totally emptying his mind.

12. Jebus almost made it to utterly complete and total nothingness but then the phone rang. It startled Jebus who was not expecting a phone call. 'Who could possibly be calling me? It must be someone interesting!' Unfortunately the phone only rang once and then went silent. Jebus checked the line to see if it was OK. There was a dial tone. 'Maybe they will call back,' Jebus thought. Jebus sat and waited staring at the phone for several hours. Jebus thought about *69ing the person but didn't want the charge. He also wished he had caller ID but was still glad he saved a dollar a month which as better spent on things like porn. 'They'll call back,' Jebus reassured himself mentally in his brain hole.

12. They didn't call back. Several days passed with Jebus hunched over the phone staring at it. Jebus began to think about the phone deeply. He examined its crevices and attempted guessing how many parts the entire phone contained. Jebus

thought about taking it apart but someone might call and he wouldn't figure out who it was that called that once.

12. Jebus thought about getting an identical phone just to take it apart but couldn't find it for sale anywhere online. 'I must really have a special phone,' Jebus thought and he was proud of his phone. But then he thought that maybe he had a crappy phone because it was unpopular and nobody wanted it. 'I've got a stupid phone because I'm stupid and boring and nobody likes me and I probably couldn't even kill myself I suck so much and my phone hates me and everyone hates me if they even knew me but the don't because I'm such a lame sucky loser. Being depressed is boring. I'm so bored. Thinking about being bored is boring. Thinking about thinking about being bored is boring is even more boring.' And so on and so forth continued Jebus's train of thought until it someone blew up a bridge that the train was about to cross and it fell into a ravine never to be heard of again.

6. Jebus decided to go on vacation. He had never been. He packed his bags and set out for Atluntic City. 'Weee Atluntic City,' thought Jebus. Jebus considered hitchhiking but heard a news report that

hitchhikers were increasingly getting slaughtered for no real reason so he took a bus. 'What fun this is going to be, Atluntic City,' thought Jebus who was genuinely exited to be alive and going on a fun vacation at the moment.

13. Jebus referred to the numerous brochures he had acquired about all the interesting things he could do while in Atluntic City. Then Jebus thought that he would just go to the beach and relax and read a book and maybe take a nap. Jebus had earned it. He could do what he wanted. It was Jebus's special day today. But he did want to check out their aquarium and the discotheque, maybe do a little dancing, maybe make a little love to a lovely lady, maybe get in a fist fight. The sky was the limit.

12. Jebus couldn't wait for the tour bus to get there. He noted that there were a bunch of old fogies on the bus but didn't think much of it. 'There's probably an adult diaper convention in Atluntic City,' he thought. 'Ha ha ha,' he added in his mind. The brochures reassured him that it was an all ages free for all of fun, excitement, and maybe even a little bit of decadence.

12. This was the much needed vacation Jebus had to have or he would totally go postal. Even the soothing sounds of Kunny G couldn't keep him

from going batshit right now. The only thing keeping Jebus from flipping his lid and going hella ape on everyone was the vacation to glorious Atluntic City. The same place that guy went to in Kung of Queens. And that ain't not no joke.

12. And boy was it going to be a fun and interesting time. All the people and the places and the things and the stuff and also the people, oh I already mentioned the people before, and also the persons, and the groups of humans, and the stuff, and also but most importantly the things. Jebus was super stoked about the things and even slightly stoked about the stuff. He even gave a rats ass about the junk. Super hardcore.

12. He thought about learning Frunch because that would totally impress the ladies. But he decided that he hated the Frunch and their stupid native tongue so he didn't learn Frunch. If Jebus wanted to impress the ladies all he would have to do is blink. That would so impress them and he'd be instantly smothered in the hottest girl genital body parts in all of the land. 'Because Atluntic City has tons of really attractive women,' thought Jebus as he looked at the pictures on the brochures reassuringly.

12. Jebus was also looking forward to getting his shop

on. He read that Atluntic City had an enormous amount of shopping and Jebus was totally digging that he read this. 'Everything about Atluntic City looks and sounds absolutely perfect,' thought Jebus. The air quality, the character of the people, the things to do, but especially the air quality. This is going to be very pleasant. Then Jebus decided to sing to pass the time. He sang a rousing version of Kumbayuh.

12. At one point one person almost joined in but they were just having a heart attack. This held the ride up for a period of time but nothing was going to dampen Jebus's vacation. Not even a stupid fucking hippie dead old fuck who obviously had a heart attack for the sole reason of fucking with Jebus. Well, Jebus wanted to wait to get there. Jebus was glad that person died. 'Woop dee freaking do,' Jebus thought reassuringly. Jebus crossed his arms disapprovingly as to reflect his current feelings. He made a *harumphing* noise sound that exited his mouth exitingly.

"I'm going to punch that guy in the fucking dick! I don't care if he's dead! Fuck him!" Jebus said in an outburst of emotion.

12. 'Did I just say that or think that?' Jebus thought. 'Boy do I need to get on this vacation.

Relax, Jebus. Relax. You'll get to Atluntic City and everything will be awesome. Rock on down to Atluntic City, and then we take it higher.'

12. Jebus decided to sleep. He couldn't get comfortable but he shut his eyes and imagined stabbing everyone in the neck with a fork and this helped. He imagined someone talking about a study about violence being linked to vitamins or some kind of color or nutrition and then *BAM!* in the neck. This made Jebus smile.

6. Jebus was a sick fuck but can you blame him? It would be fucking tough as shit to be the chosen son of God and shit. You would have to work hard to like be that. Those miracles don't just grow on trees. They happen out of thin air. You can't just have faith. It takes hard work, dedication, an addiction to pills, bribery, extortion, an intricate knowledge of the sewer system. It's fucking tough being a living walking breathing talking deity surrounded by so many fucking idiots. Goddamn.

12. Jebus went on and on in his head about how rough it was to be him and even thought about releasing an album called, 'It's tough to be Jebus, you wouldn't know,' or at least a single but then again Jebus didn't crave the

limelight. He was Jebus. He didn't not need no shit from nobody. He bought his pants from Bananuh Republic like everyone else. He was a fucking man. Fuck you.

7. At this point they were nearing Atluntic City. Jebus wondered what the fuck that smell was but figured another old fuck died while they shit their pants or something incomprehensibly stupid like the fucking stupid douchebag fuck old fucks they were with their fucking Purry Muson and their Culumbu and their Mutlock and shit. Fuck Agutha Crusty Fuck her. Fuck the Gulden Gurls. Especially the old one. Rawr.

12. 'Oh, Jebus can't stay mad at old people,' Jebus thought. Jebus vowed to kiss one of them right before stabbing them in the neck with a fork. Maybe lick a little geriatric anus. So long as it didn't reek like the fucking stench of death that was clouding up the bus Jebus was riding on. Jebus started breathing through his shirt it fucking stunk so bad. And then they reached their destination. Atluntic fucking City. Jebus had arrived.

8. Turns out Atluntic City was a disappointment. The end.

Chapter Two Billion Billion Billion Billion and one

1. Changebots vs. a plastic bag filled with broccoli! Use your

own imagination. Do I have to explain everything in great detail for you? That's lame. Do it yourself. You ass.

2. Quoth the raven: "You ass."

3. Stuff happened. Woo. Go stuff. Yeah. Stuff happened. Woo. Go stuff. Yeah. Stuff happened. Woo. Go stuff. Yeah. Stuff didn't happen. Woo. Don't go stuff. Yeah. Not. Stuff happened. Woo. Go stuff. Yeah. The end.

Chapter Cooking With Jebus

1. Baked Bagels. Step one: Get high. Step two: Gather a cinnamon raisin bagel, cream cheese, cheddar cheese, peanut butter, murshmulow mutes, and cinnamon. Preparation: Put the cheese, cream cheese, peanut butter, murshmulow mutes, and a dash of cinnamon on the cinnamon raisin bagel like a sandwich. Step three: Eat.

2. PB&LCF. Step one: Get really high. Step two: Gather two slices of bread, peanut butter, and cold leftover Chinese food such as bean curd with broccoli w/ rice and soy sauce. Preparation: Spread the peanut butter on the bread. Pile on the cold Chinese food. Step three: Eat.

3. Microwaved skuttles and 7-uup. Step one: Get bored or high or both. Step two: Gather some 7-uup and skuttles.

Preparation. Put the 7-uup in a microwave safe glass. Insert skuttles. Microwave until desired effect is achieved. Can also be tried with candy canes. Step three: Drink or throw out. Probably throw out.

4. Puxie 40. Step one: skip to step two. Step two: Gather a 40 of old English, and a couple puxie sticks. Pour the puxie sticks into the 40. Warning: The beer will get really foamy and practically explode. Might be worth trying halfway through the 40 or let the 40 sit out a day and get unbubbly, or try putting the cap on and let it sit until it calms down. Step three: Pour out on a curb for your homie..

5. Monkey Phlegm. Step one: Get bored. Step two: Boil about 5-10 packets of kuul-aid (make sure to pick flavors that won't cancel each other out in grossness e.g. strawberry, cherry and grape=good. grape, orange, lemon, lime=gross) in two cups of boiling water. Add two to thirteen cups of sugar depending on boredom. Store in a mason jar. Step three: Drink spare quantities when you want to get really giddy and/or stay up all night laughing about stupid stuff like fluorescent lights.

6. Bachelor Grog. Step one: become a bachelor. Step two: Mix all the remaining food in your house into one meal.

Usually something like ramen, instant potatoes and cream corn. Step three: Eat with a unsatisfied look on your face, or go out and get junk food. Or both.

7. Tuco Bull. Step one: Get high. Step two: Go to Tuco Bull. Order food. Pay for food. Wait for food to be made and served. Get food and then consume food. Make sure and stock up on hot sauce packets. Mild, Hot, and Fire are all good in their own right.

8. Giant Ass Taco. Step one: Get high. Step two: Cook one of those \$1 little personal pizzas they have in the frozen section of the grocery store. Add on tater tots, Frunch fries, chicken/soy nuggets, extra cheese, broccoli, beans, etc. Eat like a taco. A Giant Ass Taco.

9. Peanut butter and cheesewhich. Step uno: Get hungry. Step two: Prepare a peanut butter sandwich with cheese. It's not gross, but don't try making one grilled. That's kind of gross.

10. Uber oatmeal. Step one: Want breakfast. Step two: Mix a cup of oats (the traditional kind not the instant), cinnamon, blueberries, honey, brown sugar, dried mulberries, crushed almonds and walnuts. Fill with water until the it reaches the top of the oats, more for soggy, less for crunchier. Chill in a fridge overnight or put in a

freezer for about a half an hour. Step three: Eat and enjoy. Also can be made dry but you have to be really bored. Also try peanut butter and dry oats, it's not very satisfying.

11. Jebus's Ultimate Guide to Mac n Cheese. Macaroni and Cheese is like the greatest thing in the world. Serious. You can go to the store and get the cheap non name brand kinds which really aren't that much worse for like 3 for a dollar. That's a fucking deal. All you have to do is boil the noodles for about 8 minutes, strain (sometime I just put the lid over the pot and pour it out instead of getting the strainer dirty), put in flavor packet and maybe some extras and viola. Extras can be water, olive oil, milk, butter, cheese depending on beliefs, diet, etc. If you are out of milk just add extra butter to make it super creamy. I like to add a very little bit of real cheese to give it a better taste and stringy cheese texture. Other kinds of flavor: Ketchup, hot sauce, salt, pepper, a dash of PBuR, salsa and others can also enhance this most awesome of food. Mac and cheese can be added with a great deal of other kinds of things to stretch it out into a meal. Other things can be: Sliced hot dogs, chili (a.k.a. chili-mac), a can of tuna (a.k.a. tuna-nooda),

peas, broccoli, corn, beans, pork n beans, vegetarian beans, ground beef, chicken nuggets, and various combinations. Some things I have tried that turned out kind of gross: Instant potatoes or rice, and also hard boiled eggs. Aside from the box variety there are numerous more gourmet ways to prepare Mac n Cheese. Try it with just real cheese and whole grain noodles from a health food store. There is also a super duper gourmet way that involves tons of real cheese, boiling the noodles half way, then baking with the cheese in a pan. Not sure but they might crumble up potato chips on top or something. Macaroni is best served with other yellow/orange colored foods. Cooking for a date? Try Mac and cheese, nuggets, orange soda, grilled cheese sandwich, corn, and tater tots. There are various types of personalities when it comes to Macaroni and Cheese. The highest on the pecking order but probably also the snobbiest people are people from Wisconsin which is known as the Cheese state. They will make Mac and Cheese from scratch with so much cheese that it's more like Cheese and Mac. They will refuse to even discuss any other way of making Mac and Cheese and if they get too

annoying and you want to cut them down a notch (especially if they didn't actually make you Mac and Cheese and at any point won't, if they did consider being nice) ask them what their blood pressure is. Other kinds of snobs are the upper middle class people who claim that they will only eat the name brand boxes of Mac and Cheese. They are stupid as the made from scratch stuff is the best and also the cheaper knock off boxes are exactly the same often times being made in the same plant but sold under different names to appeal to poor people. There are also the organic grocery store snobs who make the expensivist kind of Mac and Cheese with the shallow pan and freaking \$30 worth of cheese. These people probably had something happen where they can't admit that they enjoy ghetto things but it's alright. When shopping for Mac and Cheese on a budget at the dollar store try spicing it up by splurging on a tube of mozzarella cheese to add, however if making something like chili-mac or tunanooda you can forgo adding the extra cheese, as well as milk or butter, it's not totally necessary especially for chili-mac. Macaroni and cheese isn't the healthiest food in the world but it's like way better

than tup rumen, it's main rival. The main problem with Mac and Cheese is the amount of salt and fat which can be cut back by only using half a packet of seasoning, and substituting butter and milk with a dash of olive oil as well as avoiding too many salty seasonings like ketchup. However Macaroni and cheese is something that should be enjoyed at its most decadent as an every once in a while thing, however if it is one of you main courses consider adding things like broccoli and peas and other vegetables. Those bags of frozen veggie mixes are very good as they can just be tossed in about a minute before the macaroni needs to be strained and then strain it and let it sit for a bit with the cover on to finish cooking. Also consider getting organic and/or whole grain noodles from an organic store.

Chapter Moo.

1. "Moo." Said Jebus.

"Moo moo moo?" Questioned one of Jebus's disciples.

"Moo." Replied Jebus.

"Moo moo." Said the disciple.

"Moo." Added Jebus.

"Moo?" Said a cow who had grown curious by the mooing.

"What the hell is that cow talking about." Said a disciple.

"Sheah." Said Jebus who added, "It's burger time!" And he pulled out his meat

grinder.

"Moo!" Said the cow who was then slaughtered, ground up, cooked, and eaten.

"Now where was I?" Said Jebus his belly full of cow.

"Ah yes. Moo."

"Moo moo moo?" Questioned a disciple.

"Moo." Said Jebus.

"Moo, moo." Said the disciple.

"Moo." Said Jebus who began to graze on grass. The disciples then followed in Jebus's lead and began grazing on grass as well.

"Moo?" Asked Jebus.

"Moo, moo moo. Moo moo moo moo. Moo moo. Moo moo moo, moo moo moo moo." Answered a disciple.

"Moo moo." Replied Jebus.

"Moo moo?" Said a different disciple.

"Moo." Said Jebus.

"Moo moo, moo moo." Said the other disciple.

"Moo." Said Jebus. And then he cried.

6. The disciples followed in his direction and cried as well although they didn't know why they were crying. They all had a good cry. Then one of them fell asleep. Everyone else thought it was cute.

"Aww." They all said.

"Hey let's tip him over, that will be good for a laugh." Said one of the awake disciples.

"Ahem." Said Jebus who then pointed to his own mouth.

"Oh, uhh. Moo, moo. Moo moo moo, moo moo. Moo. Ha

ha ha." Said the disciple.

"Moo." Said Jebus. The proceeded to tip the sleeping disciple over. He fell over and continued sleeping. They all had a good laugh about it.

"Moo moo moo." They all said. And then there was a series of high-hoofs.

"Moo moo moo." Jebus said.

78. And with that they began to fly. They flew in the air to a magical place known as Sacramento, Calufornia and they formed a theme band. They played a couple shows and it seemed like they were going to get their big break but then someone else formed a band just like theirs but with a hot chick with boobs in it and the other band got really famous and people would mock Jebus's band on myspace because it wasn't as commercially successful but then other purists would cite that Jebus's band was better.

8. Jebus didn't really care as he was busy riding a motorcycle across three different continents but did spend some time trying to throw literal gas on the metaphorical fire just for the fun of it. There were talks of posting a scathing yutube video but the guy who did the editing ended up moving away because his girlfriend got a job elsewhere so it never really got finished. But if you ask really nice Jebus will show you a rough cut of the

video on a VHS tape.

Chapter 2.

1. It was time. We had a laugh, we had a cry. We pooped our pants and didn't ask why. There's not much else left to try. So it's time for Jebus to die. Die die die.

"You're gunna fry." Said some guy.

Jebus made a reply, "Oh me. Oh my."

89. Not why? Not oh, hi. Not even I'd like to see you try. Jebus was the guy. Well, not the guy from just now, THE guy. The guy who had to die. Die die die. Die.

8. "Don't I at least get a phone call, guy?" Asked Jebus. He was provided a phone. Jebus dialed. "Yes, hello? Are you there? Can you hear me now? How about now? Now? Now? OK, Good. There's some things I'd like to get off my chest. Important things. One might even say importinant. But that's not important. What is important is that people, you know, remember me for who I was. A savior, a lover, a leader of men. A good dancer. For when it comes time for me to meet my grizzly fate and stare that bastard lady luck in the eye, people will ask questions. Important questions. Like, what kind of product did Jebus use to get his hair so silky smooth? What kind of toothpaste did 9 out of 10

Jebus's prefer? Did Jebus really kill all those kittens that one time? And whats up with stuff, really? Well it has to be said. Someone has to say it. And if someone is going to say it, it might as well be me. Because I am Jebus. I was a good dancer. I did kill all those kittens but not because of some sick reason. A.) I found them like that and B.) I did it to show the world how beautiful life can be. That and I was well pissed off at the time about some other shit, more specifically my spotty internets connection and the most unhelpful ISP technical support, ahem, *cough cough* burninhell, but the real thing is that I just wanted to say I love you. Yes I know I've never said it and meant it before, I was just trying to get you in the sack, but I do mean it this time. And not just because I'm going to die and you'll be extra sad that you didn't give me anal even after all those times I asked and begged. No, you know what. Fuck it. I love you. I looove you. I also kind of like you. You remember that one time? Yeah that was pretty great. But also stuff. Think about the things. Remember me. Forever." Jebus slowly put down the phone for dramatic effect as it would be his last phone convo forever.

90. "That was, beautiful man. Who did you just call?" Said

some guy.

"Oh, that was my answering machine. You know when people start making shit up about me for their own benefit after I'm dead at least I'll be able to get a little bit of my own word in hedgewise." Said Jebus.

"So you.. begged to give yourself anal? And you refused?" Said some guy.

"Hey you going to execute me here or what? Is this 20 questions or one execution?" Retorted Jebus in a huff.

"Sorry. Don't get your panties all up in a bunch." Said the guy.

89. "I don't see you getting executed today. This shit is .. emotional!" Jebus said and he began to cry.

"Geez, don't cry." Said some guy.

"I never got to redeem my coupon for a free side of cheesy fries with a purchase of equal or greater value from Urbies. It's not fair." Cried Jebus.

"Well you know, I did have a late appointment to get my roots touched up, but what the fuck, my roots can wait another day to get touched up. Also I haven't been to Urbies in like fucking forever. You know what? You can have a last meal Jebus. Why the fuckity fucking fuck not." Said some guy.

"You mean it? For real? I can use my coupon? Sweet

mother of all that is holy beans!" Said Jebus so enthusiastically he broke out into a little unscripted dance routine. "I'm going to Urbies, I'm going to Urbies." Jebus began to chant. Jebus began to list all the things he would get. "I'm going to get a jamucha shake, no, two jamucha shakes, 5 for 5.55 roast beef sandwiches, curly fries, my cheesy fries with the coupon -- cha-ching, a giant sodie pop, a coffee, maybe a diarrhea pill to make room for seconds, a tub of tartar sauce, chicken sandwich--"

"Woah there, Jebus, now Urbies doesn't grow on trees you know." Said some guy.

"I know that. Sheesh. Don't hate the player, hate the game." Replied Jebus.

"That.. doesn't make any sense." Said some guy.

"Let's agree to disagree." Said Jebus.

89. And they began to walk. And walk they did. They were walking to Urbies. And they walked. They walked with their feet. Walkingly. And also with their legs. Jebus thought it would be funny if he walked with his hands but some guy didn't find it very amusing so Jebus stopped doing that and continued on foot.

"Oh umm, hey by any chance, you could like, whip me on the way?" Asked Jebus.

"What?" Questioned some guy who did that thing with

his eyebrow where he was you know all like, Whaaaa?

"You know, it'll be fun. C'mon." Pleaded Jebus. "Don't be such a whip Nuzi." Jebus added egging the some guy on. "Pleeeaaaassssseeee, Pretty pretty please with a cherry on top?"

"Well, OK. Just this once. And only because you asked so nicely. I just can't say no to you, friend." Said some guy who then proceeded to lash at Jebus with his whip.

12. Jebus thought to himself how awesome this will look when Mel Gibsun makes a movie about him. That and he was secretly getting a raging kick out of it.

"Sweet mother of Vishnu's beans." Added Jebus with a sick smile on his face. "Sweet fucking that one thing beans indeed."

23. Jebus decided to make it even more dramatic and stumble around like he was having trouble walking.

"You OK there Jebus?" Asked some guy who was genuinely concerned for Jebus's well being.

"What, oh, yeah. Nothing." Said Jebus.

"What is it, Jebus? You can tell me." Said some guy.

"Nothing. Really, I'm fine. See." Jebus began to walk normally again.

"Must have been a miracle." Said some guy.

"Uhhh.. yeah.. that." Jebus

said darting his eyes back and forth.

23. They arrived at Urbies.

"Well, here we are. Urbies." Said Jebus.

"Yep." Said some guy.

"Yessir." Said Jebus.

"Should we go in?" Said some guy.

"I think that might be appropriate." Said Jebus.

"I tend to concur." Said some guy.

"After you." Said Jebus.

"No, after you." Said some guy.

"No, you." Said Jebus.

"No." Said some guy.

"No." Said Jebus.

"Serious." Said some guy.

"You." Said Jebus.

"How about I hold the door open." Said some guy who opened the door.

"So are you going to go in or should I go in?" Said Jebus.

"How about you go in, and then I'll go in." Said some guy.

"How about we go in together?" Said Jebus.

"Whatever." Said some guy.

12. They entered the Urbies. The mythical, mysterious, magical, malevolent, mercurial, mermaid-infested, manatee managed, microcosmical, mustard-stained, marp marp marp uh-hh.. something that starts with "m" Urbies. That. It was a magical place filled with an aura of intrigue. The floor was wet and there was a yellow sign indicating caution. Jebus

thought about slipping and breaking his neck as that would show them but then he thought that maybe they would laugh and take pictures with their balls on his forehead because he would totally do that so he thought better of it. Especially the manatees.

78. Jebus totally didn't trust manatees even if they were managers. They were probably jizzing in the tartar sauce as we speak. Fucking manatees. Sitting their with their holier than though smirk on their face and their stupid fucking paper hats. 'How can I help you?' 'How about killing yourself,' Jebus thought.

89. But Jebus was on a roll today. A roll of being fucking nice. He was going to show them. He was going to hurt them where it counts. A low blow. Below the belt. A coupon for cheesy fries. He might even order a water and fill it up with sodie pop instead. 'That's how it's done,' Jebus thought.

1. Jebus and some guy ordered a plethora of items. Jebus requested that the manatees specifically not jizz in his food. Or spit. Or pee. Any body fluids to be avoided coming in contact with his food because he knew what those manatees were up to. They're strictly not to be trusted. No one can trust a

fucking manatee. They're fucking assholes. Just look at them with their cocky little smirk and their beady little eyes and their holier than thou fucking paper hats. Fucking stupid assholes.

23. Jebus was 30 cents short but some guy was reluctantly willing to spot him the money because as Jebus reassured he was totally good for it. Even though he was going to be martyred and executed right after this. But it was no bother. Some guy figured Jebus had to have a gold filling or belly button ring or something of value. Maybe his lower intestine could be sold to make guitar strings or something. He'd get his 30 cents back. That's for shit from shinola sure.

12. They got their food and went to the seating area. Jebus saw all 11 of his living disciples and the one dead one propped up with mic stands and duct tape and approached them.

"Oh hey, disciples." Said Jebus.

"Jebus! You.. you're.. you man. It's really you. Ahhhh.. what uhh.. what-" Said one of the disciples clearly a little bit startled.

"You guys came to see me for my last meal! Aww, you guys remembered." Said Jebus growing a little weepy with the bubbling of emotions.

"Uhh, that. Ummm.. sure."

Said a disciple.

"So uhh, where's my seat?" Asked Jebus.

12. One of the disciples who was sipping on a sodie pop spit sodie pop out of his nose. Or whatever verb it is where sodie pop exits your nose unintentionally. A manatee manager came to mop it up. With a mop. A sexy mop.

"Is everything fine?" Asked Jebus.

A disciple replied, "Oh yeah, everything is totally fine. We were uhh.. totally expecting you! Happy uhh.." And they trailed off.

".. Birthday?" A different disciple chimed in trying to avoid any awkwardness.

"I'm being executed today." Said Jebus.

"Yeah. That. Totally." Said the disciple.

12. They all had an awkward moment staring at each other for about a minute. Gaging each other. One person had a lazy eye.

"Here, uhh, here's a chair." Said one of the disciples trying to break the tension.

They kicked the dead disciple over who made kind of a thudding noise.

"There. It's a chair." Added the disciple signaling to the dead guy.

"Uhh.. thanks." Said Jebus trying to get in a comfortable position sitting on the dead guy.

"You remember that guy

Jebus? You uhh, you killed him." Said a disciple. "You brutally murdered him and laughed and peed on him afterwards." They added.

"Doesn't ring a bell.." Said Jebus.

"You know, the one you dressed up in a monkey suit and lit on fire?" The disciple added.

"Yeah, that could have been anybody." Said Jebus.

"The hamster thing?" The disciple added.

"Oh yeah! Heh heh. Good times." Said Jebus who stuffed his mouth with food.

112. He began shoving food into his mouth with such ferocity and grossness that everyone just stopped and stared, gawking with their mouths agape at this disgusting display of gruesomeititude.

"Whuf?" Said Jebus his chubby cheeks stuffed to the gills. "Iff mah laft meah. Ahm go out wiff a big bang. Haf haf haf. Because youf shit yourself when youf die. Haf haf haf. Plofp."

"Eww." Said one of the disciples.

The finished their meals in silence and avoiding any eye contact. At one point it seemed like someone was going to say something but they just got some BBQ sauce in their eye.

12. 'Was this it? Was it really going to be over?,' Thought

Jebus. He thought about the good times he'd had. The mix tapes. The parties. The drugs. The bitches and/or hoes. The snack cakes. The dry mouth. The constipation. The stuffed animals. The dirt. The U! True Hullywood stories about Lindsey Lohun. The vomit. The recycling. The internets porn. The buckets. The candlelight dinners alone. The ravenous monkeys. The free tickets to see Mutallicuh. The piano lessons. The unsolved Rubuk cube. The paper trails. The scandals. The newspaper headlines. The calls for resignation. The being spit on. The spitting back. The spit wars. The great spit protest of '81. The mullet. The backne. The rock and/or roll. The farts. The laughs. The cries. The screams of terror. The kittens. The subliminal messages. The sneaking into movie theaters. The shoplifting. The fashion. The cardboard. The fake blood. The dance troupe. The water balloon fights. The wax paper incident. The ironic t-shirts. The facebuk status updates. The myspuce blog. The sockpuppet accounts. The racial epithets. The homophobia. The self loathing. The pooping in fishtanks. The harmless pranks like getting people to drink bleach. The bling. The blang. The blong. The the. The band Evurclear. The

naps. The sleeping in till 6 in the afternoon. The gangsta rap. The rollerskates. The emotional poetry. The guinea pig. The robot. The cat. The rat. The bat. The walrus. The uhh that one guy. The preggers chick. The three dudes. The Tuco Bull. The unprotected sex with farm animals. The great orange coup which was going on the still. The collection of silly hats. The riots. The magic. The mystery. The intrigue. The Zuggy comics. The pirate costumes. The wearing womens clothes, makeup, and jewelry. The Carpenturs. The good times. The bad ones too. The sort of good times. The so-so times. The boring times. The fun times. The sad times. The ironic times. The lulz. The anti-lulz. The scrotums. The variety of strange foods. The coupons. The stupid jerk manatees. The cartoons. The bootlegged copyrighted content. The asking for directions and walking the other way. The ambient music. The listening to things on the wrong speed. The goth phase. The birth. The grabbing the bull by the horns. The fudgepacking job at the fudge factory. The macaroni and cheese moments. The color pink. The drunk bicycle rides. The constant threat of violence. The fake plastic body parts. The whippets. The talks. The

listens. The ethurnet cables. The joy of sex book illustrations. The Frederucks of Hullywood catalogs. The Spanush channel. The being a complete bastard. The boxes of soap. The cleverly placed padding. The search for the truth. The unwashed personal garments. The word "Punjab." The aliens. The conspiracies. The second gunman. The waiting in lines. The ATM fees. The Nancy Dru novels. The drinking in parks. The laughing at people waiting at bus stops. The science experiments. The salsa. The recorder instrument. The splinters. The rug burns. The static electricity. The pranks. The cleverly timed farts so as to add to a convo. The inappropriate comments. The "The" secret. The lies. The hate. The life. And the loins, OMG the loins. And most importantly, the addiction to pain killers. Speaking of pain killers! Woo! Ha ha ha. Yes.

12. When Jebus finished reminiscing and looked up a millennium had passed. The Urbies had long been destroyed through wind erosion. The great great great great great not so great grandson of some guy was still keeping watch. An eagle soared overhead who took a high flying shit that landed in Jebus's hair. 'Yes,' Jebus thought, 'it was a good day to die.'

"Ok, let's do this! Booyeah! Shazam! Alakazam! The Amazing Jonuhthan!" Said Jebus.

"Huh? Oh yeah. That." Said the great great great great not so great grandson of some guy who was named some guy in honor of his great great great great not so great grandfather.

12. "Hey, uhh, could you like make me carry a cross and like whip me and make me wear a crown made out of thorns?" Asked Jebus.

"Why? Sounds kind of cruel." Said some guy.

"Hey, I don't go to your execution and slap the dick out of your mouth now do I?" Exclaimed a verbally word thing Jebus.

"Sorry! Jeez, someone has some sand in their vagina." Said some guy who provided Jebus with the things he had requested.

'Mel Gibsun is totally going to eat this shit up,' thought Jebus who's torture and mutilation was giving him a semi.

1. "OK, time 2 die Jebus." Text messaged some guy.

"OK, i die now. K THNX BYE." Said Jebus and with his last dying breath he text messaged, "CUL8RZDooDz."

23. And he died. Dead. They buried him in a cave because they were either too lazy to dig a grave, not familiar with zombies, hoped he would get

posthumously raped or maybe eaten alive but dead by Rockbadgers, the most lowest of insults.

12. Then on the fourth day, technically, it was like 2 in the morning so most people still thought it was the third day, Jebus decided that it would be funny to not be dead anymore. So he undied. But he was like the movie Ghost Dud of which I never saw and am too lazy to do any research or even look up a youtube video or wikipudia. Nothing.

12. And Ghost Jebus hung out with his disciples who were frankly kind of pissed off.

'Those guys liked to rag on me,' thought Ghost Jebus, 'Ahhhhh, but we have fun,' he continued to think as he tried to poop in their fishtank but ghost poop was more like fish food than something that would kill the fish.

1. What else. Oh yeah.

4. Ghost Jebus said, "Send me money." and also "Don't listen to anyone except like certain people."

23. And he took off into the sky or it might have been under the earth or maybe he took a little detour under the earth and then went up to the sky and maybe also possibly to check out the Washington monument because if you watch it and play that one Pink Fluyd album and you're high on PCP it's totally like wow, I'm high on PCP and

listening to Pink Fluyd while looking at the Washington monumnet. But then eventually Ghost Jebus left the earth to join forces with God and also The Holy Toaster that exists in all of us. For good. Or was it? Yes. Yes it was. Or was it? Yes it was. Or was it?

The Ye Oldee thing about some kind of Relativitiations or something about that kind of stuff and stuff and something and also something else and stuff and blah blah blah blah blah and stuff chapter about stuff and things and blah blah blah and stuff and chapter and etcetera chapter chapter.

1. Jebus and God and stuff. Also stuff. And but most importantly stuff. God god god. Jebus Jebus Jebus. The Holy Toaster. Jebus. God. Gawuhd. Jeeeeebuss. The Holy Toaster. Jebus. Jebus. Jebus. God. Blah blah blah blah blah.

2. Chickens will peck out your eyeballs and then you will have none. Chickens will pick out your eyeballs. And you wont be able to cry because your eyeballs will be pecked out. Chickens will peck out your eyeballs and there's nothing you can do because they shoot lasers out of their eyes and they also have a really pointy stick. Chickens will peck out your eyeballs.

And the blood, oh the blood, for starters there will be lots of it. Especially on your white fur bear carpet. Chickens will peck out your eyeballs. Chickens chickens eyeballs. Peck peck peck peck peck.

3. Then there will be some really bad shit because people suck and they didn't listen and do everything exactly the way it was written which was actually a trick because some of it was like wrong just to mess with people and see if they would do the right thing.

4. So God was pissed the frick off and decided to lay the metaphorical smackdown literally. There were like 40 days of rain followed by thunderstorms followed by some muggy weather followed by the day of streakers.

12. Then people's socks started to go missing. People were confused.

"But we did everything, O God, and shit. Yo?" The people cried.

But their cries were in vain. God had acquired an answering machine and he was a total call screener now. Want to talk to God, leave a message beyotch. Booyeah.

5. Then God was like "Bam!" and shit. People's firewalls began to block social networking sites that they frequented causing a great frustration and gnashing of teeth.

6. Also there was a great fire.

But it was contained pretty easy. Several years later someone was trying to impress their pub friends and was wasted and totally made up this story about it being a really big fire and raining fire and there was some mention of going ballistic and being totally freaking crazy and shit. Like holy cow you should have been there. And someone piped up that they had been there and the other people was all like, "Wahhhhhh?" and then they got in a fight but it wasn't about the disagreement it was more about the one person farting in the other person's wife's face and then throwing a pickle at this poster that the other person really liked and that was not nice so they had to fight and they did fight and they fought and fought and one of them almost landed a punch but they had their eyes shut and there were talks of breaking the fight up mostly because the pub was closing but then these hockey players walked in and they were like hey are you open? And the bartender was like, no. And the hockey players were like, OK. And then there were these monkeys but they weren't in a cage or anything and someone got this great video about it on their cell phone but I forget what it's called but if you go and search for 'monkey video' and maybe

'awesome' I think you might find it, it was like somewhere in the top 100,000 pages of hits. It was so funny. I think this one monkey did this thing, well you had to be there. It was pretty fucking awesome. It really opened my eyes. I was a loser and then I saw this video and I won like several things. I went from zero to hero in like several painful years of personal strife and miscommunication. 6. Then there were these marmosets and they were let loose and they could shoot lasers out of their butts and they went around and looked for people and they would go up to these doors and ask if like anyone was home and then people would be all like no and then they would go away and then the people would be OK, but they had to order pizza because the marmosets were out there somewhere and sometimes the pizza was late getting into a conflagration with the marmosets and then they would have to give the pizza for free which was rough but business was rough at the time and it was a lot of hard work being shot with lasers isn't easy. It's tough. It's a hard job. It's not like you just wake up and say I want to get shot with a laser. It takes years of hard work and dedication and a very special knowledge and karate.

23. You wouldn't understand. But what you will understand is getting kicked in the nuts which God and Jebus and The Holy Toaster went around doing to every single person whether they were alive or had nuts or anything in the future from now. They will be were like that. It was rough. You could learn a thing or two from this future stuff. Like be a better person. And send me money. It's most important.

12. You will still be screwed but slightly less screwed. There's like 8 levels to being screwed and you would be in the slightly less level or at least closer to it.

12. So burn your eyebrows off and walk around backwards in a hospital saying, "He's gone.. he's actually gone.. I can't believe it .. he's gone.."

12. And then watch out for the marmosets because they are pretty pissed at this point and their butts are all jammed up with lasers so that they can shoot super lasers and they might be wearing disguises like doctor clothes so don't go to a hospital unless you send me money first because the hospital is bad and you should either do this or don't do it. But do the money part.

8. Watch out for parties when its like the end of the world. You can tell it's the end of the world by reading the next verse.

9. To tell its the end of the

world read the previous verse.
10. So now that you know that it's the end of the world here's what you need to do. Wait. Wait to die. It's going to be painful. There will be many a nutsack thrashing and butt lasering. Old people will start breakdancing. Things will break like pretzels and no one wants to eat a pretzel that's broken. Hot dogs will remain the same, surprisingly, one of the few things that will be OK.
5. Music will sound bad. You're ears will fall off. It's really going to suck so you should like do some nice stuff like burning down puppy factories and maybe it won't happen just yet. But it will totally happen and if anyone says it's going to happen they might be right so it would be good to live in fear and paranoia and constantly worry that your life is going to end tragically and whenever someone sells a book or magazine about the subject make sure and buy it and then put it on your coffee table and if anyone ever comes over (which they won't but just for shits and giggles lets say they will) (p.s. telemarketers don't count) they will comment on your end of times book or magazine or zine or flyer or arrangement of alphabet soup or spoken word or etc.

6. Then jump up and down until the world explodes. Don't be afraid. The only way

to get to heaven is to do this. And by heaven I might mean hell. You see it's complicated to tell you the future but what I can say for certain is to send me money then I will have your money and everything will be slightly better and by that I mean better for me and totally the same for you minus the money but you didn't need the money in the first place you need like a total nutsack wailing. Even if you're a chick you should like get a nutsack implant and then prepare for the ultimate asskicking of your nutsack of your life. Because this will happen.

8. And if you're afraid of bugs there's going to be lots of gross bugs and stuff. And if you like bugs then the bugs will transform into bunnies who smoke and blow their second hand smoke on you and ash on you and put their butts out on you unless you're into that and then they do performance dance routines and morph into toilets.

9. And so send me money.

10. Weeee.

11. 36. Think about it. 35, no wait. I mean 45. No I mean 394. No dammit. I mean 36. Think about it. It's a number. 546. Turns out it wasn't an STD. Just whacking it too much.

12. Also some other horrible stuff will happen but all the people who sent me money

will be blessed and it won't suck so much. They won't burn forever. They'll just be slightly singed. Forever. This is the only way. Also maybe if you gave me a backrub that might help as well.

13. I also like carrot cake. But sometimes homemade carrot cake is gross. Like when they use carob. Not a big fan of carob. Bleah.

14. Monkeys will fly out of your ass. It will hurt because they are covered in hurtful barbed wire.

15. People will want the leaders to do something. But the leaders will be like, "People, more like Sheeple. Mhwahahahahahah."

And then they will turn into Rockbadgers and you'll all be fucked because they are rubber and you are glue and it bounces off of them and sticks to you. Also they can run pretty fast in short bursts. But they're not very good at like celebrity impersonations or metaphors. That's why they prefer to control people's minds. Then they can get the people who are good at that stuff that they aren't to do it and then people don't notice and then the people are all like, "Baaaaa." Like the sheeple they are. Mhwahahahahahah. So there.

16. So then there are like a bunch of scary people and they start running around and stuff. And they are very scary.

It's really going to not be very pleasant unless you are a scary person. Then I suppose it would be pretty fun unless you are scary and also scared of other scary people because it's not a solo mission. It's not mano e mano. Nosireebob. It's more like mano e muy mano. Like Mayonnaiseo e mayonnaise, no?

12. Yeah and these people are going to do prop comedy and no blinking or bathroom breaks are allowed. And everyone has to watch or they will suffer the consequences which will be like a free milkshake and a relaxing day spa which no one will want because like they will be led to believe that these nice things are bad for the environment or something.

19. Also there will be no more mint, so you know what that means. No more Mojitos. It will be a very sad thing. People will be very saddened.

20. Also they will poop blood. It will not be a pleasant bloody poop either. It will be unpleasant. And instead of toilet paper people will have to use sulfuric acid.

21. And TV will be pretty entertaining but there will be no more commercials and people will get confused and not blink and then their eyeballs will explode.

22. There is also some stuff. And it is not the funny ha ha kind of stuff, or the kids say

the durndest things kind of stuff, but the kind of stuff that sucks. And not like suck in the good way kind of suck. No sir. Nope. Not at all. Not even a little bit. Well a really little bit, but its like so hard to measure that you would have to be a scientist or something and at this point there are no scientists and stuff there are only like loggers and people who dress up in costumes and hold signs on the side of the freeway and people who refill trays of macaroni salad at buffets and also some other people. But not scientists. They were eliminated in this reality show called 'Lets get rid of the scientists that will be good for a laugh.'

23. And the milk went sour. Someone wasn't paying attention and tried to drink it and made a grossed out face and spit it out through their nose. And it would have been funny but then their face melted and exploded on fire and it hurt them really bad where it counts. And so it wasn't funny anymore. It was really sad.

24. And there was this one guy.

25. And also some other stuff. Really bad stuff. So do what we say. And we say lots of things. We say jump. We say don't jump. We say jump a little bit but not too much. We say how high and you say hump. We say eat a live rat.

We say never eat anything live. We say like some stuff. But really quietly. And you can't really hear it.

12. So good luck. But you won't need it. Because you are boned. But you better try anyway. Even though it won't do any good. Because I just made up a secret rule and you have to guess it. Oh, too late. You were about a year too late on that and the guess wasn't even right anyway.

34. And but all the people who made a generous donation but like generous in the way that's like a lot, not like, you were poor and you gave most of your meager earnings, that shit won't cut it but do it anyway. Like you were super mega rich and you were like whatever I still get the poor person's money because our banking systems are screwed up! HA HA HA! Yeah those people will get to bomb other countries and like live on a cloud and it will be pretty neat.

26. And also some other things. Very important details. Super duper important. So important they caught on fire.

39. Then there was this thing that happened. And it was really fascinating. Several made for TV movies were planned. But then people's heads started exploding. And not like everyone but enough. And when they exploded they

also farted. And the farts smelled bad. Even people who like the smell of farts didn't like these farts.

12. Those people were dead anyway. Pretty much everyone was dead even including the dead were dead and the living wished they were dead or knew someone who was dead or maybe listened to the Grateful dead once or had a head or lost their head when they were on a bed being fed by a umm, cled.

39. Then there was a great purging of things. They purged. Super duper purgey.

292929. And some blah blah. And also wooshing nosies and those kind of creaking noises trees make and the sound of footsteps. It was like one of those Halloween family haunted houses except more expensive. Way way way more expensive. Way way way way. More. It was so expensive it took all the money in the world and then afterwards there was no money and no one could shop for fast food anymore and people started to feel better but then they realized that people were feeling better so they gave them the money back and there was a great gnashing of teeth as the line for the fast food was really long at this point and someone wet their pants and it smelled bad like really bad.

11. And then a pony showed up and pulled it's pony pants down and was all like, "Yo, I'm a pony."

12. And people were really like totally impressed and stuff and also they were kind of horny but they were stuck in a line for the fast food and they were hungry so to solve the problem the pony pulled out a firehose filled with flaming lava temperature hot type cheesyfries and shot them at people's heads and the cheesyfries were really hot and they scalded people in the eyes and they went blind and lost their place in the line and wandered around and then they ended up in the gutter because it was sort of slanted downhill that way.

12. And then the people were all like, I am blind and covered in fiery cheesyfries and someday I will grow up to be an astronaut who folds pants at Buhnanuh Repuhblich but I will totally remember this day because it wasn't very pleasant and I would be better off like forgetting it and stuff but I have to remember because if I forgot than I wouldn't remember any more and that wouldn't be very cool so I should definitely like remember and stuff and no forgetting and also some stuff and things and blah blah blah and doo doo doo doo dooty and then there was some things and fire and monkeys

and lasers and cats exploding and someone wrote a song about it and but they weren't very good at writing songs so no one could really get what it was about but it was about something or other and then they had black socks on and then there was this dog and the dog's name was Jerry but they called him Jer-Jer because he liked bacon.

12. But Jer-Jer had high cholesterol so they didn't give him bacon but he still wished he would get bacon and he wagged his tail anyway until he lost it in a late night coked up gambling spree but he tried to wag is because he was optimistic or stupid or something because it didn't really matter because like he wasn't going to get any bacon but what he really needed was some exercise but they wouldn't give him and because then they would have to exercise and it's hard to do when you are just a giant piece of bacon which Jer-Jer's owners were as well as their maid but their butler was actually a piece of Canadiuhn Bacun which is like totally different. Like that one John Cundy movie. He had high cholesterol like Jer-Jer so they would show Jer-Jer pictures of him as motivation but Jer-Jer just tried to wag his invisible tail because he was a dog and stuff and dogs aren't very smart about the

subtler things in society but they are good at playing fetch unless they aren't and at that point they might just be annoying but some people become attached to them because they don't know any better or for whatever reason. Maybe they are raising them to feed them to like snakes or crap like they thought they were buying a donkey but they had bad vision and didn't know that it was a dog that doesn't play fetch. But they wouldn't find out because donkey's don't play fetch either unless I'm mistaken but like donkey's do do some stuff. As do dogs. So I could see how the two could get confused and stuff. I can see that really hardcore. I can see so well. I can totally freaking see. I can see. I can see. I can also not see I can see so well. I see good. I see. Woop.

12. I also like to go BLEEAAHHHHHHhhhhwoooo
ooooeeerrrrpppppppppppppppp
mmmmmmmmmooomomomo
ommmmmomomomomomomo
momomommmmmmmmmooo.

20. Quoth the raven,
"Readeth from thee Bible 2.0
unto forever and send that
guy money or ye shall be cast
into the eternal bucket along
with spicy buffalo wing sauce
and for it may be tasty but
thee freaking heartburn will
smite at ye from up tippy top
of thy rafters to down bitty
bottom and especially the

loins and what have you and
shit."

So basically be a dick. Or
don't. And send me money.
And don't forget about The
Holy Toaster. Ever. And get
off of my lawn. Damn kids.
The end?

32. No.

43. And then God was like an
old guy in a bed and stuff and
he had this thing and he said
"Rusebud" and died and then
it pulled out to reveal that
everything was inside of a
snow globe.

2/3. So there you have it,
folks. Good night. Don't let
the bedbugs bite. Because
they totally will. All over your
freaking precious epidermis.
Then it will be freaking
desecrated and shit to the
max hardcore extreme
freaking ultra and blah blah
blah blah blah blah blah blah
blah blah blah blah blahhhhh.
Just because, you know? Like,
totally. The End. Or was it?

